

Favourite Clothes

Balu Brigada

She took all my favorite clothes
She took all my favorite clothes, yeah
She wore all my fancy shit
Then she ran away with it

Six-forty-five and the sun's going under
I'm still getting used to living alone
Feels like a million years since November
She hung me to dry, she took more than my love

She took all my favorite clothes
She took all my favorite clothes, yeah
She wore all my fancy shit
Then she ran away with it, yeah
She took me for all I had
I don't think she's coming back
She left me with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing

She left me with nothing

Yeah, roaming around like a satellite
Does someone have something to do tonight?
Someone get me out of my head tonight
Don't wanna die, I
Better find another life
And I'd do it all again 'cause I
'Cause I
I left my soul in my shoes
And now I've got nothing to lose

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I don't think she's coming back
She left me with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing

And now I've got holes in my pockets
And nothing can fill them
I throw myself into the mosh pit
To distract from the feeling
I still hear your voice in the silence
So I try to run from the quiet
She left me with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing

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She took me for all I had
I don't think she's coming back
She left me with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing, with nothing