

Dallas Green, Like Knives

Your words are like knives
They peel my skin and pierce my soul
Your body will burn tonight
Though your heart may still remain cold

And I blame myself
And I blame myself
If holding onto what I hope will keep you by my side
I will blame myself

The sheets are stained with
Memories of your soft kiss
Now this is all I have
Paper and pen
to remember you with

And I blame myself
And I blame myself
Holding onto what I hope will keep you by my side
I will blame myself

Could I have you?
Can I have you?
Could I have you?
Can i have you?