

Camilla Rhodes, You've Changed The Color Of A

Is this the end of all?

Or just one of those new beginnings?

Ya baby where's the irony, in leaving me with nothing.

Nothing more than a lovers tryst, nothing more than that one last kiss.

You know the one you stole from me when you said goodbye.

Sometimes burning our bridges might just be the answer to all of our problems.

These seconds we spend can't change yesterday.

Now it's over said and done.

Let's burn these paper kisses.

These are the things I never said to you.

Think back to the Friday night knife fight, whatever happened to the good ole days?

Slit throats, siren's notes, oh and the looks you gave.