Just pieces of you.

If I had a mountain, I'd push every stone to a cliff.

If I had a river, the banks would overflow.

But a book abandoned by the bed might kill me.

The stain from where your wine glass was could bring me to my k nees

A book abandoned by the bed might kill me If I don't have you.

If I had an ocean, the waves would reach past the shore.

If I had a desert, the sand would be whiter than snow.

But a book abandoned by the bed might kill me.

The stain from where your wine glass was could bring me to my k nees

A book abandoned by the bed might kill me If I don't have you.

'Cause everything that I am is just pieces of you. Every thought that I have, just pieces of you, just pieces of you.

But a book abandoned by the bed might kill me.

The stain from where your wine glass was could bring me to my \boldsymbol{k} nees

A book abandoned by the bed might kill me If I don't have you.