

Morgan Bryan "Charlotte"

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I remember your touch, I remember your skin
I remember the place that we first met in
I remember your tongue as it danced around my teeth
I woke in the morning, the perfume on your sheets

The dress that you wore, the ribbons in your hair
The blood red lips and that piercing stare
Instead you were gentle and you were complete
Except that you™ d fall in love with every man
you™ d meet

Oh Charlotte, it™ s the truth that hurts.
You and I know that it would never have worked
I hoped that you™ d never change and you would
stick by me
You were not the vision that I could see

In the photo I took, you™ re walking with intent
An angel in leather you were heaven sent
I still feel shame for the anger that I showed
I still feel sorry that it took so long to go

Chorus

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