

Torn Apart (Bastille vs. GRADES)

Bastille

I could only be myself with you around
Oh, with you around
And now there's nothing left for me to think about
Whoa, to think about. And it hurts like hell
To be torn apart
And it hurts like hell
To be thrown around We were born to be together
Torn apart
Torn apart
We were born to be together
Torn apart
Torn apart You stepped with a heavy tread,
And left your mark
Oh, your mark on me
The space you used to fill is now this great black hole
Oh, you're out of sight but not out of my mind And it hurts like hell
To be torn apart
And it hurts like hell
To be thrown around We were born to be together
Torn apart
Torn apart
We were born to be together
Torn apart
Torn apart Oh, oh, oh, oh. We were born to be together
Torn apart
Torn apart
We were born to be together
Torn apart
Torn apart Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Songwriters

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