

# Burning Heads, Easy

I've been trying to call you  
Try to guess what's on your mind  
Wish I could read through you  
Cos maybe we're off the same kind  
Some says it can't rearranged when so many things have changed  
In these days it's so hard to see  
When it used to be so easy  
And it makes me mad  
And it makes me sad  
I took a look into myself  
Needed something to keep the faith  
Took a second to hold my breath  
But you ran out, yes you ran out  
And it makes me mad  
And it makes me sad  
It could be so easy  
Be so easy  
And I feel so bad about the situation maybe