

Psychic Trauma (Acoustic)

Cloud Nothings

You'll never be here, it's hard to explain
Psychic trauma, returns with age
There's nothing new here, no room to relate
I don't know what you're trying to say Try to stop it, try to feel something
But nothing happens, I stay the same
Is it alright to end up this way?
Life gets boring, it fades away I can't believe that what you're telling me is true
My mind is always wasted listening to you You'll never be here, it's hard to explain
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Songwriters

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