

Ellis Paul, Seven

Seven times I traced your number
Just one finger to your voice
Seven times I put the receiver down
Seven times I tried to write you
But I cannot make your choice
Your lips they move,
But they make no sound

And what the cost
What the price
I'm the brunt of friends' advice
Don't look up till you feel the ground . . .

I'm letting go 'cause holdin' on is killing me
My timing can be criminally slow
Too little too late
Criminally slow

Seven times I asked forgiveness
Seven times I'll wait you out
Seasons will change before words come round
And in my search for reasons
I will wash away the doubt
That came wrapped inside a wedding gown

And what the price
What the cost
Is this the poetry of loss
The past we build is all torn down?

I'm letting go 'cause holdin' on is killing me
My timing can be criminally slow
Is it never too late?
Criminally slow