

Hi Standard, My Own Fuckin' Way

Since You Been Gone

I get the same old dream, same time every night.
Fall to the ground and I wake up.
So I get out of bed, put on my shoes.
And in my head thoughts slide back to the break up.
These four walls are closing in.
Think of the fix, you put me in.

Since you been gone, since you been gone.
I'm out of my head can't take it.
Could I be wrong, but since you been gone.
You cast a spell so break it.

So in the night I stand, beneath the back street light.
I read the words that you sent to me.
I can take the afternoon but night time comes around too soon.
You can't know what you mean to me.
Your poison letter, your telegram.
They go to show you don't give a damn.

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