

Luke Pickett, Cruel love

I sit up all night writing songs for you.
You breathe them in and out but they do nothing for you.
It's hard when I've spent so long creating perfection.
I give up these words just for a simple taste.
So you ask me to leave now, before I get out of hand.
So I exit this rusted door,
but the pavement starts to fade.
It's like i'm always drawn back to you,
we're just turning back the page.
So you ask me to leave now.
I try to remove this kiss,
but the lipstick wont rub off.
You've left your imprint on me so there's nothing else but you.
So you ask me to leave now, before I get out of hand.
So I exit this rusted door,
but the pavement starts to fade.
It's like i'm always drawn back to you,
we're just turning back the page.
So you ask me to leave now.
I need a miracle that can save me from your cruel love.