

So many of my nights end up the same way, so fucked up I can't tell
That there are parallels in our voids. I'm just immersed in mine so well
Am I handsome when I fuck up? And are you pretty when you lie?
Heartlessly I hope

That I don't meet you in the morning
That I don't see you out tonight
That by the time I next hear "Rumours"
I don't think of you at all

And you are the clock on my VCR
Keeping me up at night, the tiny light won't fade
Days pass, nights introspection lasts
And if you long for light, what's worse for you than me?
(What's worse for you than me?)

Sat in seclusion now night after night
Recall the moment, I recall the sight
I sing in spite

I wonder would you stop me if you saw me?
Or would we pretend our eyes miss?
Wordless communication graces older relationships
And there's a distance in between us
Sometimes I bask in it
Heartlessly I hope

No I don't meet you in the morning
No I don't stay out long tonight
Do the things I assign worth to
Really mean a thing at all?

And you are the clock on my VCR
Keeping me up at night, the tiny light won't fade
Days pass, nights introspection lasts
And if you long for light, what's worse for you than me?
What's worse for you than me?

Close your eyes
Count to three
Make a wish

You are the clock on my VCR
Keeping me up at night, the tiny light won't fade
Days pass, nights introspection lasts
And if you long for light, what's worse for you than me?

And you are the clock on my VCR
Keeping me up at night, the tiny light won't fade
Days pass, nights introspection lasts
And if you long for light, what's worse for you than me?

So if you see me in the city
Dressed in white, while I'm in black
Think of the time we spent together
I'm cold to you in all