

# James Arthur, Recovery

I don't wanna play this game no more  
I don't wanna play it  
I don't wanna stay round here no more  
I don't wanna stay here

Like rain on a Monday morning  
Like pain that just keeps on going on

Look at all the hate they keep on showin  
I don't wanna see that  
Look at all the stones they keep on throwin  
I don't wanna feel that

Like sun that will keep on burning  
And I used to be so discerning oh

In my recovery  
I'm a soldier at war  
I have broken down walls  
I defined, I designed  
My recovery  
In the salt of the sea  
In the oceans of me  
I defined, I designed  
My recovery

Falling keep right in  
Falling keep right in  
Recovery, recovery  
Recovery, recovery

My recovery

Falling keep right in  
Falling keep right in  
Recovery, recovery  
Recovery, recovery

And I can hear the choirs keep on singing  
Tell me what they're saying  
I can hear the phone, it keeps on ringing  
I don't wanna answer  
I know that I used to listen  
And I know I've become dismissive, oh

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My recovery  
My recovery  
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Recovery, recovery  
Recovery, recovery

Keep so right in, keep so right in