

Pretty Things

Her Bright Skies

I am nothing without you
I am nothing without..

So where am i supposed
To rest my head tonight
When we are miles apart
And you never call
I wish we could believe
As we're stuck here in between
What could have been
And what will never be

Is there something in me
That i can call hope?
Is there something out there
That i can hold on to?

It's strange how things turn out
You build it up and then
Let it fall to the ground
And i'm sad that i missed out
On all the pretty things
That just passed me by
Moments we forgot or left behind