

To a Poet

First Aid Kit

And you said, "Don't give me nothing
you don't want to lose"
I said, "Darling, I'll give you everything I got
if I want them to choose" Then I got on a plane and flew
far away from you
Though unwillingly I left
and it was so, so hard to do The streets here at home had rapidly filled up
with the whitest of snow
And they don't make no excuse for themselves
and there's no need, I know Now I miss you more than I can take
and I will surely break
And every morning that I wake
God, there is this ache
There's nothing more to it,
I just get through it
Oh, there's nothing more to it
I just get through it It always takes my by surprise
how dark it gets this time of year
And how apparent it all becomes
that you're not close, not even near No matter how many times I tell myself
I have to be sincere
I have a hard time standing up
and facing those fears But Frank put it best when he said
"You can't plan on the heart"
Those words keep me on my feet
when I think I might just fall apart Now I miss you more than I can take
and I will surely break
And every morning that I wake
God, there is this ache
There's nothing more to it,
I just get through it
Oh, there's nothing more to it
I just get through it
Oh, there's nothing more to it
I just get through it And so I ask where are you now
Just when I needed you
I won't ask again
Because I know there's nothing we can do
Not now, darling, you know it's true

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