

Matt Pryor "Only"

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In too many days, too many tears,
Too many stories of our yesteryears.
I couldn't say the worst of my fears.
I'm picking up the signs, maybe the end is near.

But at long last,
I recall the words that you told me.
This will pass and the love you have,
Will be for me, only:

After an hour, when I couldn't speak,
You tell a story that just makes me weep.
It may be my age, I'm just getting weak,
My skin's not thick enough for this critique

But at long last,
I recall the words that you told me.
This will pass and the love you have,
Will be for me, only:

There's too many pains, too many cries.
Too many hours drowning in your eyes.
Those were the days, so full of lies,
I guess I was in love with your disguise.

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