

# Different

**Mikal Cronin**

And I saw it through its empty  
That something isn't right  
And there is a different kind of lonesome  
And there is a different kind of lonesome  
And surrounded by wind  
But can you keep your head down  
Now it's kind of hard to say  
Will I be here waiting  
Yeah "I'll be here waiting  
Now crashing through the dark  
You'll see it through its empty  
Yeah i'll be here waiting

Songwriters

MICHAEL PATRICK CRONINPublished by  
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