

K's Choice, My Heart

Not so long ago
we both felt love became a word.
No more than that
with sex that felt like wings without a bird.

The only thing that we both love
is in the cradle that we rock.
Six hands, six feeth, but just one beat,
the ticking of the clock.

I always heard I could get hurt,
I knew that from the start.
Break my face, my back, my arms, my neck,
but please don't break my heart.

Solid woods will rot if you
don't keep it from the rain.
We were surprised when we found out
that love feels just like pain.

I always heard I could get hurt,
I knew that from the start.
Break my face, my back, my arms, my neck,
but please don't break my heart.
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but please don't break my heart.