

Still Getting Used to Being on My Own

Tom Odell

When I'm playing the piano, singing out of tune
The person I picture in my head has always been you
But these days are different, you're with some other guy
Stubbornly I still write every word as if you're still mine

And people think I'm crazy, people think I'm stoned
I'm just getting used to being on my own

When it's cold and it's raining, I'm laying there at night
I don't lay in the middle of the bed, I lay on the right
And I need the light on, the phone up on loud
The key underneath the stone outside in case you come around

And people call me crazy, people say I'm stoned
But I'm just getting used to being on my own

If I could still feel you laying in my arms
Why can't I pretend? Oh, it does me no wrong

But people call me crazy, people say I'm stoned
I'm just getting used to being on my own
And people call me crazy but baby they don't know
I'm just getting used to being on my own
I'm just getting used to being on my own
On my own, on my own