

## Emilia De Poret

### "Thinking Out Loud"

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Like the leaves at my feet  
He is a victim of gravity  
The unbearable colour of things  
Gets him down

And as his raincoat covers me  
We know it was never raining

Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud

Like strings in a fan  
The shoelaces aren't done  
The solitude reflection of his fate  
Gets him down

And as the shadow covers me  
I thought he was only sleeping

Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud

His clothes on the floor  
Underwear silverlined  
The smell of lavender and tar  
Brings me down

If the telephone should ring  
God knows it could never be him

Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud  
Sorry it was me  
Was I thinking out loud

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