

Outta My Head

Silent Theory

It's two in the morning,
As I lay awake in bed,
The wind blows cold outside,
Scattered thoughts inside my head.
I thought by now you'd be a distant memory,
An out of focus film,
On the old silver screen.

Chorus:

So get out of my head,
I can't forget what you did,
Now I'm lost, forgotten,
So broken.
Get out of my head,
You're gone so why can't I let you go?
And I can't let you go.

As you left me,
With the bags I carry now,
I should have known that,
You'd let me down.
I burned the pictures we painted yesterday,
And now that life is a distant memory.

Chorus (x2)

Why can't I let you go? (x5)

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