

Spitalfield, Sincerely, Empty

These days go by and no one knows
how much I've tried to let her know.
And some would say that it's how things go,
but I would say that I hardly know.

I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.
I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.
I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.
I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.

I'll try not to quiver and hold her hand
and try not to say things that make her mad.
Until I get to watch her sleep.
I won't let myself fall in too deep.

I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.
I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.
I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.
I make myself sick and I talk to myself, better.

Sincerely, empty.

Sincerely, empty...