

Survival

Eleanor McEvoy

Is this just what men do?
Do women do this too?
Hurting lovers just because they can
If this is love then I don't understand

Is this the way it ends?
Diving up our friends
Are smiling happy families just for show?
If this is love then I don't want to know

Now it comes down to the bare bones of survival
From the morning light to the dead of night, survival
Hour by hour, day by day, one step at a time
I'm not even reaching for revival
I'm just praying for survival

Is this just how things are?
Lipstick coloured scars
Have tainted all the memories we made

If this is love I'd rather walk away

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A beating heart's a sign of life
Yeah, well living is a point of view
Broken hearts can go on beating too

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