Who Told You

Moore, (Miss) Jackie

It all makes sense now I've calmed down
I should have seen it coming from miles down the road
But at the time we never think
That it might have been ourselves to blame at all

You shudder and beat your chest
But you'll never warm yourself up believe me
Where were you I'd made it through
But only god can judge me now, I hope he's in

Why do hearts break when we are on our own?
Just when you need to pump the life back in yourself
And why do earthquakes happen miles away?
When I only want the open ground to swallow me

Who told you I'd not come through?
Before I could speak to you in my defense
Who made you the righteous one?
When I'd only turned around for half an hour

Why do chalk lines tell an empty tale
Surely its bad enough to end up on the floor
And you can scratch your chin
And think you understand

And how can you know
What's going on inside my head?
Maybe I'm better off alive than in my bed

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written by LEANDER, MIKE / MILLS, CHAS J.
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