

Make Something Up

James Blake

Well it's not fair
When a car becomes a hearse
We never rehearsed for that
We don't care
As long as we're not going first
We never rehearsed for that

When we obsess
Lying in our bed
'Bout things we should have said
What's the word for that?

And when one caress
Says everything
What's the word for that?

Why don't we make something up?
Why don't we make something up?
Why don't we make something up?

Well there's no plan
For when the sick becomes the nurse
We never rehearsed for that
And there's no man
Who'd love you the way I can
The universe knows that

And when I'm stood up on that bridge
And the voices compel me
Even though I don't wanna die
What's the word for that?

Why don't we make something up?
Why don't we make something up?