

# Beth Crowley, Living without you

I walk alone,  
pace up and down the streets we used to know,  
'cause our house no longer feels much like home.  
It hasn't for a while.

I hum along,  
listening to all your favorite songs.  
Close my eyes and just imagine you're not gone,  
remembering your smile.

I write you letters that you'll never read,  
paint you pictures you will never see.  
In all my life I never thought I'd be  
living without you.

I lost of part of me I'll never find,  
but I keep searching, looking for a sign,  
you haven't gone and left me far behind  
living without you.

It's getting late,  
amongst the crowd I swear I see your face.  
Turn around have to do a double take,  
though i know it won't be you.

I hear your voice  
a symphony that soars above the noise,  
telling me that now I've got to make a choice:  
stay still or start anew.

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paint you pictures you will never see.  
In all my life I never thought I'd be  
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but I keep searching, looking for a sign,  
you haven't gone and left me far behind,  
living without you.

I'll try to finish what you started,  
be the person that you wanted,  
see the beauty in the world.  
They say a person never leaves you,  
God, I'm hoping that might be true,  
but this is always going to hurt.

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paint you pictures you will never see.  
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