

# Drop

## Red House Painters

So much that I can't say to you  
My voice shakes from the hurt that I hide  
Ashamed of my existence  
And of my petty often wounded pride I'd like to come home to see you  
And to catch your sickness by the bedside  
But then you'd know how much I really need you All the love in an instant  
Makes my life stop  
But then my hate for you  
Makes my feelings altogether drop If only I were blind to your selfish fling  
And your desperate cause  
And didn't press you for the details  
That threaten my physical flaws I'd like to come home to see you  
And embrace your illness under soft light  
But then you'd know how much I really need you All the love in an instant  
Makes my life stop  
But then my hate for you  
Makes my feelings altogether drop So much that I can say to you  
With affection that I burn inside  
You're aching from the distance  
Avoiding strain that's running still alive If only I could heal you  
In the sprinkling of the ocean side  
But then you'd know how much I really love you All the love in an instant  
Makes my life stop  
But then my hate for you  
Makes my feelings altogether drop

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