First your gu-ut aches

Then your hea-art breaks

Those are the easy parts

Then the so-ongs start

You make yourself re-live

All you take and all you give

You make yourself rewind

All the cruel and the unkind

And when you write it all down

It's like starting to drown

And when you think it all through

It just tears at you

And then your gu-ut aches

And your hea-art breaks

And those are the easy parts

You die again as the writing starts

Tears running down your face

Thinking of her place

Thinking of her touch

Her sweet kiss and such

And it all seems so long ago

Did you make it all up, yo?

Was it all a dream

Things aren't always as they seem

So your gu-ut aches

And your hea-art breaks

And those are the easy parts

You start to cry as the writing starts

You start to die as the writing starts

You start to die as the writing starts

You start to die as the writing starts