Bitter Chill

Edwin Mccain

Sweet love is keeping a very close score
She's cheated death more than one time
The tears roll down her face and on to the floor
The psychic's been reading her mindNow women with secrets, men with their rage
The lines run deeper than words on the page
Breeze through the window now it turns bitter chill
Pretend we don't feel it, lie here real still
Real still, yeah real still, real stillWhispered in visions of new earth shine
We volunteer to do nothing again
The world falls around us all we can do is whine
Living out the future of original sinWomen with secrets, men with their rage
The lines run deeper than actors on the stage
Breeze through the mountains now it turns bitter chill
Pretend we don't feel it, lie here real still
Real still, yeah real still, real stillWell now follow me to the water, dive right through the film
Swim in the madness, fulfill every whim
Why worry about tomorrow that you'll never see
Why talk about the children that will never be, yeahGive us this day our daily bread
Forgive us our monstrosities
No more stories of the quick and the dead
The asphalt will burn with our liabilitiesWomen with secrets, men with their rage
We repeat our lives, we never wait
Breeze through the world, it turns bitter chill
Pretend we don't feel it, lie here real stillLie here

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