

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