

# John Bucchino, If I Ever Say I'm Over You

If I ever say I'm over you  
The unsentimental things I do  
Will have driven out the ghosts,  
Somehow,  
And pulled me through

If I tend to disregard your touch  
Well, it seems to me it would be  
Such a waste of time to let this poor heart  
Feel that much

But sometimes a photograph  
Can make me cry or force a laugh  
And somehow the memory  
Of how complete we used to be  
Is keeping me from you

If you ever hear me doubt the past  
It's a simple fact; we didn't last  
Run aground on hard times  
While the good times flew too fast

I'm not sure if we can make amends  
This may be the way out story ends  
With too little left for lovers  
And too much for friends

But sometimes a photograph  
Can make me cry or force a laugh  
And somehow the memory  
Of how complete we used to be  
Is keeping me from you  
So don't believe it's true  
If I ever say I'm over you