

What it Was

Dabin

I don't think I can remember what it was like
To not be hanging on your every word
I don't know where you are
I don't know who you're with
But I'll be awaiting, till you decide to see me

And I'd rather have the twisted versions of the truth
Than nothing at all, that comes from you
Because I'm tied up in you
Because I'm tied up in you

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