

# Hollow

flipturn

She said, "Love, I feel so anxious  
Just donate your patience to me  
What's with the rush?  
Aren't I enough?  
And I feel so hollow  
You left me no words to swallow  
Just waiting to cave in"

So when you coming home?  
My love  
My love  
When you coming home?

When you coming home  
For good?  
Or should I get used to this rotting wood?  
Turning blue from the dew  
That came when the seasons changed  
And I can't explain  
But I'm getting used to  
I'm getting used to this rain

Hm, so when you coming home?  
My love  
My love  
When you coming home?  
When you coming home?  
My love  
My love  
When you coming home?  
When you coming home?