

# Monday Morning, These Eyes

Well you've been the one to reach inside  
and find me trying, dying for another try  
and I've been the one to fail as I  
wish I could love you with a love divine

could you want me  
could you need me  
could you love me maybe...

these eyes see our crimes  
as we fall into pieces  
mending, pretending we're fine  
can't we try just to love each other  
now and all of our lives

so erase all the pain, say we're the same  
keep playing a game we've trained ourselves to play  
and we lie to ourselves like love's a pastime  
and wonder why we sleep beside  
the tears we cry

mending pretending we're fine  
mending pretending we're fine  
and everyone's alright...

can't keep pretending we're fine  
can't keep pretending we're fine  
it's not alright