

Liam Frost

"Is This Love?"

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This is the place
I made my first mistakes
Here lays a trinket box of error
And regret
Settle down and pack this box away, let go

And if you should see her
Let her know that I still feel the same
I just grew tired of that game
Pack this box away, let go

And all this smoke
Is clouding up my eyes
I'm choking on your pretty, pretty lies
Now I'm stamping out that fire
And summer wind, it came blowing in the door
It scattered cherry blossom to the floor
Oh you used to be, a friend of mine
Oh yeah

This is the place
I made my first mistakes
A clumsy night of saddled racket, oh
Settle down
Pack this box away, let go

And if you're in the neighbourhood
Don't come a-knock-knockin' at my door
Because there's nothing there but bad memories
And they're memories
I've been longing to let go

This is the place
That I've passed by, the times
When I laid my head for days, Mam would've died
Now I'm stamping out that fire
And in the wake, I broke that falling tide
His nails
They trace across your side
The place you're longing me to touch
Right now

Well is this love?
Or guilt in your dead eyes, oh
I'm choking on your cluttered alibis
Now I'm stamping out that fire
And still that summer wind blew love through my old
house
All that's left is sadness and self doubt
Oh girl, your little secret
Ain't secret no more

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