

Back To You

Wynter Gordon

I can be so vain, so cold sometimes, it's true I'm such a fool,
You don't know that when I laying bed I touch myself to you,
All the greatly thoughts my mind designed to cut the loneliness
When I pushed away my one true chance to live in happiness

It always comes back to you
It always comes back to you

I'm painted star, and rest my hand to put my trust in us
I'm a fabulous, ain't never loving, a tacit wanderer
I can walk all day and smile and say that this here is success
But it don't mean shit unless you're here and deny I'm a mess

They took you for granted, I spit in your face
And now let your shadow be in with love and throw it away
Now I miss your heartbeat, and I miss your face
And I miss your story following me, I'm caught in your space

Always comes back to you,
Always comes back to you