

Better Left Invisible

Miles Kane

Sipping on your looks but you drink me in
Pass over the flattery again
It's hanging heavy on my chest
And it's better left invisible for now

Confessions are bouncing 'round my head
So I add them to the archive of things we've never said
I lock them up with all the rest
But it's better left invisible for now

If the rope we walk starts wobbling
The river tide feels like it's coming in

I lock them up with all the rest
Its hanging heavy on my chest
Though it's tempting to confess
Its better left invisible for now

Temperature rising, fever is high
I can't see no future, I can't see no sky
My eyes are wide open and so is my head
I'm praying to someone, get me out of this hell