

When you're standing at your window in your bathrobe  
Like you do, like you do  
Talking to your mother on your cell phone  
Turning blue, you can't move

She says  
"Ayla, are you eating like you're supposed to?  
Tell the truth, I know you"

You wonder if she knows about the old youth  
That you knew  
What's the use?

I wonder if there's more out there  
Nothing really feels quite right these days  
Ayla, if you hear my voice  
Promise me you'll stay awake  
I wonder if there's more out there  
Nothing really feels quite right these days  
Ayla, if you hear my voice  
Promise me you'll stay away

When you're staring at the ceiling in your bedroom  
Every night, flickering lights  
From the broken bulbs in street lamps that surround you  
Paint you white, seconds at a time  
You face the wall you used to put your back to  
Scatter lines, pass the time

You feel as though you're trapped inside a vacuum  
Can't be right  
Is this really life?

I wonder if there's more out there  
Nothing really feels quite right these days  
Ayla, if you hear my voice  
Promise me you'll stay awake  
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