

Mark Owen "Close To The Edge"

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I was into,
Like a sudden fix from a bowl of sugar,
To you
And all that you were standing for,
Yeah, you knew,
I was so caught up that I could barely move,
To stop you,
From having everything and more
Do you pick me up,
To put me under
Break me in,
So you can choose your ways to put me back again
You can leave a hole like a nail in my head,
You can leave me turned into nothing instead,
You can leave me close to the edge,
You won't ever hear me hit the ground
Are you into,
Have you given up, have we gone to far,
Do you wander,
Or are you staying where we are
I abhor you,
Yet all the while still I adore
Knowing you,
And all that might have been before
Do I say too much, to take you over
Break me in,

So I can choose my ways to put me back again
You can leave a hole like a nail in my head,
You can leave me turned into nothing instead,
You can leave me close to the edge,
You won't ever hear me hit the ground
Cos I'm floored but not broken,
And I'm scarred but I'll heal
Yeah I'm blissfully tortured,
Naked and real
And I'm stung and I'm sorry,
But I'm calm now and clear
Like the sky hanging over,
Like the scratch on my shoulder,
That I no longer feel, feel
I was into

Too close to the edge,
Too close to the edge
You can leave a hole like a nail in my head,
You can leave me turned into nothing instead,
You can leave me close to the edge,
You won't ever hear me,
Ever hear me
Hit the ground

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