

## **This Romantic Tragedy**

### **"Spoontonic"**

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I hold my dream with a broken hand  
Blood on my collar  
I try to think of a better way  
To pass by the hours

Instead I'm feeling low  
I'm feeling worthless, reckless and alone  
Taking from me

In the middle of the night  
It's not that easy  
In the middle of the night  
I am alone  
In the middle of the night  
It's not that easy  
In the middle of the night  
I am alone

Sleep too much for a vacant bed  
But I'm not complaining  
She may be stuck inside my head  
The walls have been painted by her

I'm feeling low  
I'm feeling worthless, reckless and alone  
Taking from me

In the middle of the night  
It's not that easy  
In the middle of the night  
I am alone  
In the middle of the night  
It's not that easy  
In the middle of the night  
I am alone, I am alone

Nothing's (nothing) the same  
Nothing is the same without you  
Nothing (Nothing) the same (the same)  
Nothing (Nothing) the same (the same)  
Without you

In the middle of the night  
It's not that easy  
In the middle of the night  
I am alone  
In the middle of the night  
It's not that easy  
In the middle of the night  
I am alone, I am alone

Nothing's the same without you

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