

Red House Painters, Drop

so much that i can't say to you
my voice shakes from the hurt that i hide
ashamed of my existence
and of my petty often wounded pride
i'd like to come home to see you
and to catch your sickness by the bedside
but then you'd know how much i really need you

all the love in an instant
makes my life stop
but then my hate for you
makes my feelings altogether drop

if only i were blind to your selfish fling
and your desperate cause
and didn't press you for the details
that threaten my physical flaws

i'd like to come home to see you
and embrace your illness under soft light
but then you'd know how much i really need you

all the love in an instant
makes my life stop
but then my hate for you
makes my feelings altogether drop

so much that i can say to you
with affection that i burn inside
you're aching from the distance
avoiding strain that's running still alive
if only i could heal you in the sprinkling of the ocean side
but then you'd know how much i really love you

all the love in an instant
makes my life stop
but then my hate for you
makes my feelings altogether drop