

Blindside

Jimmy Arnold

What draws me to you like a moth to a flame?
Blindsided by need and always to blame.
It's a skill, second nature.. see..
I know no one is going to rescue me. Over and over it repeats
No chance, more defeat.
Pieces getting smaller now
Curtain closing take a bow
Another time, another place
I never would have seen your face
but here I am again & crying
Love & pain I'm good at hiding Time heals all wounds
n' that is a lie
If that is true then please tell me why
blindsided by fears the years rolled by
No one is coming to dry my eyes You can tell me that you love me if you want to
Don't you think that it'll make me believe you
I know you're only going to bury it deeper
and twist the knife like a midnight creeper

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