

Morning Light, The "Books And Letters"

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With your head held high,
Pretend that you're alright without me.
And I'm better now that I'm without your fears.
And I'll write this down, sound it out.
And pretend there's something more left in your town.

I'll sit through months away from home without you.
And 4,000 miles away is all I need,
For you to realize what you need.
But you're clean cut and exposed,
And I've never felt more at home.
But I'll pretend there's something more left in your town.

I'm falling in and out of love,
Finally stopping what we were made of.
"Oh, you're done."
By summer I'll have you on your knees,
Come August and you'll lie right through your teeth.
And it's oh so typical but what I need.

I'm writing books through letters,
That I'm sure you'll never read.
I'm searching through a postcard,
To find any trace of me.
But you've traded thoughts of me,
For this new life that comes cheap.
And I can only pray it falls beneath your feet.

I'm falling in and out of love,
Finally stopping what we were made of.
"Oh, you're done."
By summer I'll have you on your knees,
Come August and you'll lie right through your teeth.
And it's oh so typical but what I need.

You're done it's just what I need,
(I'm falling in and out of love.)
(You and...) Your violent attempts to come clean.

I'm falling in and out of love,

Finally stopping what we were made of.
"Oh, you're done."
By summer I'll have you on your knees,
Come August and you'll lie right through your teeth.
And it's oh so typical but what I need.

"You're done."
It's just what I need

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