

Ungodly Hour

The Fray

Don't talk, don't say a thing
'Cause your eyes, they tell me more than your words
Don't go, don't leave me now
'Cause they say the best way out is through

And I am short on words
Knowing what's occurred
She begins to leave because of me

Her bag is now much heavier
I wish that I could carry her
But this is our ungodly hour

I know you're leaving now
'Cause I held on to my way tightly
Stay still until you know
Tomorrow finds the best way out is through

And I am short on words
Knowing what's occurred
She begins to leave because of me

Her bag is now much heavier
I wish that I could carry her
But this is our ungodly hour
Ungodly hour, ungodly hour

And I am short on words
Knowing what's occurred
She begins to leave because of me

Her bag is now much heavier
I wish that I could carry her
But this is our ungodly hour
Ungodly hour, ungodly hour

Her bag is now much heavier
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