

Beth Orton

"A Place Aside"

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I do still sometimes put my hand across
And i feel as yours gets placed on top
We drive along these empty streets
Same old ones they've always been

I can still hear your heartbeat in the dark
We're still setting up the same old sparks
Pull me close and we lay still
Wrap my toes around your heel

And we're talking as i write this song
Unfolding as we go along
And i suppose we really do
I suppose it must be true
There will always be a place aside
For you...

I do still sometimes stare into your gaze
The way we'd stay for days and days
'skuze me but this seat is taken
They've been a while but i'm still waiting

And if i light these matches just to watch 'em burn
And i forget to keep myself warm
And i forgot how to sing my song
Then i suppose i really do
I suppose it must be true
But there will always be a place aside
For you

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