

Unquiet

Pati Yang

The sun says that this is for my good
Only till I am back inside
Licking wounds until I can see through
This shadeless heart
And clouds in shape of you

I am the unquiet
Minutes are hours
I cry hard
To make you tired

Asleep I might be talking other world
Take you there when you will understand
How on earth
She's meant to be my drug?
Without you
She wouldn't be herself

I am the unquiet
Minutes are hours
I cry hard
To make you tired