

# Squeeze, Picking Up The Pieces

(difford/tilbrook)

Words escape me now I'm in prison  
Sentenced to a life of tears  
Now she hates me, that's her decision  
Waiting for the smoke to clear  
So I can see the damage of the fire  
That raged through our love  
So I can see the damage I can try  
And salvage our love  
I'm picking up the pieces  
Maybe they'll fit some day

Love recalls me back from darkness  
It whispers to an eager ear  
She ignores me, why so heartless  
Waiting for the smoke to clear

So she can see the damage of the fire  
That raged through our love  
So she can see the damage she can try  
And salvage our love

Picking up the pieces  
And putting them down again

There's never a match for a burning desire  
To fall in love  
And put out the fire that's been burning

Picking up the pieces  
And putting them down again  
Picking up the pieces  
Maybe they'll fit someday