

Still In Love

Justin Currie

Lovers leave their traces like jets across the sky
They find in all these faces, lines they recognize
My keepsakes have their places at the back of a drawer
Or slip between pages and stuck on a shelf

But I?m still in love
I?m still in love
I?m still in love with nothing but myself

Yes sometimes I remember the way they signed their names
And always in December I feel some kind of shame
The heart it stays so tender,
I reminisce like a hangman wishing his prisoners well

But I?m still in Love
I?m still in love
I?m still in love with nothing but myself

And I know them all these ages
And I know all the stories so well
And I know we?ll see their faces in hell
So wipe away their traces
Blow the dust off the shelf

Cause I?m still in love
I?m still in love
I?m still in love with nothing but myself

Lyrics submitted by Bethany.

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