

Sarah Blasko, I Could Never Belong To You

Love is something of an art,
when we are led by such divided hearts,
painted black, their centre red,
beating now,
they're loaded with regret,
full of memories that you can't neglect,

Of all the things that you've yet to prove,
oh the times I've thought this whole thing through,
lived whole lifetimes in disguise from you,
how can I hold to a pale idea
when you've given everything you can,
and by everything you feel, you stand?

But I could never belong to you,
for all the troubles of an onward path,
the confusion lacks a tragic punch,
when we take the desired turns,
all we have is all we can find,
no-one else can make this mine,

I could never belong to you,
pictures in the family ark,
faces faded, stories gone,
one sure light from eras dark,
two by two they all marched on,
but I could never belong to you.