Nocturnal

Kate Martin

Here's, to another empty bottle in the bin
To a box of empty matches on the floor
To a messy house
And a pounding head

Here's, to a taxi full of people I just met
I think I love you now but someday I'll forget
Why the long face darling
Someday you will too

Chorus

You, are the apple of your husband's wandering eye
The epitome of rainclouds in the sky
And I know that someday
I'll be right there in your shoes

I, feel like you're the only one that understands
You watch me with your eyes
And never say a word
Then you go outside to lay under the sun

Lyrics submitted by Andrew Brown.

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