Conversations (feat. Edward Vanzet)

Thrupence

Some place I belong

Not walking up in empty beds alone

Someone's kept me down

Reality sends my head spinning aroundAt times it gets too much

And what am I supposed to do?

Just the one of being in search

I'm shy to hell for you

It makes you wanna steal a car

And what am I supposed to do?

Drive so god damn fast and far

I'm shy to hell for youOn your own

On your own

Some place I belong

Not walking up in empty beds alone

Someone's kept me down

Reality sends my head spinning aroundI' been having a conversation whit myself every day

How you doing? How's your pain?

When's your mind gone rearrange?

Boy, oh boyAnd what am I supposed to do?

Conversations on your own

I'm shy to hell for you

Conversations on your own You conversations on your own

Conversations on your own

You conversations on your own

And what I supposed

And what I supposed

And what I supposed

And what I supposed

Tilla what I supposed

And what I supposed And what I supposed

And what I supposed

Time when I supposed

And what I supposed And what I supposed

And what I supposed And what I supposed

And what I supposed

And what I supposed

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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