

Pale Saints, Sight of You

the sight of you
the sight of you
makes me feel blue
makes me feel blue
the things you said
the things you said
make me feel bad
my heart is sad

i think of him
i think of him
soaked all in red
i wish him dead
you say that he
you say that he's
nothing like me
but how can that be?

what can i do?
what can i say?
the world was large
and i felt very small
what's gonna happen?
how will i know
when things are back
the way they used to be before?

the sight of you
the sight of you
makes me feel blue
i feel so blue
the things you said
the things you said
make me feel bad
my heart is sad