

# Hollow Talk

Josh Groban

Echoes start as a cross in you,  
Trembling noises that come too soon  
Spatial movement which seems to you  
Resonating your mask or feud  
Hollow talking and hollow girl  
Force it up from the root of pain

Never said it was good  
Never said it was near  
Shadow rises and you are here

And then you cut  
You cut it out  
And everything  
Goes back to the beginning

Silence seizes a cluttered room  
Light is she'd not a breath too soon  
Darkness rises in all you do  
Standing and drawn across the room  
Spatial movements and butterflies  
Shadows scatter without a fire

There's never been bad  
There has always been truth  
Muted whisper of the things she'll move

And then you cut  
You cut it out  
And everything  
Goes back to the beginning

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