

Editors, Well Worn Hand

Wake up my love
Today I heard some bad news
Just what are we all supposed to do?
I won't let them get to you

I don't want to go out on my own anymore
I cant face the night like I used to before

Take my well worn hand
Let's lock ourselves away
We'll never, ever step outside
We'll curl up in a ball and hide

I don't want to go out on my own anymore
I cant face the night like I used to before

I don't want to go out on my own anymore
I cant face the night like I used to before
I'm so sorry for the things that they've done
I'm so sorry about what we've all become