

# Maria Taylor, One Of The Shareholder

A dance, a bid, a matinee  
It's a faint, a brief, affinity  
It's a touch, when it shouldn't be  
But it's all right  
And it's a step but you're too quick to fall  
Now a crash but it's just physical  
Not a point, 'cept it's natural  
But it's all right

Uh-uh

There's no burden that will agonize you  
A worry that will weigh you down  
Not the memories that hypnotize you  
You won't turn around

You can't love me (x4)

A regret, it's undetectable  
It's a shy display, nonemotional  
It's a siren, barely audible  
But it's all right

And it's an angle of the paradigm  
It's a cold box of cheap red wine  
It's the thought that gets lost in time  
But it's all right

Uh-uh

There's no burden that will agonize you  
A worry that will weigh you down  
Not the memories that hypnotize you  
You won't turn around

You can't love me (x4)

It's a shade of what it could not be (x3)  
It's a shade, a shade

There's no burden that will agonize you  
A worry that will weigh you down  
Not the memories that hypnotize you  
You won't turn around

You can't love me (x4)