

Kerry-Anne Leatham

"Run Dry"

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Close the door, you're leaving
You've gone to get a drink of something
And I'm staring at my hands
All I want to do is smash these walls around me

I want to express myself
I want to express myself

And you squeezed every last morsel of love out of me
And left a bitter crusted shell
The door slams shut, you're leaving me
This time I can't help but feel relief
And I'm squeezing my hands so tight
That the blood supply runs dry

And I won't swallow my pride
Cuz I haven't got a drop to digest
My blood supply runs dry
My love for you's run dry
It's cut off all the love to my heart
It's cutting off my love for you
My fingertips are cold and white
And I can hardly move an inch

Cuz I've cut off all my blood supply
I've cut off all my love supply
I've cut off all my blood supply
I've cut off all my love supply
I've cut off all my blood supply
I've cut off all my love supply

And I've cut off all my blood supply
I've cut off all my love

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