

Thursday "The Lovesong Writer"

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Sitting alone in the dark of a stadium
He whispers his secrets into a cheap guitar

With the flick of his wrist he turns words into melodies
Chords into church bells, fill up the allies
Lovers entwine in the heat of the night
And by dawn are apart in the shivering silences

We will pretend
That it is all just made up

The song that he writes
Are too personal
He can't play them for anyone

When he's all alone
The lovesong writer sings
Oh, can anyone hear me now?
No one hears at all

So he stumbles through syllables, cut from their
sentences
Lost letters call to him, deep in the alphabet
Please give us meaning

And pose for me now
You're the broken heart
You're the sigh in the back of the throat

And on the other side
You're the queen of spades
You're the sound that she makes on her way

There's always a way out
There's always a way out

When he's all alone
The lovesong writer sings
Oh, can anyone hear me now?
But no one hears at all

The lovesong writer sits

All alone
When he hears the sound

Of the knock at the door

Fifty red roses falling apart
In the hands of someone that you scraped in and left
behind
All of the others strolled up and now showed up at your
door
Staring you down, they said

Sing for me, sing for me, sing for me now
Sing for me, sing for me, sing for me now

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah

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