

# Linger

## Jonatha Brooke

I am walking past the sprinklers and the newly painted porches  
And the lemonade stand girls on a suburban afternoon  
I am leaving cuz I love you, I am leaving cuz I don't  
And I am hoping you will follow, and I'm praying that you won't  
Let me goI am captive in your presence I will melt before your eyes

But I still crave your approval, and I'm helpless when you criticize, criticizeCuz it's written on your body -- it's  
on the tip of your tongue

The look in your eyes, in the glare of the sun  
The touch of your cold fingers, when you say goodbye  
The way that you linger

The way that you lieYou saw me through the keyhole of a door that I kept locked  
But I'd decorate the threshold just in case you knocked

What I might feel on the edges you will never come to know  
And who I might be in the corners I will never ever ever show  
Never showCuz it's written on my body -- it's on the tip of my tongue

The look in my eyes, in the glare of the sun  
The touch of my cold fingers, when I say goodbye  
The way that I linger

The way that I lieWho said that love would linger who said that love would last  
When we cannot seize the moment and we will not leave the past  
I don't think I was afraid of you but how could I be sure

When with every altercation you were showing me the door

Well here I go, here I go, here I go...Cuz it's written on our bodies -- it's on the tip of our tongues  
The look in our eyes, in the glare of the sun  
The touch of our cold fingers, when we say goodbye

The way that we linger  
The way that we lie  
The touch of your fingers  
The look in your eyes  
The way we accuse  
The way we deny

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