

Bob Guiney, How Long

How long can you feed on the fire that you never get to feel
How long has it seemed to be since you felt anything quite this real

She said that she needs some more space just to figure out who we are
She told him to just hang on
How long is too long

Close your eyes, touch your lips now...here comes her best excuses
Close your eyes she always comes around

How long can you pressure for more while the pleasures too much not to breathe
And she said you're my favorite baby, excuse me while I try to breathe
She told him honesty is what made us more than just good friends
How long will it be too long before the honesty finally ends again

Keeps dragging him down again

Close your eyes, touch your lips now...here comes her best excuses
Close your eyes and we're all listening, here comes her best excuses
Close your eyes she always comes around
How Long