Paulson, Voids

Day breaks into pieces, and I made another enemy.
I'm lost by the wayside, but I made it in your diary.

And you say...
I'm gonna want you, want you.
I'm gonna need you, need you sometime

I know I'm a disappointment and I've lost all your sympathy.
And you say...
I'm gonna want you, want you.
I'm gonna need you, need you sometime.

Now I've got voids to fill.

Day breaks and we lose our balance. Did you have to throw the book at me?

And you say I'm gonna want you, want you.
I'm gonna need you, need you sometimes.