

# Unquiet

Pati Yang

The sun says that this is for my good  
Only till I am back inside  
Licking wounds until I can see through  
This shadeless heart  
And clouds in shape of you

I am the unquiet  
Minutes are hours  
I cry hard  
To make you tired

Asleep I might be talking other world  
Take you there when you will understand  
How on earth  
She's meant to be my drug?  
Without you  
She wouldn't be herself

I am the unquiet  
Minutes are hours  
I cry hard  
To make you tired