

Stroke 9, All You Can Take

There's a place in my head
It's full of memories and I can't even take a peek
There's a place, full of broken promises
And I can't even bring myself to speak

I know now everything about you
And I can't even try to
Separate the past from every ensuing day
I try to show that I can grow
But I can't give all you can take
And I believe it all works out
When I'm in your arms

Hey, if it feels so much like the way it should
Then it doesn't matter if it's wrong
If it feels so much like the way it should
Maybe you're better off when I'm gone

I can't stand the way out lines are crossing
As I just lie here tossing, turnin with the fan above my head
I'm fallin down, i"m on the ground
You're in the air you're all around
And I do believe it all works out
When I'm in your arms