

Thin Spirits

Finger Eleven

Another face
Another empty space
The feelings fade
And all the lonely ones are left hiding Your spirit's so thin
There's nothing left to take
Without rhyme or reason
You point the other way
I don't need to watch as
You go down in flames
I said over and over The water comes
And leaves its faint traces
You're bored to tears
I'll keep you here but you won't listen

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