IT KILLS ME

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I wore out a pair of shoes following you around Your low cut cotton dress all torn, falling onto the ground Chasing fast cars and movie stars, and things you've never found Under the street lights and the city nights, completely underground

I found you in a bar somewhere by the sea, In a pool of sharks, they were circling your feet Head-on face to face, straight between the eyes, Back against the wall mouthing all your lies

You just said "no", it'll never be, Even in your dreams it's not the real me You're not the sun, I'm not the moon, You're not the song and I'm not the tune

But, I got to let you know, I've got to let you know . . . It simply kills me

I turned around and looked around you,
Into the cocktail lounge where I found you
Into the past hidden desire,
Out of the pan and into the fire
Looking like a fool, standing all alone,
Staring like some damn dog waiting for a bone
You got the proof confused with the flame,
I got the news and you left a stain

But, I got to let you know, I've got to let you know . . .

It kills me, ... It simply kills me

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By Don Mathers







