Slowly

Rustic Overtones

(D. Gutter)
The distance that distance can make
these voices keep talking away
I confess about this I'm not sane
but these edges don't seem quite as frayed
That night I cried next to you
I didn't mean to make you worry
what my disturbing conscience can do
from you, I withdrew, and I'm sorry
I live with this....but slowly
I swear that I knew you well
there were nights that I cried like hell
I never said a word but you could probably tell
the words you left out were the ones that i felt
-chorus-
you have my favorite face
and my favorite smile
there is my favorite place
these are my favorite times

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