

Blood Red Shoes, Hope UR holding tight

I can see you standing, waiting, waiting to go
There's nothing doing, no-one talking, nothing to show
A look in the eye, a way to decide, to work out what's right
Cos it's easy to slide on the move all the time
I'm sorry I've not made the space to write
The words never match up the thoughts on my mind
It's not that I'm leaving, it's just things are changing
I hope you're holding up
I don't see you too much
I can see you standing, waiting to go
There's doing, no-one talking, nothing to show
I still think it work, the words that we spoke to fix what we broke
Looking for reasons, it's hard to see
Would I change this for you? Or change this for me?