

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
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