

Comforting Sounds

Birdy

I don't feel alright
In spite of these comforting sounds
You make I don't feel alright
Because you make promises
That you break Into your house
Why don't we share our solitude? Nothing is pure anymore
But solitude It's hard to make sense
Feels as if I'm sensing you
Through a lens If someone else comes
I'll just sit here listening to the drums Previously I never called it solitude And probably you know
All the dirty shows I've put on
Blunted and exhausted like anyone Honestly I tried to avoid it
Honestly Back when we were kids
We would always know when to stop
And now all the good kids are
Messing up Nobody has gained or
Accomplished anything

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