

John Ralston

"The Only Evidence"

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Waste of breath
Falling stars no one will see
He's diagnosed
I tried too hard to catch
What she was giving me
It still feels strange to be coming clean

Guilty as the burdens made me
Clothes all over in her room
Dull and never will be
Good enough for you

She can dance
I'm all wood and leather
These marks they kill
I feel the softest feather
Pedals down
Crushed beneath these bruising feet

Guilty as the burdens made me
Clothes all over in her room
Dull and never will be
Good enough for you
Good enough for you

I need erasers
To take out these scars
Forget everything
'Cause I was never yours

Burn all pictures
Shred the documents
I can't forget you, girl
And that's the only evidence

Good enough for you
Good enough for you
Good enough for you

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