

Space

Becky Hill

It's like we're only honest on the weekend
Only when we're out our minds
Now we're trying to swim in the deep end
Different people, different times

You got troubles with your mother
Then you make me suffer
Mistakes I haven't made
And I got problems with my father
It's hard to love another without being afraid

Well maybe we need space, space
Well maybe we need space, space

I thought it would take a conversation
But now we've spent a week apart
It feels like we're losing our patience
Trying to find each other in the dark

You brush mountains under carpets
Hoping it's forgotten until another day
And I just wanna talk it over

Tryna pull us closer
But you just run away

Well maybe we need space, space
Well maybe we need space, space

In the distance, in between us
We can find our way home
And if you want to be how it used to
We just need some time alone
Oh

You got troubles with your mother
Then you make me suffer
Mistakes I haven't made
And I just wanna talk it over
Tryna pull us closer
But you just run away

Well maybe we need space, space
Well maybe we need space, space
Well maybe we need
(Maybe we need, maybe we need)
Space
Space
Space

It's like we're only honest on the weekend
And now we're running out of time