

Amazing Transparent Man, Autumn

i can't draw you fancy pictures, or write a cool song
about the feelings that i have inside, and why they feel so strong
i can't buy you lots of cool stuff, or just sit around
and talk about the way things used to be, before i was around

and now I've got my future made, it's killing me, it's killing me
all those i love i push away, it's killing me, it's killing me
it's killing me

I can't give you everything you need, or everything you've lost
to fill the void that lives deep in your soul, I'd fill at any cost
all i can do is tell you that i love you, and hope that it's enough
to help show that i never meant to harm you, and all that kind of stuff

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