

Fleming And John, 6,570

Made of your blood
The prize of your love
You brought me here
So here's where I belong
Like a fish in a bowl
The only world I know
I can't stay but I won't go
Don't tell me that it's over

Six thousand five hundred seventy days
Makes it hard for anyone to ever want to change

That's why I still take it everywhere I go
All that I love all that I know

Every word I've ever said
Every thought that's in my head
Marked like money by you
To never be without you
Layers of my veneer
Melt away like the years
When I go back to that place
It's only me in here

Six thousand five hundred seventy days
Makes it hard for anyone to ever want to change

That's why I still take it everywhere I go
All that I love, all that I loathe
It's who I am today, and why I feel this way