

# City & Colour, Like Knives

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

And I will blame myself  
And I will blame myself  
For holding on to what I hoped would 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 will blame myself  
And I will blame myself  
For holding on to what I hoped would keep you by my side  
I will blame myself  
Can I have you... [x4]