

# 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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