

Back To You

Wynter Gordon

I can be so vague, so cold sometimes, it's true.

I'm such a fool. You don't know that when I lie in bed, I touch myself to you. All the creepy thoughts my mind designed to cope with loneliness. When I pushed away my one true chance to live in happiness. It always comes back to you.

It always comes back to you. I'm afraid to stop and rest my head and put my trust in us. I'm a fabulous example of an exhausted wanderer. I can walk all day and smile and say that this here is success. But it don't mean shit unless you're here, and you're not, and I'm a mess. I took you for granted, I spit in your face.

And I let you shower me with love then threw it away.

Now I miss your heartbeat and I miss your face.

And I miss just lying there with you, a part of your space. It always come back to you.

(repeat to fade)

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