

Holly Brook, Still Love

You drank a bit down
Spilled the rest of it in me
And that's the minute I let go
Your direction
With the bending of the light
If I remember it right
It carried on just fine
But tonight I will cry myself to sleep

Every rain makes its way into somebody's song
As a way to relieve the pain
This one is calling me out of my shelter
To face the truth
But I still love

More than one time
This color has been mine
To consume the energy
Oh, to be a painter
And cover all the blue
I would give up wanting you
But still the morning sun
Will leak into my window when I'm done

Every rain makes its way into somebody's song
As a way to relieve the pain
This one is calling me out of my shelter
To face the truth
But I still love

Searching for my intuition
Even though I recognize
Myself in all these silver walls
But as I stare they all break me down

Every rain makes its way into somebody's song
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This one is calling me out of my shelter
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But I still love

I still love