

# Second Hand Lovers

[John Ralston](#)

I want to trace your scars with my fingertips  
Follow it's fracturing line  
I think you should know how beautiful and brave  
You already are So sick of secondhand lovers carving names on my chest  
If I lean in too close, it's to kiss or confess  
Promise you won't let on  
And I won't let you down But you're a silent film, all the way back home  
So alone  
And I'm a mockingbird who's just lost his voice  
Did you tell? So sick of secondhand lovers carving names on my chest  
If I lean in too close, it's to kiss or confess  
Promise you won't let on  
And I won't let you down If my eyes can talk, they are betraying me now  
With whispers sad and soft, they say I'm falling, falling  
This is impossible, there's nothing here for us If you don't let on, then I won't let you down  
If you don't let on, then I won't So sick of secondhand lovers carving names on my chest  
If I lean in too close, it's to kiss or confess  
Promise you won't let on  
And I won't let you down I won't let you down  
I won't let you down

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