

# A Place Aside

**Beth Orton**

I do still sometimes put my hand across  
And i feel as yours gets placed on top  
We drive along these empty streets  
Same old ones theyve always beenI can still hear your heartbeat in the dark  
Were still setting up the same old sparks  
Pull me close and we lay still  
Wrap my toes around your heelAnd were talking as i write this song  
Unfolding as we go along  
And i suppose we really do  
I suppose it must be true  
There will always be a place aside  
For you...I do still sometimes stare into your gaze  
The way wed stay for days and days  
skuze me but this seat is taken  
Theyve been a while but im still waiting

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