

# Daryl Hall & John Oates, The Emptyness

I spent last night trying to write to you  
But the words wouldn't come,  
I couldn't go on  
And the telephone won't do

I'm sick and tired of hearing  
"you're never home"  
Yet I'm sick in the head and the hotel  
Beds don't feel right  
Though I hope it doesn't show  
I feel a hollow down below  
And there's nothing, nothing for me to say

I feel the emptyness inside me  
The emptyness inside me  
I have this feeling and I've got to get back  
This feeling that I've got to get back to you

There's no one else  
There's nothing else  
There's no one else  
I hear myself saying again and again....  
Even if it doesn't show  
I feel a hollow down below  
And there's nothing, nothing for me to say

I feel the emptyness inside me  
I hope it doesn't show  
The emptyness inside me  
Like a hollow down below  
I have this feeling and I've got  
To get back  
This feeling that I've got to get back to you  
I feel nothing but the emptyness