

Always Been

Ilse DeLange

Morning comes cold and bright
And fills this room with a silent light
From the empty bed, across the empty floor
I trace your steps to the open door

Guess I always knew I'd lose you
I guess all good thing must end
Now you're on your way again
I guess you've always been

I can't hold on to a wandering heart
You can't be something that you aren't
And the part of you that I'll never know

Is the part of you that I love the most

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