

# Hurt Prone

Graham Coxon

Every time I see you I got that feeling that I've seen you before  
And each time I try to talk to you I just get the feeling that I'm being a bore  
And I'm sitting down there with my hands on my head and all I'm thinking about is a shadow falling over my mind  
And I feel if I get to talk to you like something's gotta... like the sun's gotta shine

It's always been so difficult for me to talk to you in my small dark place  
And everything I feel so strange about keeps on changing its shape  
One day I might open my eyes and decide that I am dead  
Until that day I'll just try to dream of you inside my head

You were soiled  
You are now  
I want you  
To feel real blue

All my life I'm beginning to feel like I'm running to where nothing really exists  
And I... write a thought of mine on my T-shirt instead  
I feel like a child, I put pen to paper and I'm beginning to cry  
And all you can do is absorb my tears when I do not say bye bye

You're so good  
You are mine  
I'm so bad  
When I don't shine

You're so fine out of time  
You're so cruel to this fool  
I wanna talk but all is blocked and I just don't know ever what to say  
And every night I'm dreaming, dreaming