

Katy Song

Red House Painters

Some escape some door to open
This path seems the blackest, but I guess it's the soonest
But there in the clearing I know you'll be wearing
Your young aching smile, waving your hand
Can't go with my heart
When I can't feel what's in it I thought you'd come over
But for some reason you didn't glass on the pavement under my shoe
Without you is all my life amounts to
A final sleep no words from my cutting
Mouth to your ear or taut wicked pinches
From my fingers to your bitter face
That I can't heal I know tomorrow
You will be somewhere in London, living with someone
You've got some kind of family there to turn to
And that's more than I could ever give you
A chance for calm, a hope for freedom
Outlet from my cold solitary kingdom
By the forest of our spring stay
Where you walked away
And left a bleeding part of me
Empty and bothered, watching the water
Quiet in the corner, numb and falling through
Without you what does my life amount to?
[Incomprehensible]

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