

I know we're not together but I pick up on the lump in your throat
Wouldn't it be better if we didn't have to talk through a phone?
And I know that the more you miss me sitting by your side
The less you say what's on your mind
It makes me overshare what lives in mine

I'm never running out of stones to throw at your window
But I don't have the guts to turn up at your door

I'm sending you letters like he does in the notebook
I'm writing you poems like a wannabe poet
Don't know how to feel, it's a weird way to show it
'Cause you really got a hold on me
You know, you know, you know, you know it

Told you I'd be sending you my feelings, did they come in the post?
Giving you a taste of kicking up the dust
Like you did first, don't know what's worse
Is it clashing all the time when you were mine
Or stuck in a position where I'm wishing
I could take it all back to when you were all that I had?

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I'm pouring my heart out and I bet it looks hopeless
I still fucking love you, is it that hard to notice?
Don't know how you feel, would it kill you to show it?
'Cause you really got a hold on me
You know, you know, you know, you know it

'Cause you really got a hold on me
'Cause you really got a hold on me
You know, you know, you know, you know it
And 'cause you really got a hold on me
'Cause you really got a hold on me
You know, you know, you know, you know it
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