

Joints

Holly Miranda

Dreamt of you again last night
Called your phone to hear your voice
I know
I know you know
That I'll never let you go
How do I let go?

I can feel it in my joints
It aches and creaks and
There's no point
In growing old
Oh this life I've made on my own
Is lonely with the love I've known

Where are you
Is where I want to be
Where are you
Is where I want to be