

Howard Jones, I've Said Too Much

Put that finger back to my lips,
Will I taste of sugar or of cold wet stone
Hope the shell will break on a paper dinner plate
Ooh not a headstone

How long does it take to change the man
How much sun to melt a frozen life
How long will it take for the mask to slip
And find a way to mend this broken heart

Ive said too much, Ive opened up
Ive spilled my guts,
I cant go back, no I wont go back, no I shouldnt ever go back to you.

Push your finger into my ribs
Am I made of honey am I made of bone
Scrape your nails over my skin
To find how many layers Im wrapped in

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shouldnt ever go back
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Heres the person, you used to know
A strange new alchemy, produces the gold
A local warming of a frozen ghost
A homeless entity returned to the host.

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