

## Charlotte Church

### "Suitcase"

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Here I go I'm handing my heart out like communion  
I pour it out in rhythm and rhyme  
Sticks and stone throws won't change my lines  
Tell me how to sing what everyone is feeling  
When oh so many others have tried  
Tears on the paper, love in my mind

Heavy the heartaches, we carry the suitcase  
And you can tell it to the weather it won't get any better  
Until you learn to live with your scars  
It's all in the suitcase, that holds who you are

Glory days and bad times are all here in my baggage  
They're folded up and kept here like clothes  
Throw out the hurtful to lighten the load

Heavy the heartaches, we carry the suitcase  
And you can tell it to the weather it won't get any better  
Until you learn to live with your scars  
Heavy the suitcase

Hidden in the pocket space  
The hope you lost in younger days  
And the few you thought you couldn't face  
They're travelling today, you're throwing them away

Heavy the heartaches, we carry the suitcase  
And you can tell it to the weather it won't get any better  
Until you learn to live with your scars  
It's all in your suitcase, that holds who you are  
That holds who you are

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