

All The Things I Could Never Say

Kele

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

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