

Mark Owen, In Piece

Everyone's running
me though, I'm crawling
picking up the pieces of your heart
I'm trying to put you back together
put you on my mantelpiece
so I could live with you in piece
in piece
If I found your hair
your golden hair
I would sow it with my fingers through the shirt I wear
and everyone will stare
If I found your eyes
I tell no lies
I would offer them like sunlight to the broken skies
and everyone will cry
And I will see you till my lips turn silver
And I will see you till the cities tremble like little girls
And I will see you till the earth's will is done
till it offers it's fruits to everyone
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