

Orlando

Leith Ross

Your voice puts sickness into my gut
And I swallowed just a little too much
I don't know what I did wrong
It's not your fault, I just think I was in love

You make every part of me small
I'm short of breath and two feet tall
And I still don't know what I did wrong
It's not your fault, I just think I was in love

What was the day
That you ceased to think of me like that
I don't know what I said
But I'd like the chance to take it back

I have been avoiding you I guess
'Cause when we speak I forget, forget, forget
Then when it hits me, it's further into my chest
You don't want me, forget, forget, forget

Forget, forget, forget

My voice puts sickness into my gut
And I can't believe I missed it once
I guess you did nothing wrong
And I swear it wouldn't have mattered so much

None of this would be worth the fuss if I hadn't been in love
I just think I was in love