

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