

# One Millionth Happy Customer

## The Cassandra Complex

I could die if I touched you  
A long, slow, torturous death  
Of a thousand cuts  
In a thousand ways  
I can only hold you through a piece of plastic  
With your name on it  
With your name on it  
I feel a million miles away from you  
But it's just  
It's just a millionth of an inch

So hold me, hold me close right now  
Take me in your arms  
But not too close  
Not too close

I could die if I touched you  
And you could die of me  
You could die in my arms  
Die in my dreams  
We close our eyes so we can't see  
How much we hurt each other  
When we fall  
When we fall between the sheets

So hold me, hold me close right now  
Take me in your arms  
But not too close  
Not too close

We will lose our lives  
We will lose our lives, we will lose our fears  
We die a million times  
A million times, a million times  
And a million times, and a million times again

So hold me, hold me close right now  
Take me in your arms  
But not too close  
Not too close