

## Night Time

The xx

You mean that much to me  
And it's hard to show  
Gets hectic inside of me  
When you go  
Can I confess these things  
To you  
I don't know  
Embedded in my chest  
And it  
Hurts to hold

I couldn't spill my heart  
My eyes gleam looking in from the dark  
I walk out in stormy weather  
Hold my words, keep us together  
Steady walking but bound to trip  
Should release but just tighten my grip

Night time  
Sympathize  
I've been working on  
White lies  
So I'll tell the truth  
I'll give it up to you  
And when the days come  
It will have all been fun  
We'll talk about it soon

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