

Thea Gilmore, Throwing In

I can see her head in hands
I can taste the salt thats waiting there behind her eyes
I can feel the tears that echo in these walls
Cos shes throwing in the fantasy again

No-one told her love could be so cruel
With each word another bullet another wound
I see no more move made to resuscitate the love
Cos were throwing in the fantasy again

And they drew the line that was crossed so many times and
She wonders why it will be her who pays the price

I believe there is no smile
That can ever lose the weight of her heart
But I can see youll be OK now
Now youre throwing in the fantasy again

And they drew the line that was crossed so many times and
She wonders why it will be her who pays the price
Cos she's throwing in the fantasy again