

Little Death (Live from Wembley Arena)

You Me At Six

I feel lonely when you disown me, my friends.
You say used to know me then, now my body's under. We are not your lovers,
We are not your friends.
We are just sinners,
We can tempt to death.
We are not your lovers,
We are not your friends.
Forget what you believe in,
Cause this is the end. You can't find nothing at all,
When there's nothing there all along.
I'm everything that you're not,
Which is what makes you,
What makes you, want me so. We are not your lovers,
We are not your friends.
We are just sinners,
We can tempt to death.
We are not your lovers,
We are not your friends.
Forget what you believe in,
Cause this is the end. Take me home, please take me home.
Take me somewhere I want to go.
Take me home, please take me home.
Take me somewhere I want to go. We are not your lovers,
We are not your friends.
We are just sinners,
We can tempt to death.
We are not your lovers,
We are not your friends.
Forget what you believe in,
It's the end.

Songwriters

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