

Julia Fordham, Threadbare

(written by Julia Fordham/Simon Climie)

Threadbare, frayed around the edges
Down where all I'm getting is you don't care
And hoping that I'm wrong

I am crushed by your indifference, know I must try
To stop wishing if only I
Could undo what I've done

If I knew then what I know now
I would have saved my words somehow
Headed underground, crushed without a sound
Threadbare

Tired from the inside out
I'm kind of worn down by the doubt
And time will tell how it should be

If I knew then what I know now
I would have saved my words somehow
Headed underground, crushed without a sound
Threadbare

There's something I'm missing
You're not giving me
I talk and you listen
But will you ever see?

If I knew then what I know now
I would have saved my words somehow
Headed underground, crushed without a sound
Threadbare
Headed underground, crushed without a sound
Threadbare

I am tired
Something missing you're not giving me
Something missing you're not giving me
Something missing you're not giving me
Something missing you're not giving me
Love's a funny thing
Love's a funny thing
Love's a funny thing
Love's a funny thing