

The Air I Breathe

"A Letter To Georgia"

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How can I explain to you the picture of this avenue?
The rain falls on the street outside my window on this
Tuesday afternoon.
I sit alone inside these same four walls I've lived inside.
So many lives I've lived and died; none so much as the
one I lived with you.

I see you on the highway a thousand miles away.
Rain falls through your hair and cheeks.
Tears and mascara streaks.
Your face reflected in the glass.
Lines in the pavement go past just like the lines around
your eyes that held the weight of all these sad
goodbyes.

Everybody that I know tells me just to let it go.
You run from everything, they say.
Hurt the ones you love like me.
But here I sit and picture you your fingers worn, your
shirt torn through.
A heart so big it broke in two.
Your mind drifting through all you knew.

Afraid to love; afraid to lose;
Afraid to start; afraid to choose;
Afraid to live; afraid to die;
Afraid to let these days slip by;
Afraid to change or stay the same;
Afraid to lose yourself again;

Afraid of this truth that love could cause you so much
pain.

I felt it, too.
I know,
I know,
Darling, I wish it wasn't true.

