

Torn

Cassadee Pope

I thought, I saw a man brought to life
He was warm, he came around and he was dignified
He showed me what it was to cry
Well, you couldn't be that man I adored
You don't seem to know
Seem to care what your heart is for
But I don't know him anymore

There's nothing where he used to lie
The conversation has run dry
That's what's going on
Nothing's fine, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith
This is how I feel
I'm cold and I am shamed
Lying naked on the floor
Illusion never changed into something real
I'm wide awake and I can see
The perfect sky is torn
You're a little late, I'm already torn

So I guess the fortune teller's right
Should have seen just what was there
And not some holy light
It crawled beneath my veins
And now I don't care, I had no luck
I don't miss it all that much
There's just so many things
That I can't touch, I'm torn

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You're a little late, I'm already torn, torn

There's nothing where he used to lie
My inspiration has run dry
That's what's going on
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You're a little late, I'm already torn, torn