

Strata "Hot/Cold"

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You said your hope was lost. My eyes were stinging hot.

The first of the tears to fall hurts the worst of all.
I had it all planned out, what I was going to say.
But then that lump in my throat stole my words away.

Darling, if nothing else, I know that this is true;
I'd have nobody if I don't have you.
But you said your hope was lost, my eyes were stinging
hot,
the first of the tears to fall...

Have you given too much away?
Are you giving us up?
Did the going get tough this time?
Don't give up on us.

I said, "look at the map on the wall, put your fingers on
where we are,
no matter where I go we're just an inch apart."
You interrupted and said, "not that old speech again! -
If we're just an inch apart, then reach out and grab my
hand." -

Have you given too much away?
Are you giving us up?
Did the going get tough this time?
Don't give up on us, don't give up...

I know that this is true, at least it used to be,
you'd have nobody if you don't have me...
And didn't we say forever?
Didn't I promise you?
Didn't we say forever?
Darling don't... darling, don't.
We didn't come this far just to throw it all away.

Have you given too much, Darling?
Are you giving us up?
Did the going get tough this time?
Don't give up on us.

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