

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

I don't even know your name yet

Haven't even seen your face yet  
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