

John Ralston, Second hand lovers

I want to trace your scars with my fingertips
Follow it's fracturing line
I think you should know
How beautiful and brave you already are
So sick of secondhand lovers carving names on my chest
If I lean in too close, it's to kiss or confess
Promise you won't let on, and I won't let you down
But you're a silent film, all the way back home
So alone
And I'm a mockingbird who's just lost his voice
Did you tell?
So sick of secondhand lovers carving names on my chest
If I lean in too close, it's to kiss or confess
Promise you won't let on, and I won't let you down
If my eyes can talk, then they are betraying me now
With whispers sad and soft, they say I'm falling, falling
This is impossible, there's nothing here for us
If you don't let on, then I won't let you down
If you don't let on, then I won't
So sick of secondhand lovers carving names on my chest
If I lean in too close, it's to kiss or confess
Promise you won't let on, and I won't let you down
Won't let you down
Won't let you down
Won't let you down
Won't let you down