

# Throwing In

[Thea Gilmore](#)

I can see her head in hands  
I can taste the salt thats waiting there behind her eyes  
I can feel the tears that echo in these walls  
Cos shes throwing in the fantasy againNo-one told her love could be so cruel  
With each word another bullet another wound  
I see no more move made to resuscitate the love  
Cos were throwing in the fantasy againAnd they drew the line that was crossed so many times and  
She wonders why it will be her who pays the priceI believe there is no smile  
That can ever lose the weight of her heart  
But I can see youll be OK now  
Now youre throwing in the fantasy againAnd they drew the line that was crossed so many times and  
She wonders why it will be her who pays the priceSo she's throwing in the fantasy  
Throwing in the fantasy  
She's throwing in the fantasy again

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