

Another Year

Charlie Simpson

A calm hand on a fabric that's already sewn
I'm still not ready to face these demons alone
The ivy crawls across my throne
Seems like everyone around here is slowly changing
And this is falling to my knees

Is this water still clean?

So we grow to be the best
And through all my fears I can attest
You told me that nothing was
Impossible but there's nothing left

But all that comes from this
Is another year

We float here as my body lays in this bed
Theres no remorse to bear with so much pain to declare
You still pull the air into my lungs
Seems like everyone around here is always changing
If this place ever feel like home

Is this water, is this water still clean?

So we grow to be the best
And through all my fears I can attest
You told me that nothing was
Impossible but there's nothing left

But all that comes from this
Is another year