

This Time Next Year

"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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