

The Honorary Title, Only One Week

Have your lips graced another's yet
Or am I the only one?
Everytime I try to speak to you
Those are the thoughts that run
Say something else, girl
I don't want to have to leave
Our communication is hardly what it used to be
When can I claim you to be my own, so selfishly?
When can I claim you to be my own, my only?
Want nothing more than our futures to collide
Can tell this is going to be one of many disappointing nights
Traces of you are so minimal
A black and white ?? photobook with us
When can I claim you to be my own, so selfishly?
When can I claim you to be my own, my only?
And I have only one week to make you mine
And I may never see you again
It's not only for me, it's not only me
There's a little bit, a little bit here for you
But I'm willing to wait
I'm willing to wait
Day time is no longer the hours spent
Lit by sunlight ?? the hours to obsess
And the night is far worse
'Cause I know you're alone with her
And thoughts of, of us have been deserted
It'll never be the same
I'll never be the same again
I'll never be the same again
I have only one week to make you mine
And I may never see you again
Time is few and far between
There is someone else who needs
There is someone else who needs your attention
But I'm willing to wait
I'm willing to wait
I'm willing to wait
I'm willing to wait