

Gemma Hayes

"This Is What You Do"

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My tired eyes
are like
lonely stars
trying to find a little
order in the chaos

So I take a bus ride
in the afternoon
you all look so happy, and me,
I'm barely hanging on

This is what you do to me

Drag myself out on
to the floor
trying to find a little chaos in the order
So I take a bus ride
past your house every day
you never fully leave me
but you, you never fully stay

This is what you do to me

My tired eyes
are like
lonely stars
trying to find a little
order in the chaos

This is what you do
This is what you do to me
This is what you do

Come on
smile
smile
Come on
smile
smile
smile
smile
smile

smile
smile

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