

## **Ben Lee**

# **"The Debt Collectors"**

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In my dreams they're coming to collect  
I've got something that they want  
And I don't know what it is  
But you hid it in my luggage  
Like a needle in a haystack  
So I'm running like a criminal  
I'm sneaking round each corner  
In a phone booth, through a window  
And the air is cold around me  
And I'm running for my life

Borrow, beg or steal  
Everything is real  
One day you might feel  
Alright again

So I kissed you on the lips  
You were sleeping  
Like a racehorse in the evening  
All that power, motivation  
And the endless broken omens  
And I don't know if I love you  
But I really wanna own you  
And I've kept you like a secret  
From the moment that I found you  
We can make a deal  
Everything is real  
One day I might feel  
Alright again

And I can write my way  
Out of this pain  
That's a promise that you made me  
In a letter that you sent me  
From Chicago on a freezing day in winter  
Now I feel a little lighter  
But it really doesn't matter  
Cos this love is not obedient  
It's got its own agenda  
And it wants to take me over  
And it wants to pull you under  
And it would like nothing better

Than to tear us both to pieces  
And it wont do what its told

Show me how you feel  
Everything is real  
One day it'll be  
Alright again  
One day it'll be  
Alright again

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