

Graham Coxon

"Hurt Prone"

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Every time I see you I got that feeling that I've seen you
before
And each time I try to talk to you I just get the feeling
that I'm being a bore
And I'm sitting down with my hands on my head
And all I'm thinking about is a shadow falling over my
mind

And I feel if I get to talk to you
Like something's gotta, [unverified] like the suns gotta
shine
It's always been so difficult to talk to you in my small
dark place
And everything I feel so strange about keeps on
changing its shape
One day I might open my eyes and decide that I am
dead
Until that day I'll just try and dream of you inside my
head
You were soiled
You are now
I want you
To feel real blue

All my life I'm beginning to feel like
I'm running to where nothing really exists
And I, write a thought of mine on my t-shirt instead
I feel like a child, I put pen to paper and I'm beginning
to cry
And all you can do is absorb my tears when I do not say
bye bye

You're so good
You are mine
I'm so bad
When I don't shine

You're so fine out of time
You're so cruel to this fool
I wanna talk but all is blocked and I just don't know
every what to say
And every night I'm dreaming, dreaming

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