

Keep Me Here

Gemma Hayes

Caught up in a little town
Wasted dream, both devout
Just to see how hard he can make me cry
Man, we do it to ourselves

Caught up in what we don't say
Pretending that we love living straight
Just to see how hard I can make you cry
Man, we do it to ourselves

Now we stand face to face, got nothing to say
There's nothing to keep me here
The line that brought you to me will take you away
I'm standing in front of you
I'm a million miles away

Blackness, blackness, all around
What holds you up eventually pulls you down
After all that is golden is slipping through our hands
Man, well we do it to ourselves

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There's nothing to keep me here
The line that brought me to you will take me away
I'm standing in front of you
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