

# Empty Corridors (Live)

**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 them blind  
Like 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  
With the warmth that I need

Gives me a place  
To hide from the streetlights burning through the bedroom window  
In the shadows yeah there's loneliness we cling to  
When the morning comes  
We'll go, we'll go our separate ways  
Ain't no magic here, 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 useless metaphors  
Yeah we fall through empty corridors  
And we talk in useless metaphors  
And we fall through empty corridors  
And we talk in useless metaphors

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