

It's a fallen fallacy  
Waiting at your window  
In the corner, reaching out  
Nothing makes it better  
Still you try and book a room  
Hoping something comes to you  
And still you're dry

It's like you've never touched  
A six-string guitar  
And the more you write  
You never get far

He has seen the vivid light  
Thievish in his disdain  
As a life of honour falls  
I find myself in rage  
I don't want to be alone  
Naked on the sixth floor  
Then the music starts

It's like you've never seen  
Your anger at large  
And the more you hide  
The smaller you are

Perfect nights, that still deceive me every week  
I couldn't eat  
I wasn't falling for the hope  
Something that you said you're used to  
But now it's sad in May  
A harder truth to take in  
And I swore I thought you'd make it through the night  
So I could see you at noon

I couldn't wait to bring you home to him  
How could I think it's alright?

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