

Kerry Leatham**"Run Dry"**

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Close the door your leaving
You've gone to get a drink of something
And im staring at my hands
All i want to do is smash these walls around me
I want to express myself
I want to express myself
And you squeased every last muscle of love out of me
And left a bitter crusted shell
The door slams shut your leaving me
This time i cant help but fell relieved
And im squeasing my hands so tight
That the blood supply runs dry
And i wont swallow my pride
Cause i havn't got a drop to digest
My blood supply runs dry
My love for you has run dry
Its cut off all the love to my heart
Its cutting off my love for you
My finger tips are cold and white
An i can hardly move an inch
Cause i cut off all my blood supply
I cut off all my love supply
I cut off all my blood supply
I cut off all my love supply
I cut off all my blood supply
I cut off all my love supply
An i cut off all my blood supply
I cut off all my love

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