

## Honestly

### "This Perfect Thing"

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She awakens with a chill  
By the open window  
as the wind breeze is cold.  
It hurts to know that what he needs,  
Is someone she can never be,  
And it runs from her eyes uncontrolled.  
Give it time she thinks,  
And hope still lingers in the air,  
But denial is a fleeting remedy.  
She squeezes skin with painted fingers,  
And the bleeding is a cruel reminder  
That everything she's suffering is real.

This perfect thing called love  
Can leave you ripped up broken-hearted waiting for the  
sky to fall.  
This perfect thing called love  
Can make you wish you'd never started if you knew  
you'd loose it all.

He stands alone but satisfied as the dust clears  
And the scars he wears have only made him stronger.  
For a wasted year he stayed and tried,  
A thousand times to make it right,  
But how could he ignore it any longer?  
Give it up he thinks,  
And wishes she could just move on,  
But he can't undo this thing he has done.  
And as she sees him slip away,  
She looks for ways to kill the pain  
Is this what you get when you love someone?

This perfect thing called love  
can leave you ripped up broken hearted waiting for the  
sky to fall.  
This perfect thing called love  
Can make you wish you'd never started if you knew you  
would loose it all.

What are you waiting for? What are you waiting for?  
What are you waiting for?

Let it go. let it go

This perfect thing called love  
can leave you ripped up broken hearted waiting for the  
sky to fall.

This perfect thing called love  
Can make you wish you'd never started if you knew you  
would lose it all. x2

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