

# Without You Around

Rare Americans

You are my monster  
You are my feet on solid ground  
You are my late nights  
Wide eyed, mind tied, blind my sight

You are my worst low  
You are the best I've ever known  
You were my long road  
Why'd you bottle it up it?  
And let it get to that point

I'm not coming home tonight  
Getting used to living life without you around  
Without you around  
Without you around

Exploded, exploded  
That was a tough pill to swallow  
Exploded, exploded  
That was a hell of a day  
Did the fun run out, what changed?  
Why'd you keep it to yourself for days and days and days?

I never pictured beds ago  
That we would have to get our own  
But I wouldn't ever change a single day  
I didn't pictured you would go  
But I wanted you to know  
I wouldn't ever change a single day

You're not coming home tonight  
Getting used to living life without you  
I'm not coming home tonight  
Getting used to living life  
Without you around  
Without you around  
Without you around  
Without you around  
Without you around

I'm not coming home tonight  
Getting used to living life without you  
I'm not coming home tonight  
Getting used to living life without you around  
Without you around  
Without you around  
Without you around  
Without you around