

7 Mary 3

"Shelf Life"

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Words keep falling from my mouth,
Trying just to slow them down.
Keep on spilling around,
Saying, "Why do you hurt me?"
And if anger is my gift,
The only gift I'm fit to bring,
Then put me on your shelf,
See the winter in me.
(Chorus)
If it's the only gift I'm fit to give,
Then put me on your shelf,
I don't want to live.
What's in that suitcase?
A picture and a name.
Brought here from someplace,
Not brought here to stay.
She picks up the pieces,
Puts down the phone.
Yes baby's not speaking to her angel anymore, no.
(C)
If it's the only gift I'm fit to give,
Then put me on your shelf,
I don't want to live.
If it's the only gift I'm fit to give,
Then put me on your shelf,
I don't want to live, this way, this way, my love,
This way, this way, my love.
All of my actions
Of no consequence of you.
My love and affection just doesn't know what to do...
How can I love anyone else,
When I can't trust my

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