

## The Drones

### "Book Of Stories"

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You're perfect photographs on the wall  
And if I know you you're ok  
I don't wanna dance anymore  
I don't wanna sing anymore  
I don't wanna dance anymore we used to sing

I thought I'd be ok till I hit that floor  
I thought I'd be fine till I needed more

I thought I'd be ok till I hit that floor  
Oh, I need more I need more I need more

I thought my life would get easier  
Instead it's getting harder, instead it's getting harder

I thought my life would get easier,  
Instead it's darker, instead it's getting colder...  
Without you

My life's a book of short stories,  
And we wrote a new one everyday

I don't understand anymore  
You don't love me anymore  
I don't understand anymore and I can't think

Why can't I let you go?  
Why can't I let you go?  
Hate you I wanted to hate you

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