

City And Colour, So Low

Ten thousand times I will scream
over and over until you notice me
until my voice breaks
and all this heartache

Ten thousand times I will scream
over and over until you notice me
until my voice breaks
and all this heartache
gently fades away

So where are the pictures, of you and me
put them aside for no one else to see
afraid of what they might say
not if my heart breaks
at least I have your yesterday

Is there something going on?
Isn't something going on?
you said you want it to be the way it was before
now something's going on
isn't something going on
no it's not gonna be the way it was before