

# Littlething

## Jimmy Eat World

It's how I've often felt  
When I find myself on nights like these,  
Like Christmas Eve  
From the empty office window  
To the street outside  
It's everything not to call  
And find out why  
On the cab ride you said nothing  
Just hair all in your face  
I was scared to name it  
And nothing changed  
So, I walked until I just couldn't

Too late I understood  
It was always half invented  
But the other half was good  
Just a little thing  
Buried in the other things  
Burning away, from inside  
Could you be with me tonight?  
There's a quiet dream  
I'm not supposed to think  
I know I shouldn't  
Eating away at my mind  
Could you be with me tonight?

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