

Birdy

"Comforting Sounds"

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I don't feel alright
In spite of these comforting sounds
You make
I don't feel alright
Because you make promises
That you break
Into your house
Why don't we share our solitude?
Nothing is pure anymore but solitude
It's hard to make sense
Feels as if I'm sensing you
Through a lens
If someone else comes
I'll just sit here listening to the drums
Previously I never called it solitude
And probably you know
All the dirty shows I've put on
Blunted and exhausted like anyone
Honestly I tried to avoid it
Honestly
Back when we were kids
We would always know when to stop
And now all the good kids are
Messing up
Nobody has gained or
Accomplished anything

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