

# Hang

Garry Sandhu

She grabs her magazines  
She packs her things and she goes  
She leaves the pictures hanging on the wall  
She burns all her notes and she knows  
She's been here too few years to feel this old  
He smokes his cigarette  
He stays outside 'til it's gone  
If anybody ever had a heart  
Well, he wouldn't be alone  
He knows, she's been here too few years, to be gone  
And we always say, it would be good to go away, someday  
Yeah but if there's nothing there to make things change  
If it's the same for you, I'll just hang  
The trouble understand, is she got reasons he don't

Funny how he couldn't see at all  
Until she grabbed up her coat  
And she goes, she's been here too few years  
To take it all in stride  
Yeah, still it's much too long to let the hurt go, to let her go  
And we always say, it would be good to go away, someday  
But if there's nothing there to make things change  
If it's the same for you, I'll just hang  
The same for you, I'll always hang  
Well I always say, it would be good to go away  
But if things don't work out like we think  
And there's nothing here to ease the ache  
But if there's nothing there to make things change  
If it's the same for you, I'll just hang

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