

It Was Me

Nerina Pallot

Well there's no use hanging on to anything,
That you can't take with you when you're gone
The wind at your heels, shadows so sweet,
A sentimental longing for the past

All these things, uncaptured, gone or might have been,
In the slow, dull dying of the day
I ponder on these things I've done,
A heart I could have chosen not to break

But oh, I ran, I ran so easily,
Casting no shadow in my wake,
And chased so many that I soon get bored,
And honey, I'm such a flake

So the road won't rise to meet me as I go,
And this feckless heart knows no reward
For all my lies, I apologize,
It was me, it wasn't you and now I know

But oh, I ran, I ran so easily,
Casting no shadow in my wake,
And chased so many that I soon get bored,
And honey, I'm such a flake

Still it does no good for one to think of things,
That you can't do anything about,
But in solitary hours, I think of you now,
It was me, it wasn't you and now I know