

# Forgetting You

Cam

You rise up like smoke from the bed of this hotel  
And I don't do so well getting you when I'm alone  
Local TV, these walls take pity on me  
Ice machine in your memory, all I hear down the hall

When it's quiet, I'm quietly sayin' your name  
In the silence, you're silently hidin' away  
And I'm gettin' older, but you never change  
In a crowd, I could swear I've moved on  
But I'm still no good at forgetting you when I'm alone

You're the buzz of a fan  
You're the hum of the AC  
I can't help reminiscing  
'Cause you're singing me to sleep

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He doesn't know  
He's just layin' there, sleeping  
It's me and my demons  
And you rising up like smoke

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