Empty Corridors

Ben Howard

She's got a little house in town
I sometimes go around, there
To see her
And she'll let me deep inside
I sing her love songs
But she'll turn a blind eye
'Cause she ain't the sentimental type
I keep my heart in my pocket and I hold
I hold it tightI know that she don't mind if I,
Go away and I don't call
I know that she don't mind if Im absent through it allI know that she don't mind if I,
Go away and I don't call
I know that she don't mind if Im absent through it all
Through it all
Through it allHer skin is softer than the bluest eyes
With the warmth that I need
Gives me a place
To hide from the streetlights burning through the bedroom window
In the shadows yeah there's loneliness we cling to
When the morning comes
We'll go, we'll go our separate ways
Ain't no magic here, ain't no reason to stayI know that she don't mind if I,
Go away and I don't call
I know that she don't mind if Im absent through it allI know that she don't mind if I,
Go away and I don't call
I know that she don't mind if Im absent through it all
Through it all
Through it allAnd we fall through empty corridors
And we talk in useless metaphors
Yeah we fall through empty corridors
And we talk in useless metaphors
And we fall through empty corridors
And we talk in useless metaphors

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