

Memory Of A Melody

"Skin Deep"

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When I wake up in the morning, next to you.
When I stare into the mirror, I see you.
When I look at the reflection, of me next to you.
I'm tired of all your endless questions, what am I
supposed to do?

This love is weak.
This love is wrong.
Without regret, I'm moving on.
And I won't break from the scars, or your mistakes I'll
carry on.
And I've failed to see that your love's only, skin deep.

And when you wake up in the morning, next to me.
I see you stare into the mirror, and look at me.
And when you wake up next to Jesus, and ask "What am
I supposed to do?"

This love is weak.
This love is wrong.
Without regret, I'm moving on.
And I won't break from the scars, or your mistakes I'll
carry on.
And I've failed to see that your love's only, skin deep.

Not worth the fight, not worth the fall, nor the will to
carry on.
This mistake tore us apart, and the hope inside my
heart.
Through crystal glass you gaze at me, as I watch you
hopelessly.
Hopeless love will never be, hopeless love will never
bleed.

So let's go back start, and break the thought of us
apart.

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This love is wrong.
Without regret, I'm moving on.
And I won't break from the scars, or your mistakes I'll

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And I've failed to see that your love's only, skin deep.

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