

All the Things I Could Never Say

Kele

You tore a button, off my favourite shirt
Another thing that I've lost, to you

Where did you stay last night?
You didn't come home
I'm spending all of my time, waiting for your call

You're making me older
You're making me ill
You're making me older
You're making me ill

The bottles are empty, in the cabinet
I noticed my first grey hair, today
Why do we still do this, when we're both still young
Putting each other down, when we need to climb

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You're making me ill
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