

Book Of Stories

The Drums

Your perfect photographs on the wall
And if I know you your okay
I don't want to dance anymore
I don't want to sing anymore
I don't want to dance anymore
We used to sing I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I thought I'd fine 'til I needed it more
I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I needed more, and more, and more, and more
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting harder, instead it's gettin harder
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting darker, instead it's getting colder
without you My lifes a book of short stories
And we wrote a new one everyday
I don't understand anymore
You don't love me anymore
I don't understand anymore
And I can't think I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I thought I'd fine 'til I needed it more
I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I needed more, and more, and more, and more
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting harder, instead it's gettin harder
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting darker, instead it's getting colder
Without you Why can't I let you go?, Why can't I let you go?
I hate you, I wanted to hate you,
I wanted to hate you,
I wanted to hate you,
Hate you, I wanted to hate you,
I wanted to hate you,
I wanted to hate you I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I thought I'd fine 'til I needed it more
I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I needed more, and more, and more, and more
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting harder, instead it's gettin harder
I thought my life would get easier

Instead it's getting darker, instead it's getting colder
Without you, without you, without you, without you,
Without you

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