

# Comforting Sounds

## Birdy

I don't feel alright  
In spite of these comforting sounds you make  
I don't feel alright  
Because you make promises that you break  
Into your house  
Why don't we share our solitude?  
Nothing is pure anymore but solitude  
It's hard to make sense  
Feels as if I'm sensing you through a lens  
If someone else comes  
I'd just sit here listening to the drums  
Previously I never called it solitude  
And probably you know  
All the dirty shows I've put on  
Blunted and exhausted like anyone  
Honestly I tried to avoid it, honestly  
Back when we were kids  
We would always know when to stop  
And now all the good kids are messing up  
Nobody has gained or accomplished anything

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