

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, last time, last time, last time, last time, last time, last time that I would
It was the last time, last time, last time, last time, last time, last time, 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)
Only you're making it finally doing shit
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)
Only you're making it finally doing shit

Only you're making it finally