Your Easy Part

Art of Fighting

I had a name some old day
When the crime of you kept me in the frame
And we had a look both you and me
Like a handful of colour thrown on the street

That's right now
But I felt ashamed most of those days
'Cause the summer came but the winter stayed
Well what can you say to a dying day

'Will you stay here a while, keep the darkness away?'
And oh you don't wanna know you don't wanna be known
And oh you don't wanna see you don't wanna be shown
That I just wanna be your easy part

Now the memory burns cause the days were flames
Yeah the nights were cool but they were all the same
But if I go there again well I won't be sane
Not a calling guest just a ghost in the rain

And oh you don't wanna know you don't wanna be known
And oh you don't wanna see you don't wanna be shown
That I just wanna be your easy part
What would I be needing to find?

What would I be needing to see?
What would I be needing to say?
What would I be needing to do?
Yeah if everything's a question for you

Then every answer has its own question too
Yeah and that's what bleeds the life out of you
Oh oh oh
Yeah I had a name some old day

When the crime of you kept me in the frame

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