

Spoontonic

This Time Next Year

I hold my drink with a broken hand,
blood on my collar,
I try to think of a better way,
to pass by the hours.

Instead I'm feeling low,
I'm feeling reckless, reckless and alone,
take it from me

In the middle of the night
it's not that easy
In the middle of the night
I am alone
In the middle of the night
it's not that easy
In the middle of the night
I am alone

I sleep too much for a vacant bed
But I'm not complaining
She may be stuck inside my head
The walls have been painted by her

I'm feeling low
I'm feeling reckless, reckless and alone
take it from me

In the middle of the night
it's not that easy
In the middle of the night
I am alone
In the middle of the night
it's not that easy
In the middle of the night
I am alone, I am alone

Nothing's (nothing) the same
Nothing is the same without you
Nothing (Nothing) the same (the same)
Nothing (Nothing) the same (the same)
Without you

In the middle of the night
it's not that easy
In the middle of the night
I am alone
In the middle of the night
it's not that easy
In the middle of the night
I am alone, I am alone

Nothing's the same without you