

Store

Capita Clip

She don't even come to my store anymore,
She's out of breath,
Won't walk through the checkout at my store anymore,
Oysters were aisle 8,
Sharkfin aisle 4,
Now we stock no more,
Seems like we're out of breath.

Oh, we are out of breath.

She don't even run into my store anymore,
I won't hold my breath,
Expecting her to skip into my store anymore,
There's no bread to break & no wine to pour,
Emptied the carafe,
I'll get used to this circumstance.

Used to this circumstance.

Now she don't even come to my store anymore,
I have locked that door,
Hollow, there's no stomp of her foot to the floor,
Used to have produce now it's just apple cores,
And i notice that,
I have nothing left.

Oh, I have nothing left.

When I have nothing left,
When I have nothing left,
When I have nothing left,
Nothing in storage.

She don't need to come to my store anymore,
We caught ourselves,
Wouldn't leave before when we were stuck in the door,
Will it get better with time? I don't really know,
But I got your back,
Now we can take a breath.

Now we can take a breath.

Lyrics submitted by Rory Bellows.

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