

# It Was Me

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Well there's no use hanging on to anything,  
That you can't take with you when you're gone  
The wind at your heels, shadows so sweet,  
A sentimental longing for the past

All these things, uncaptured, gone or might have been,  
In the slow, dull dying of the day  
I ponder on these things I've done,  
A heart I could have chosen not to break

But oh, I ran, I ran so easily,  
Casting no shadow in my wake,  
And chased so many that I soon get bored,  
And honey, I'm such a flake

So the road won't rise to meet me as I go,  
And this feckless heart knows no reward  
For all my lies, I apologize,  
It was me, it wasn't you and now I know

But oh, I ran, I ran so easily,  
Casting no shadow in my wake,  
And chased so many that I soon get bored,  
And honey, I'm such a flake

Still it does no good for one to think of things,  
That you can't do anything about,  
But in solitary hours, I think of you now,  
It was me, it wasn't you and now I know