

Henry

Fenne Lily

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If you've got something more to say
I read my night away and came up with nothing
I'm alright getting myself home, I'm sure
Won't fall off like before
Wrong side of train tracks at speed
That's on me

Two more days of a space that can't be filled
I tried my best, but still, the accident threw me
Rumoured fire outside where I left my drink
Bleeding in the restaurant sink
Took pictures for you while the porcelain's spinning with pink

Stay up with me
If you've got a light, I've got something
To make you feel nothing
It's fine with me
If you wanna make an excuse
And wake up away from this bruise

Miller

The art of biography
Built you a mystery
I hear you're defending
So suckle up, me the harbour, you the man
Show me a better plan
The wrong side of train tracks at speed

Please, stay up with me
If you've got a night, I've got nothing on
Make me feel something
Stay to see
All of my colour's been used
I'm a picture in blues, I'm a bruise
I'm a bruise