

Paloma Faith, Picking Up the Pieces

Do you think of her,
When you're with me?
Repeat the memories you made together,
Whose face do you see?
Do you wish I was a bit more like her?
Am I too loud?
I play the clown
To cover up all these doubts

Perfect heart
She's flawless
She's the other woman
Shining in her splendor
You were lost

Now she's gone
And I'm picking up the pieces
I watch you cry
But you don't see that I'm the one by your side
'Cause she's gone
In her shadow is it me you see?
'Cause all that's left is you and I
And I'm picking up the pieces she left behind

I found her photograph behind the TV
You looked so happy, are you missing the way it used to be?
Now I've changed this room around more often lately
It's clear that we and these 4 walls
Still known as hers and yours.

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Are we liars?
In denial?
Are we smoke without the fire?
Tell me please, is this worth it?
I deserve it

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