

## Now

Stephen Fretwell

Now you, you were always there to tell  
to say you wrote it in blood  
pretend you stayed up all the night  
and under your breath  
in your pretty red dress  
as you fell in my bed  
what was it you said  
all I suggest you tried to impress  
upon me something

Well I sold another one of your guitars  
if you're not gonna come  
I'll probably sell them all  
I don't want them here  
I know nobody knows  
and I'm tired of hiding

Feels like water  
cold like like your hand  
lay me down  
I never got up  
never got up

Now you, you were always that way  
all fire and stone  
staying up all the day  
and in your pretty red dress  
as you fell in my bed  
what was it you said  
that failed to impress  
all I suggest or try to suppress  
or ever want something

Feels like water  
cold like like your hand  
lay me down  
I might not see any of this  
any of it through