

Wynter Gordon "Back To You"

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I can be so vague, so cold sometimes, it's true.
I'm such a fool.

You don't know that when I lie in bed, I touch myself to
you.

All the creepy thoughts my mind designed to cope with
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 afraid to stop and rest my head and put my trust in
us.

I'm a fabulous example of an exhausted 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 you're
not, and I'm a mess.

I took you for granted, I spit in your face.
And I let you shower me with love then threw it away.
Now I miss your heartbeat and I miss your face.
And I miss just lying there with you, a part of your
space.

It always come back to you.
(repeat to fade)

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