

# Empty Corridors

Ben Howard

She's got a little house in town  
I sometimes go around, there  
To see her  
And she let me deep inside  
I sing her love songs  
But she'll turn a blind eye  
'Cause she ain't the sentimental type  
I keep my heart in my pocket and I hold  
I hold it tight I know that she don't mind if I  
Go away and I don't call  
I know that she don't mind if I'm absent through it all I know that she don't mind if I  
Go away and I don't call  
I know that she don't mind if I'm absent through it all  
Through it all  
Through it all Her skin is softer than the bluest eyes  
Mmmm, with the warmth that I need  
Gives me a place  
To hide From the streetlights burning through the bedroom window  
Oh honey, shadows, yeah there's loneliness we cling to  
When the morning comes  
We'll go, we'll go our separate ways, here  
Ain't no magic, my dear, ain't no reason to stay I know that she don't mind if I  
Go away and I don't call  
I know that she don't mind if I'm absent through it all I know that she don't mind if I  
Go away and I don't call  
I know that she don't mind if I'm absent through it all  
Through it all  
Through it all And we fall through empty corridors  
And we talk in our useless metaphors  
Yeah we fall through empty corridors  
And we talk in our useless metaphors  
And we fall through empty corridors  
And we talk in our useless metaphors Only 'cause we're lonely  
Only 'cause we're lonely  
Only 'cause we're lonely  
Only lonely  
Only lonely  
Only 'cause we're lonely

No, no, no, no  
Only 'cause we're lonely  
Lonely here  
Lonely  
Lonely here

Songwriters

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