

3-11 Porter

"My Ugly Face"

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For holding you while your head was sick
For walking on while the shit was thick
For holding out for some reward
Are you sabotaging because you're bored?
Your eyes are always looking down
Because there's not much pretty about me now

For the love of you I've turned to stone
No heart and soul, just skin and bone
How much further can I stretch?
How far will I fall before you catch?
There's not much pretty about me now
The ugliness in me as all that you can see and
somehow
You've forgotten what it was that made you fall in love
And now it weighs too much for you to hold it up

Have we been divided all along?
Was not this weakness ever strong?
And when did our one become two?
Is it me or is it you?
Back and forth we place the blame
The endings always feel the same

I can't believe that you're moving out
And I'll come home to half a house
Being alone don't make me scared
But the bad dreams are worse when no one's there
Two years, the first thing that I see
And now you're leaving and
I used to think that we'd be marrying
But I've forgotten what it was that made me fall in
Love
And now it weighs too much for me to hold it up
The bed is bigger without you now
I end up passed out on the couch
There's not much pretty about me now
The whatifs won't leave me alone
Who was that answering your phone?
I'm out of space and out of place
Will you ever kiss my ugly face again?

Can we take some time to sort out?
Can we calm and whisper instead of shout?
We did our best now
Let's let it rest now
But once more before you go
Touch me now and let's remember what we used to
know
And step inside of something safe, there's no reason
to
Defend
Maybe we could try again, the bravest love, the best of
Friends
I remember how it was

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