

If You Don't...

Nowherebound

If You Don't

Like the crooked withering trees,
Our branches brought to bare.
And our few remaining leaves,
Are dying to take the air.

If you don't love me anymore, then,
Tell me love, what's the point of keeping score?
If you don't live here anymore,
Tell this open heart, perhaps it's time,
To shut its door.

Love's lingering remains,
Are strangers now, once friends.
And the silence leaves me chained,
Bound by our loose ends.

Well comb my hair up straight,
And make me look my best.
And lead me to that grave,
Where our love was laid to rest.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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