

This Is What You Do

[Gemma Hayes](#)

My tired eyes
are like
lonely stars
trying to find a little
order in the chaos
So I take a bus ride
in the afternoon
you all look so happy, and me,
I'm barely hanging on
This is what you do to me
Drag myself out on
to the floor
trying to find a little chaos in the order
So I take a bus ride
past your house every day
you never fully leave me
but you, you never fully stay
This is what you do to me
My tired eyes
are like
lonely stars
trying to find a little
order in the chaos
This is what you do
This is what you do to me
This is what you do
Come on
smile
smile
Come on
smile
smile
smile
smile
smile
smile
smile
smile

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