

# Hollow

Andy Brown

It started with a couple of blue lines  
In the bathroom in the summertime  
And the first five minutes  
We already pictured  
Your whole life in a blink of an eye  
You were gonna look like her  
But talk like me  
Probably give us hell  
When you were sixteen  
We were tying dreams  
In ribbons and bones  
Now you're someone  
That we'll never know

We only got twelve weeks  
On that Saturday  
And a few heartbeats  
And you were torn away

We don't talk about it  
We just tip toe around it  
But you can't grieve the unspoken  
You can't fix what's been broken  
I think the hardest part is  
It was gone before it started  
The truth is hard to swallow  
She's hollow  
Hollow  
Hollow

Had to play a show in Liverpool  
It was the last thing I wanted to do  
Tryna sing songs  
About love to strangers  
When they don't know  
What I'm going through  
In a three xxx house outside of London  
You were too far gone all of a sudden  
You were hundred of pages  
Of a story untold  
But forever written on our souls

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