

Porridge Radio, Back To The Radio

Lock all the windows and march up the stairs
And you're looking to me, but I'm so unprepared for it
Nothing's the same and I swear that I'm haunted
It's not fair to you and it's not what I wanted
But we cannot get better
If we can't talk about it

And I miss what we were, but you've closed yourself off to me
We sit here together, the same as we've always been
Laughing and talking, but I want to cry to you
Laughing and talking, but I want to cry to you

Sit still, do nothing, what if it mattered?
I'm trying to help without breaking or shattering
We almost got better, we're so unprepared for this
Running straight at it
I'm not the right man for this

Lock all the windows and shut all the doors
and get into the house and lie down on the cold, hard floor
Talk back to the radio, think loud in the car,
I miss everything now, we're worth nothing at all

So lock all the windows and shut all the doors
and get into the house and lie down on the cold, hard floor
Talk back to the radio, think loud in the car,
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