

A Crime

Sharon Van Etten

To say the things I want to say to you would be a crime
To admit I'm still in love with you, after all this time
I'd rather let you touch my arm until you die
Seduce me with your charms until I'm drunk on them, go home and
drink in bed and never let myself be in love like that again

Light a cigarette and think of you and walk away
Turning all the words around in my head I won't say
Because of all these triangles and squares, the memory we seem
to share replays a distant love that plays my records on

Never let myself love like that again
Never let myself love like that again

To say the words I want to say to you would be a lie
By the time I get the courage I am drunk and you are tired
Alone in this basement where I will write these songs
Of things I'll never say to you again and you know why

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