

Strange Without You

I Am Kloot

You know the faces, you know the places,
You know places where the faces fit
You always wanted, to never
say it,
and now you wonder, well is this it?
I'm always screaming, dream
ing
Strange without you, without you
You know the numbers, you dream
in slumber,
You've got the faces and the photographs
You always want it, but
never say it,
and now you wonder, well what do I have?
I'm always screaming, d
reaming
strange without, without you
without you
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