

# All the Things I Could Never Say

Kele

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