

Nobody
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Told me on the sofa
Days gunna get longer (for you)
Gotta leave in half an hour
JFK on Sunday moving slowly
Local on the A train
Slowly pulled apart again
And were only getting further away
Next time baby you'll be coming with me

I don't even know your name yet
Haven't even seen your face yet
200 something days left
Wouldn't do this for

Rockaway my head is spinning
Howard beach I got this feeling
Am I searching for a meaning
I can't find one
Am I good enough
Looking for my passport
Hope I left it on the sideboard
Any reason just to turn around
I wish that I was going nowhere

I don't even know your name yet
Haven't even seen your face yet
200 something days left
Wouldn't do this for

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Back in London feels so distant
Sick of blowing up the mattress
Scared to death I'm gunna miss it
Hold on baby I'll be coming home soon
I've been gone a while
I'll see you in Ohio
Tiny clothes and that first smile
You're the only reason I was put here

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