Grit

Phoebe Green

First thing in the morning, last thing at night
You rotate my absent mind
Fixating on a feeling that has no substance
Swallows me up and consumes my conscience

You make me spin, you make me sick, you make me want you and al
l of your grit
You make me spin, you make me sick, you make me want you and al
l of your grit

Are you special, are you afraid?
Am I delusional, are you the same?
Is she special, is she the one?
Don't wanna remember this when I wake up

Take my time yeah, take my attention
There are so many words that will go unmentioned
I pretend I don't notice, that I'm unaware
When you scan the room to see if I'm there
Tell me that you need to go home soon
I'm losing my head and it's all on you
Tell me that I'm useless, that you hate my guts
That this will never be enough

You make me spin, you make me sick, you make me want you and al
l of your grit
You make me spin, you make me sick, you make me want you and al
l of your grit

Are you special, are you afraid?
Am I delusional, are you the same?
Is she special, is she the one?
Don't wanna remember this when I wake up

And I wonder if you told her
And if she let it slide
Or if it didn't feel important
Did it somehow slip your mind

I think about it all the time

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!