Not That Kind

Jack Beauregard

Itâ€™s coming in when it gets dark
Itâ€™s not the shame, itâ€™s not a broken heart
Itâ€™s not a dripping tap in me
Why does it bother, why does it bother me?

The night was never meant to shine
But I keep hanging on to the times we set fire-

You wonâ€™t believe me, I keep this little life of mine
You couldnâ€™t see me, how do you know whatâ€™s left behind?
Itâ€™s not that bad, itâ€™s not that kind

I hardly notice through the day
On silent streets I hear it anyway
Iâ€™d make it stop oh if I could
Its just a feeling, its not the love you took

The daytime wasnâ€™t made to hide
And I keep hanging on to the times we set fire â€“ to the night

You wonâ€™t believe me, I keep this little life of mine
You couldnâ€™t see me, how do you know whatâ€™s left behind?
Itâ€™s not that bad, itâ€™s not that kind

You wonâ€™t believe me, I keep this little life of mine
You couldnâ€™t see me, how do you know whatâ€™s left behind?
Itâ€™s not that bad, itâ€™s not that kind

Lyrics submitted by Marc in Hamburg.

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