

Crowded Stranger

Girlpool

You are a city bus
Driving on the wrong side of the road
Where did you go
You are the yellow paint
Holding on to fire escapes

You are a crowded stranger leaving when I say
That everybody always makes me feel the same

You are a heart for sale
Selling yourself short
Your lonely is loud
Where's your voice pouring through the line
Your house on the hill
Everyday was spring time

Now there's a crowded stranger missing when I say
That everybody always makes me feel the same