

All the Things I Could Never Say

Kele

You tore a button
Off my favorite shirt
Another thing that I've lost
To you Where did you stay last night?
You didn't come home
I'm spending all of my time
Waiting for your call You're making me older
You're making me ill
You're making me older
You're making me ill The bottles are empty
In the cabinet
I noticed my first gray hair
Today Why do we still do this
When we're both still young?
Putting each other down
When we need to climb You're making me older
You're making me ill
You're making me older
You're making me ill You're making me older
You're making me ill
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