Spirit Week

Slow Hollows

I live a life alone
Nothing is real
Nobody's home
Some things remain like stone
I'm never picking up the phone
These walls are sick of me
Got nothing left to offer, oh
Don't you want to fake you're free
I'd rather dream, oh, can't you see

Always, always, always

I live a life alone where nothing ever seems to glow
This bed, this floor, awake my head
How does it feel, nothing is real, no

I guess we'll never know
I guess we'll never know
I guess we'll never know
I guess we'll never know

Lyrics Submitted by Jordan

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