

Alright

Noah Gundersen

I can't get you out of my head
I still feel your ghost haunting my bed
I still hear your voice in my ear
I still hear you whisper 'I'm still here'

I'm still scared of being alone
Touch myself to pictures of you on my phone
I think a piece of me died
When it was over like a heart committing suicide

I hope that you're doing well
If this was necessary why does it still hurt like hell
I guess we all take things for granted
Till they're gone, till they're gone

It's all right, it's all right, it's all right
It's all right, it's all right, it's all right