

Teddy Thompson

"Brink Of Love"

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These are letters I don't write
Every evening I give up the fight
And I see beauty in every day
But the beauty of words won't come my way

And I don't care what you think about love
I've heard stories, honest and true
Flowing rivers that lead into you
And things get easy when you let them out
But you pack in your pain 'til you're ready to shout

And I don't care what you think
I'll just sit here, here on the brink of love

And it's a long way down
You should have held my hand
I liked you better when you lied
You were more to the point
And you looked me in the eye with love

These are letters I don't write
Every evening I give up the fight
And I see beauty in every day
But the beauty of words won't come my way

And I don't care what you think
I'll just sit here, here on the brink of love
I don't care what you think
I'll just sit here, here on the brink of love

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