

Dawn Kinnard

"The Cost Of Love"

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Happy birthday
My runaway
It's December
The month you went away
This is the cost of love
To be lost, my love
Don't be distraught
This is the cost of love

I took them down. I took them down.
I took the posters from the walls
I took the carpet from the hall
I took them back. I took them back.
Took back the brain distracting books
I took the curtains from their hooks

My doctor said to let up on it now
Get on with it some how
That ain't sitting well

In the month of May
My runaway
I sat out on the street
I tried to be discreet
But this is the cost of love
To be lost, my love
Don't be distraught
This is the cost of love

I took them down. I took them down.
I took the posters from the walls
I took the carpet from the hall
I took them back. I took them back.
Took back the brain distracting books
I took the curtains from their hooks

My doctor said to let up on it now
Get on with it some how
But that ain't sitting well

My doctor said to let up on it now
Get on with it some how

Donâ€™t worry, that ainâ€™t sitting well

Happy birthday

My runaway

Itâ€™s December

The month you went away

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