

Copied Keys

Kathleen Edwards

This is not my town and it will never be
This is our apartment filled with your things
This is your life, I get copied keys
Try and force a little smile, hold it a little while for you
These are your old streets and you know them well
One way shortcuts all the way downtown
But your favorite find is just my secondhand secret
Try and hide a little pain for the things I can't explain to you
These are your good friends and I like them fine

'Cause they are your past and present time
But would you even be the same if you left them behind
All the things I used to be, all the things I miss of me for you
'Cause these are your good friends and I like them fine
These are your old streets and you know them well
This is not my town and it will never be
And it will never be and it will never be
And it will never be and it will never be ours, ours

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