

# In the Creases

[Amber Rubarth](#)

In the Creases You're the smell of the toast that you made in the mornings.  
You're the page in my book that I keep to myself.  
You're the unlocking sound when I turn my door key.  
You're the scar that I have from the time that I fell.  
I can't describe the faces.  
I can't recall the names.  
But you remain..I keep you in the creases.  
I hide you in the folds.  
Protect you from the sunlight.  
Shield you from the cold.  
Everybody said they were glad to see you go.  
But no one ever has to know. You're the part of the moon that blends into the blackness.  
Even though we know it's really still there.  
You're the song that I sing and I don't need to practice.  
You're the green shirt I keep though it's too small to wear.  
I can't describe the faces.  
I can't recall the names.  
But you remain..I keep you in the creases.  
I hide you in the folds.  
Protect you from the sunlight.  
Shield you from the cold.  
Everybody said they were glad to see you go.  
But no one ever has to  
No one ever has to know the things that I refuse to see  
And all the nights I still can't sleep.  
I curl up in the sheets  
Between the creases where you used to be. Once love wakes it never sleeps  
Even when you love a dream.

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