

Give Out

Sharon Van Etten

There were your eyes in the dark of the room,
The only ones shining,
The only set I had met in years.
It's not because I always look down.
It might be I always look out.
It might be I always look out.
I am biting my lip
As confidence is speaking to me.
I loosen my grip from my palm,
Put it on your knee.
In my way,
I say
You're the reason why I'll move to the city or
Why I'll need to leave.
You're the reason why I'll move to the city or
Why I'll need to leave.

There was your breath on the back of my neck,
The only one holding,
The only one I had felt in years.
It's not because I always hold on,
It might be I always hold out.
It might be I always hold out.
I am biting my lip
As confidence is speaking to me.
I loosen my grip from my palm,
Put it on your knee.
In my way,
I say
You're the reason why I'll move to the city or
Why I'll need to leave.
You're the reason why I'll move to the city or
Why I'll need to leave.

So what's with the eyes in the back of the room?
The only ones trying.
The only ones I have let in years.
It's not because I always give up,
It might be I always give out.
It might be I always give out.
It might be I always give out.
It might be I always give out.