

# Thinking Out Loud

Emiliana Torrini

Like the leaves at my face  
He is a victim of gravity  
The unbearable color of things  
Gets him down

And as his raincoat covers me  
We know it was never raining

Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
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Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud

Like strings in a fan  
The shoelaces aren't done  
The solitude reflection of his face  
Gets him down

And as the shadow covers me  
I thought he was only sleeping

Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
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Was I thinking out loud

His clothes on the floor  
Under a silver light  
The smell of lavender and tar  
Brings me down

If the telephone should ring  
God knows it could never be him

Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
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