

Book of Stories

The Drums

You're perfect photographs on the wall
And if I know you you're ok
I don't wanna dance anymore
I don't wanna sing anymore
I don't wanna dance anymore we used to sing

I thought I'd be ok till I hit that floor
I thought I'd be fine till I needed more

I thought I'd be ok till I hit that floor
Oh, I need more I need more I need more

I thought my life would get easier
Instead its getting harder, instead it's getting harder

I thought my life would get easier,
Instead it's darker, instead it's getting colder...
Without you

My life's a book of short stories,
And we wrote a new one everyday

I don't understand anymore
You don't love me anymore
I don't understand anymore and I can't think

Why can't I let you go?
Why can't I let you go?
Hate you I wanted to hate you