Good Advice

Basia Bulat

Well any sense I had is gone
On an open field, you had me run
Where is the light we had before
I don't know why I ask at all
I keep on talking carelessly
I look in books and magazines
Thinking our word could be enough
You look at me, I'm burn it up.When I hear your good advice, I'm starting something
And good advice, I'm running from it
I didn't ask, and I didn't want itIn an empty room you pardon me
But all around us whispering
But we have now, anyone's guess
So just be rude or your kindest
You give it out so easily
That now I drown in reasoning
I can't held or even hurt
And every word makes me feel worseWhen I hear your good advice, I'm starting something
Your good advice , I keep running from it.
I shouldn't ask since I never wanted

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/