

Whitmore, Closing Doors

It's been so long since I last saw you
I hardly recognise your face
So many dreams of yours just fall through
No telling what this girl will do

I see you're trapped in your own situation
Close to tears and close to detonation
How many times do I have to ask you why?

Time to time I think about you
I think of all the shit we'd do
Then we'd fight just like you want to
How many wrongs to make you right?

Sat alone with a picture of you
Sat alone with our song too
Sat alone with an image of you
Sat alone with a bottle too