

## **HUNG ON EVERY WORD**

As rough as it gets

As rough as it feels

As rough as the freshly dug out earth in these fields

Where I buried my mistakes

With things I can't equate

Into something simple

I could hurt you to ease the pain

But maybe I should stay broken

If every breath is strained

Then baby I think I'm choking

CHORUS:

I-I hung on every word you said

Every look, every move...

Was a sign to me

You described such perfect circles...

As raw as it gets,

As raw as I feel

As raw as the pavement

Cracking under my heels

From the strain of all regrets

I've tried to disconnect,

But its never that simple

I could hurt you to ease the pain

But maybe I should stay broken

If every breath is strained

Then baby I think I'm choking

CHORUS:

I-I hung on every word you said

Every look, every move...

Was a sign to me

You described such perfect circles...

And you promised so much more

So why am I standing stranded

Stranded on a distant shore....

Words & Music by Robert Stava/Mark Wyszynski

©1994, ©2013 Oxford Attic Music Ltd.