Emiliana Torrini, Thinking Out Loud

Like the leaves at my face
He is a victim of gravity
The unbearable color of things
Gets him down

And as his raincoat covers me
We know it was never raining

Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud

Like strings in a fan
The shoelaces aren't done
The solitude reflection of his face
Gets him down

And as the shadow covers me
I thought he was only sleeping

Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud

His clothes on the floor
Under a silver light
The smell of lavender and tar
Brings me down

If the telephone should ring
God knows it could never be him

Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud
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Was I thinking out loud
Sorry it was me
Was I thinking out loud