

Shaun Groves, Without You

"There's a couple laughing at a table next to mine
The waiter keeps on asking me if I'm alright
I hate to bore him with the truth
So I'll just lie and pretend I'm fine
Without you

Outside the city's slowing down
It's half past 10, I'm staring at the door
And wishing you'd walk in
But wishing isn't working now
So I'll sleep instead
In a hotel bed, without you

I'd rather be a pauper than a prince
Oh, living without you, without you
I'd rather be a failure than famous
Living without you, without you

Seven hundred miles away, or just one flight
That's all that stands between
My heart and home tonight
And I'd walk every mile
To feel your hand in mine
It's just no life without you

You know I don't know who I am
Without you
I'm only half a man"