Stranded Words (Interlude)

Paolo Nutini

Maybe these are stranded words
For I cannot complain
And the riot at the sunset
Paints the colour of the rain

I built my days on consequence
And now nothing's ringing true
But tonight, I need you

The air, it feels like spring again
It always clears my thoughts
Like the saints become the sinners
The haves become the nots

Have I shown you enough of me?
You know yourself can be so hard to be
And tonight, I need you

I need you
I need you
I need you
Ooo

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