

# Little Talks

## Cris Cab

Hey! Hey! Hey! I don't like walking around this old and empty house  
So hold my hand, I'll walk with you my dear The stairs creak as I sleep,  
It's keeping me awake  
It's the house telling you to close your eyes And some days I can't even trust myself  
It's killing me to see you this way 'Cause though the truth may vary  
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore Hey! Hey! Hey! There's an old voice in my head  
That's holding me back  
Well tell her that I miss our little talks Soon it will all be over, and buried with our past  
We used to play outside when we were young  
And full of life and full of love Some days I don't know if I am wrong or right.  
Your mind is playing tricks on you my dear 'Cause though the truth may vary  
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore Hey!  
Don't listen to a word I say  
Hey!  
The screams all sound the same  
Hey! Though the truth may vary  
This ship will carry our bodies safe to shore You're gone, gone, gone away,  
I watched you disappear  
All that's left is a ghost of you  
Now we're torn, torn, torn apart,  
there's nothing we can do,  
Just let me go, we'll meet again soon Now wait, wait, wait for me, please hang around  
I'll see you when I fall asleep Hey!  
Don't listen to a word I say  
Hey!  
The screams all sound the same  
Hey! Though the truth may vary  
this ship will carry our bodies safe to shore Hey!  
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