

Piano

Last Days Of April

No, no, nothing's here.
No, no, nothing's here, no.
I mean everything's in me.
No, no, nothings here.
No, no, nothings here, no.
I mean everything's in me.

When you dress up in black,
When you let them attack,
When you close your eyes to all that's bright.

No, no, nothings here.
No, no, nothings here, no.

Through go through it all.
I'll lead you through it all.
Went through it once of course I can't recall.

I can't recall when I
I can't recall where I
I can't recall how to sew this mess.
So through this you will go
And read through all alone.

There's no one better, no thing than you
There's no one better, no thing better than you
There's no one better no thing
Its you, you, you.