

Harper Roy "Next To Me"

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I lost the only reason that I ever had
I did it crazy by myself
I've always been that mad
I needed someone by me
To share the madness with
To help me through the growing pain
See me through the myth
I thought I'd found the goddess
I never was so sure
But she, as fickle as the wind
On the springtime heather moor
Cavorted on her whim of change
And with her laughter loud
Cursed my good and howled my wrong
And left me in my cloud
I lie in awful silence
Pierced by passing seconds
Every one so long
And full of you
And why

I wake in dreadful hours
Frightened by each turning
Feeling that quite soon
I should give up and die
Of you, of you but stay alive
To walk the echoing
The feeling that it was
Or maybe not
A wretched lie
The silence of the night is pierced
By owls and thieves
Sudden gusts of wind
Rustling my leaves
Loud explosions in the still
Born thoughts of old
Please don't leave your bed for long
It's next to me and cold

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