

Far From A Fairy Tale

Something With Numbers

Twelve days of straight out thinking,
Twelve days of straight out hell.
Looking out my window at the summer,
Thinking of my future and my mum.

My life's so far from a fairytale,
Why is life unpredictable?

Six months and there's no difference,
Six months and there's no hope.

Looking out my window at the winter,
Thinking of my father and my home.
My life's so far from a fairytale,
Why is life unpredictable?

Tired and tired and tired and tired of hoping,
Waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting for no-one.

Crying and crying and crying and crying for nothing,
Staying and staying and staying and staying here hoping.