

Kent, Things She Said

Down under water I'm pale blue
Deep down the chlorine
smells like you
Was it you that held too tight?
Was it me that was too weak?
I will leave you were you lay
While I slip and slide away

Behind my wristwatch
the skin is white
Behind my wristwatch
where winter hides
Was it you that held too tight?
Was it me that was too weak?
I will leave you where you lay
When I slip and slide away

The little things that she says
What do they say to me
The little things that she does
What do they do to me
The little things that she says
What do they say to me
The little things that she does