

# All The Things I Could Never Say

Kele

You tore a button  
Off my favorite shirt  
Another thing that I've lost  
To you Where did you stay last night?  
You didn't come home  
I'm spending all of my time  
Waiting for your call You're making me older  
You're making me ill  
You're making me older  
You're making me ill The bottles are empty  
In the cabinet  
I noticed my first gray hair  
Today Why do we still do this  
When we're both still young?  
Putting each other down  
When we need to climb You're making me older  
You're making me ill  
You're making me older  
You're making me ill You're making me older  
You're making me ill  
You're making me older  
You're making me ill You're making me older  
You're making me ill  
You're making me older  
You're making me ill You're making me older  
You're making me ill  
You're making me older  
You're making me ill

Songwriters

Okereke, Kele / Xxxchange, Alex Published by

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