

Littlething

Jimmy Eat World

It's how I've often felt
When I find myself on nights like these,
Like Christmas Eve
From the empty office window
To the street outside
It's everything not to call
And find out why
On the cab ride you said nothing
Just hair all in your face
I was scared to name it
And nothing changed
So, I walked until I just couldn't
Too late I understood
It was always half invented
But the other half was good
Just a little thing
Buried in the other things
Burning away, from inside
Could you be with me tonight?
There's a quiet dream
I'm not supposed to think
I know I shouldn't
Eating away at my mind
Could you be with me tonight?

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