

Her

Tindersticks

Scared of my shadow
Afraid of myself
Never thought I could be so shallow
Resort to playing a man
It's a thin line that I walk for her
A thin line that I walk
Between myself and what I have to do
The action and the thought

Oh her, her her her her, it's her
Oh her, her her her her

Feel like I've been dancing
The lights have finally come on
Just waiting for my eyes adjusting
To see how ugly I've become
She asked me for no promises
I made them to myself
I've given myself no choices now
It's the only way out

She tied back her hair
Wrapped the band around
Pulled off her rings
And dropped them in a jar
I'm not there, not waving my arms round
I've gotten the 'flu
It's blocking my heart
To her