Ungodly Hour

The Fray

Don't talk , don't say a thing, don't say a word
'Cause your eyes they tell me more than your words
Don't go, don't leave me now
Cause they say the best way out is through

And I am short on words knowing what's occurred
She begins to leave because of me

Her bag is now much heavier
I wish that I could carry her
But this is our ungodly hour

And I know you're leaving now
Cause I held on to my way tightly
And stay still until you know
Tomorrow finds the best way out, is through

And I am short on words knowing what's occurred
She begins to leave because of me

Her bag is now much heavier
I wish that I could carry her
But this is our ungodly hour

Ungodly hour
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And I am short on words knowing what's occurred
And she begins to leave because of me

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