

The Outline Of Your Hand Remains On My Hand

Small Brown Bike

This isn't the first time I've talked about you.
This won't be the last time I talk about you.
This isn't the first time I've thought about you.
This won't be the last time I think about you.
I dare you to fall for me.
All of the warnings in the world won't make you leave me now.
You will stay until we're both broken down
and then you'll crawl away while I stay laying on the ground.
Imagine all these things.
Will you trust me?
Our sleepless nights.
Your back to me.
My sleepless nights and all of these screams.
The outline of your hand still remains on my hand.
The outline of your hand still remains on my hand.
This isn't the first time we've found each other.
This won't be the last time we find each other.
This isn't the first time I've held you.
This won't be the last time I hold you.
The envy has finally settled.
I can't stand to watch it now, staring at the ceiling.
Retracing our tracks and the path we never took.
No more talking about the things I did wrong.

Imagine all these things.
Will you trust me?
Our sleepless nights.
Your back to me.
My sleepless nights and all of these screams