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 areSo 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 downBut 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 downIf 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 usIf you don't let on, then I won't let you down
If you don't let on, then I won'tSo 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 downI won't let you down
I won't let you down

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