

Cold Hearted

Abbey Glover

The trees are swaying
The birds are singing
And butterflies keep flying round my head
I'm here admiring
Singing along to the world but I'd
Rather the butterflies be in my stomach instead

Do you just not get it dear?
There's a sign on my head
Says "no feelings in here"
So you can try all you want
My hearts long gone
And I'm not the one for you
No, I'm not the one for you
Tell me
What you gonna do
What you gonna do
What you gonna do
What you gonna do
What you gonna do about it?

Outside there's thunder
Inside there's lightening
By inside I mean
Inside my head
I'm sat here regretting
All the things that I've done
And the terrible terrible terrible
Things I've said

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My head long gone
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Tell me
What you gonna do
What you gonna do
What you gonna do
What you gonna do
What you gonna do about it?

The countless hours spent fixing my heart
Just for it to fall apart
Now I'm
Cold heart
Cold hearted
Cold heart
Cold hearted
The countless hours spent fixing my heart
Just for it to fall apart
Now I'm
Cold heart
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