

# Empty Hands

Audrey Nuna

White on the hills rolling outside my window  
Praying, it whites-out the white in my eyes by Monday  
That's all I'm seeing lately, lately, lately  
Numb me with ice 'cause it's already twice before noon in my feelings  
Guess I'll never let it go  
Will it be forever cold?

And I can fly  
Yesterday I swore I tried  
But I went back inside  
For the millionth time, millionth time was the  
Last time, last time that I would  
It was the last time, last time that I would  
Won't you take me there, take me there  
Only you're making it finally doing things  
Only you're making it finally doing shit

Only you're making it finally doing shit (only you're making it finally doing shit)  
Only you're making it finally doing shit (will it be forever)  
Only you're making it finally doing shit (will it be forever, will it be forever no)

One in the morning  
I'm calling an angel  
He must be busy  
He hasn't picked up lately  
Seven missed calls I'm waiting, waiting, waiting  
When winter is summer  
And I'm still alone I'll be  
Making back every last quarter that I spent on  
These payphones

Only you're making it finally (making it finally, making it finally, making it finally)  
Only you're making it finally doing things  
Only you're making it finally (making it finally, making it finally, making it finally, making it finally)  
Only you're making it finally doing shit  
Only you're making it finally (making it finally, making it finally, making it finally, making it finally)  
Only you're making it finally doing things  
Only you're making it finally (making it finally, making it finally, making it finally, making it finally)  
Only you're making it finally doing shit

Only you're making it finally