

# Nana

## The 1975

I wish you'd walk in again  
Imagine if you just did  
I'd fill you in on the things you missed  
Oh sleepless nights, a grown up man dressed in white  
Who I thought might just save your life  
But he couldn't, so you died I don't like it, now you're dead  
It's not the same when I scratch my own head  
I haven't got the nails for it  
And I know that God doesn't exist  
And all of the palaver surrounding it  
But I like to think you hear me sometimes So I reached for a borrowed fleece  
From my dad, or from Denise  
Always trying to keep warm, when you're the sun I sat with you beside your bed and cried  
For things that I wish I'd said  
You still had your nose red  
And if I live past 72, I hope I'm half as cool as you I got my pen and thought that I'd write  
A melody and line for you tonight  
I think that's how I make things feel alright Made in my room, this simple tune  
Will always keep me close to you  
The crowds will sing their voices ring  
And it's like you never left But I'm bereft you see  
I think you can tell  
I haven't been doing too well

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