

# Empathy

Hania Lee

There are so many parts that I have hidden and that I yet lost  
There are so many ways that I have cut off my nose despite my face  
There are so many colors that I still try to hide while I paint  
And there are so many tunes that I secretly sing away

But come along  
Yeah, invite these part-time writers  
Hello, this invitation  
Is one that Iâ€™ve stopped fighting oh oh

Thank you for seeing me  
I feel so less lonely  
Thank you for guiding me  
I hear your bide, your empathy  
Ha-a this intimacy ha-a-a-a

There were so many times I thought I have died, not the usually known  
There were so many moments, forever lonely in my location

You come along  
To celebrate each feeling  
Come, there you are  
How long have Iâ€™ve been fighting?

Thank you for seeing me  
I feel so less lonely  
Thank you for guiding me  
I hear your bide, you empathy  
Ha-a this intimacy ha, ah, ah, ah

There were some days when the trusting was the last of me  
Youâ€™re quiet too much, you see too less  
Except youâ€™re generous, see?  
To love myself enough  
To let you help me

Thank you for seeing me  
I feel so less lonely  
Thank you for guiding me  
I hear your bide, you empathy

Ha, a this intimacy ha, ah, ah, ah

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written by MORISSETTE, ALANIS NADINE / SIGSWORTH, GUY

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