

MORE AND MORE

I closed my eyes
Heard you walk out the door
My hands were cold
No-one held them before
I wore my tears
On the back of my sleeve
And felt the weight
Of the end come near

**More and more
Torn and sore
More and more
Did I know
These wounds will heal**

You drank my tea
And you drank it sweet
It must have helped your
Way out of the weep
You broke my glass
And you cleaned up the mess
If it wasn't my favorite
I wouldn't have guessed

**More and more
Torn and sore
More and more
Did I know
These wounds will heal**