

Eggs in a Basket

Told Slant

The love is gone if you have to ask it
There will be no sap tapped from a casket
There will be no hands held through the last of it
No hands clasped and bowels felt on mattresses
The love is gone like eggs in a basket
Reading old text threads, covering the date with my thumb
Pretending that you just wrote "I love you, when are you coming home?"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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