

# 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