

# Keep Me Here

Gemma Hayes

Caught up in a little town  
Wasted dream, both devout  
Just to see how hard he can make me cry  
Man, we do it to ourselves

Caught up in what we don't say  
Pretending that we love living straight  
Just to see how hard I can make you cry  
Man, we do it to ourselves

Now we stand face to face, got nothing to say  
There's nothing to keep me here  
The line that brought you to me will take you away  
I'm standing in front of you  
I'm a million miles away

Blackness, blackness, all around  
What holds you up eventually pulls you down  
After all that is golden is slipping through our hands  
Man, well we do it to ourselves

Now we stand face to face, got nothing to say  
There's nothing to keep me here  
The line that brought me to you will take me away  
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