

Amelia

Matthew Perryman Jones

Sad like a melody sung by a symphony
striking a chord.
Standing here looking blind,
stumble around to find my way thru your door.

Do you wanna know why?
Do you wanna know why?

Hungry as starving fire killing to feed desire.
What do you do?
We're born into vanity, bones feeling everything.
Are we alone?

Do you wanna know why?
Cuz I wanna know why

Say it, Amelia
Say it's true,
that life's worth all the dying we do.
Oh, Amelia

Say it, Amelia
Say it's true,
that life's worth all the dying we do.
Oh, Amelia

A beautiful melody sung by a symphony,
you're striking a chord