

Tinie Tempah, Tears Run Dry (feat. Sway Clarke)

There's nothing to borrow
There's no more regrets
Your shadows I follow
But it's like no ones there
But my tears run dry
But my tears run dry
Oh my fields wont die
When your not there
So I go

Head first into your puddle of tears
Heart first into the tunnel of fear
Had your very first son at 21
Only old enough to be my mum by a couple of years
Cuddled all of your kids
Soon you'll be cuddling theirs
And we always hear our names when you mumble your prayers
Remember when you said get a job pick another career
But fuck that shit were to humble to care yeah
Maybe it's God describing a blessing
The truth can be hard to swallow, should I reply to these questions?
I'm stuck in the fucking middle on either side of the fences of all this blinding and f'ing just drive me
This a mid life crisis is this some kind of depression
Like substitute teacher I wanna teach you a lesson ah
I think we should live and just let it die
I'll just put on my fucking shades to hide the pain in my eyes

But my tears run dry
But my tears run dry
Oh my fields won't die
When your not there
So I go

Standing in front of mirrors that make me look best
Rolling on something special to make me forget
Mum and Daddy came to this country and gave me the best
But all the money in the world ain't replying the debt
After taking a cheque my girl got impatient and left
Still have a damier canvas case of the ex
She sending me the sort of things you don't say in a text
I wont even listen to this song cos it makes me depressed
'cos I didn't ever do anything to hurt you
Feels like I don't have anybody to turn to
You were the only woman I let into my circle
Closer than Celie and Nettie in the colour purple
Saw her the other day she said she's going to nurse school
Gave me her BBM and said we should keep it virtual
But I think we should just live and just let it die I'll just put on my fucking shades
and pretend everything's fine

They said I used to have it, guess I got it back
They said i fucking lost it, guess I got it back
The pot can't call the kettle black
Here's a double shot of pride, swallow that
Gave your sister my number if you ever wanna chat
Heard she gave it you, you never even hollered back
Said there was too much on your plate but it wasn't that
You was like an email with a file you just got attached
Read your article and didn't even need to diss you
Cover shoot I hope they put you in a different issue
And tell your girl I said mwah ciao and bisou bisou
She was on my tour bus for a month and didn't even miss you
After the shit we did its crazy if she even kiss you
Here's some aloe vera kleenex if you need a tissue

I think we should live and just let it die
I'll just put on my fucking shades and pretend everything fine

They said I used to have it, guess I got it back
They said I fucking lost it, guess I got it back
The pot cant call the kettle black
Here's a double shot of pride swallow that /2x