

# Rustic Overtones, Slowly

The distance that distance can make  
these voices keep talking away  
I confess about this I'm not sane  
but these edges don't seem quite as frayed

That night I cried next to you  
I didn't mean to make you worry  
what my disturbing conscience can do  
from you, I withdrew, and I'm sorry  
I live with this....but slowly

I swear that I knew you well  
there were nights that I cried like hell  
I never said a word but you could probably tell  
the words you left out were the ones that i felt

That night I cried next to you  
I didn't mean to make you worry  
what my disturbing conscience can do  
from you, I withdrew, and I'm sorry  
I live with this....but slowly  
slowly  
slowly  
slowly

you have my favorite face  
and my favorite smile  
there is my favorite place  
these are my favorite times