Pick Up The Pieces

Money Mark

Too many sorries went around
And he became a familiar sound
Got so tired of the melody
Melodies were meant to be freeYou got me pickin' up all my pieces
Put 'em back in my pocket in case I need them
Hoping it's not, if but when
Hoping it's not so much later but so soon, oohWhen we last talked, we didn't expect a thing
Couldn't believe but your love did sting
If I found myself walking backwards into you
Would you spill out all your memories too?We're pickin' up all our pieces
Put 'em back in our pockets and just leave them
Hoping it's not, if but when
Hoping the same old melody will feel new, ooh

Songwriters
Johnson, Mark / Baker, Clint / Keel, David / Stroud, DustinPublished by
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