

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