

Jonatha Brooke

"Linger"

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I am walking past the sprinklers and the newly painted
porches
And the lemonade stand girls on a suburban afternoon
I am leaving cuz I love you, I am leaving cuz I don't
And I am hoping you will follow, and I'm praying that
you won't
Let me go

I am captive in your presence I will melt before your
eyes
But I still crave your approval, and I'm helpless when
you criticize, criticize

Cuz it's written on your body -- it's on the tip of your
tongue
The look in your eyes, in the glare of the sun
The touch of your cold fingers, when you say goodbye
The way that you linger
The way that you lie

You saw me through the keyhole of a door that I kept
locked
But I'd decorate the threshold just in case you knocked
What I might feel on the edges you will never come to
know
And who I might be in the corners I will never ever ever
ever show
Never show

Cuz it's written on my body -- it's on the tip of my
tongue
The look in my eyes, in the glare of the sun
The touch of my cold fingers, when I say goodbye
The way that I linger
The way that I lie

Who said that love would linger who said that love
would last
When we cannot seize the moment and we will not
leave the past
I don't think I was afraid of you but how could I be sure
When with every altercation you were showing me the

door
Well here I go, here I go, here I go...

Cuz it's written on our bodies -- it's on the tip of our
tongues
The look in our eyes, in the glare of the sun
The touch of our cold fingers, when we say goodbye
The way that we linger
The way that we lie
The touch of your fingers
The look in your eyes
The way we accuse
The way we deny

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