

Another Sunday afternoon  
I close the window it's getting cold.  
Recalling my agony  
I see I hurt you I made you cry.  
Every thought is a thousand knives  
and each one will kill me inside.  
How is it so hard to say yes?

If I could say the words I need you,  
cause I really really really do.  
I could forget about the things I've done  
and give my life to you.  
And if I ever go back again,  
I know that you would stay by my side  
through the end of my days.

As I'm floating around in this  
emotion that I can't describe.  
It was only a fraction of my life  
when I chose to be alive.  
You came from the sky and stroke me down,  
waked me up to realise that  
I was your child.

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