

City And Colour, Like Knives

Your words are like knives
They peel my skin and pierce my soul
Your body will learn tonight
Though your heart may still remain cold

And I blame myself
And I blame myself
If holding onto what I hope will keep you by my side
I will blame myself

The sheets are stained with
Memories of your soft kiss
Now this is all I have
Paper and pen
to remember you with

And I blame myself
And I blame myself
Holding onto what I hope will keep you by my side
I will blame myself

Could I have you?
Can I have you?
Could I have you?
Can i have you?