

Something With Numbers, Far From A Fairytale

Twelve days of straight out thinking
Twelve days of straight out hell
Looking out my window at the summer
Thinking of my future and my mum.

My life's so far from a fairytale
Why is life unpredictable?

Six months and there's no difference
Six months and there's no hope.

Looking out my window at the winter
Thinking of my father and my home
My life's so far from a fairytale
Why is life unpredictable?

Tired and tired and tired and tired of hoping
Waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting for no-one.

Crying and crying and crying and crying for nothing
Staying and staying and staying and staying here hoping.