

Art Of Fighting, Your Easy Part

I had a name some old day
when the crime of you kept me in the frame
and we had a look both you and me
like a handful of colour thrown on the street
that's right now
but I felt ashamed most of those days
cause the summer came but the winter stayed
well what can you say to a dying day
'will you stay here a while, keep the darkness away?'
and oh you don't wanna know you don't wanna be known
and oh you don't wanna see you don't wanna be shown
that I just wanna be your easy part
now the memory burns cause the days were flames
yeah the nights were cool but they were all the same
but if I go there again well I wont be sane
not a calling guest just a ghost in the rain
and oh you don't wanna know you don't wanna be known
and oh you don't wanna see you don't wanna be shown
that I just wanna be your easy part
what would I be needing to find?
what would I be needing to see?
what would I be needing to say?
what would I be needing to do?
yeah if everything's a question for you
then every answer has its own question too
yeah and that's what bleeds the life out of you
oh oh oh
yeah I had a name some old day
when the crime of you kept me in the frame