

Hall & 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