

Hollow

Jon Bryant

Dusty lines cover me on the floor
Hit the lights, don't let me close the door
Wide awake, coffee in cold motels
I'm afraid, I wanna be someone else

And I think of all the lives I'll never live
And I feel so hollow
And I would fill the void with anything
'Cause I feel so hollow

4 AM, scrolling through empty screens
I heard a voice saying nothing is what it seems

And I think of all the lives I'll never live
And I feel so hollow
But I can't fill the void with anything
'Cause I feel so hollow

Silence wonders through my empty room
Like headlight shadows on the ceiling tiles
I'm still learning how to still my focus
It's not hopeless

But then I think of all the lives I'll never live
And I feel so hollow
I can't sleep without the sedatives
'Cause I feel so hollow
When I think of all the lives I'll never live
Yeah, I feel so hollow
No, I can't fill the void with anything
And it feels so hollow