

Hurt Prone

Graham Coxon

Every time I see you I got that feeling that I've seen you before
And each time I try to talk to you I just get the feeling that
I'm being a bore
And I'm sitting down there with my hands on my head and all I'm
thinking about is a shadow falling over my mind
And I feel if I get to talk to you like something's gotta... like
the sun's gotta shine

It's always been so difficult for me to talk to you in my small
dark place
And everything I feel so strange about keeps on changing its shape
One day I might open my eyes and decide that I am dead
Until that day I'll just try to dream of you inside my head

You were soiled
You are now
I want you
To feel real blue

All my life I'm beginning to feel like I'm running to where nothing
really exists
And I... write a thought of mine on my T-shirt instead
I feel like a child, I put pen to paper and I'm beginning to cry
And all you can do is absorb my tears when I do not say bye bye

You're so good
You are mine
I'm so bad
When I don't shine

You're so fine out of time
You're so cruel to this fool
I wanna talk but all is blocked and I just don't know ever what
to say
And every night I'm dreaming, dreaming