

The Shape We Made

Peggy Sue

He may be strong
But he will not hold my gaze
For very long
His pretty eyes
Will soon grow tired
I'll look away
Before his looks have time to die

I missed a trick
Or two, or three
I will remain missing
Whilst you're missing me

He may be brave
I'll get him lying down
And you can break his ways
For I left but once
More times I stayed
You hold me stronger now
Than all the while I remained

I missed a trick
It would not do
I will remain missing
Whilst I'm missing you

I miss the shape
We used to make
I miss your breath
I used to take
I miss the hands
That held me in place
They kept me still
With all they gave
They sent me away
Still I am but what they made