

# Hurt Prone

## Graham Coxon

Every time I see you I got that feeling that I've seen you before  
And each time I try to talk to you I just get the feeling that I'm being a bore  
And I'm sitting down with my hands on my head  
And all I'm thinking about is a shadow falling over my mind  
And I feel if I get to talk to you  
Like something's gotta, like the suns gotta shineIt's always been so difficult to talk to you in my small dark place  
And everything I feel so strange about keeps on changing its shape  
One day I might open my eyes and decide that I am dead  
Until that day I'll just try and dream of you inside my headYou were soiled  
You are now  
I want you  
To feel real blueAll my life I'm beginning to feel like  
I'm running to where nothing really exists  
And I, write a thought of mine on my t-shirt instead  
I feel like a child, I put pen to paper and I'm beginning to cry  
And all you can do is absorb my tears when I do not say bye byeYou're so good  
You are mine  
I'm so bad  
When I don't shineYou're so fine out of time  
You're so cruel to this fool  
I want to talk but all is blocked and I just don't know every what to say  
And every night I'm dreaming, dreaming

Songwriters

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