Late

Arthur Beatrice

Of all the pieces
We were leaning for
The middle of the life
Is one we know no more
We need to know no moreAnd i am a stone
That you are shaping out
Carving up bone
To form a face so proud
For on the inside roundHolding reason
Nothing i can say seems right
Hollow feeling
Hidden any last respite
New weight leaning
You're never gonna get this right
Hand on womb
In white so clean
A national gesture
For the bride in me
Oh for the child beneathA merge with plaster
In a nursery world
Redeeming the features
As a family fault
Believe the warning callHolding reason
Nothing i can say seems right
Hollow feeling
Hidden any last respite
New weight leaning
You're never gonna get this right
Holding reason
Nothing i can say seems right
Hollow feeling
Hidden any last respite
New weight leaning
You're never gonna get this rightAlthough i'd feeling nothing to
Beating every part of you
Oh if i'd known i'd feel such remorse
We'd be trading an outlook for yoursAll that i say and what i do
Will never be enough for you
Oh i could be someone adored

Can be draining the red from your poresHolding reason
Nothing i can say seems right
Hollow feeling
Hidden any last respite
New weight leaning
You're never gonna get this rightHolding reason
Nothing i can say seems right
Hollow feeling
Hidden any last respite
New weight leaning
You're never gonna get this right
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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