

# Fifth Avenue, Sometimes When We Touch

You ask me if I love you  
And I choke on my reply  
I'd rather hurt you honestly  
Than mislead you with a lie  
And who am I to judge you  
On what you say or do?  
I'm only just beginning to see the real you

And sometimes when we touch  
The honesty's too much  
And I have to close my eyes and hide  
I wanna hold you til I die  
Til we both break down and cry  
I wanna hold you till the fear in me subsides

Romance and all its strategy  
Leaves me battling with my pride  
But through the insecurity  
some tenderness survives  
I'm just another writer  
still trapped within my truth  
a hesitant prize fighter  
still trapped within my youth

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At times I'd like to break you  
and drive you to your knees  
At times I'd like to break through  
and hold you endlessly

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