

Conor Maynard

"Lua"

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I know that it is freezing but I think we have to walk
I keep waving at the taxis; they keep turning their
Lights off
But Julie knows a party at some actor's west side loft
Supplies are endless in the evening; by the morning
They'll be gone.

When everything gets lonely I can be my own best
friend
I'll grab a coffee and the paper; have my own
Conversations
With the sidewalk and the pigeons and my window
Reflection
The mask I polish in the evening, by the morning looks
Like shit.

I know you have a heavy heart; I can feel it when we
Kiss
So many men much stronger than me have thrown their
Backs out trying to lift it
But me I'm not gamble you can count on me to split
The love I sell you in the evening, by the morning
Won't exist.

You're looking skinny like a model with your eyes all
Painted black
You just keep going to the bathroom always say you'll

Be right back
Well it takes one to know one, kid, I think you've got
It bad
But what's so easy in the evening, by the morning is
Such a drag.

I've got a flask inside my pocket we can share it on
The train
If you promise to stay conscious I will try and do the
Same
We might die from medication, but we sure killed all
The pain
But what was normally in the evening, by the morning

Seems insane.

And I'm not sure what the trouble was that started all
Of this
The reasons have run away but the feeling never did
It's not something I would recommend, but it is one way
To live
Cause what is simple in the moonlight, by the morning
Never is
What's so simple in the moonlight, by the morning is so
Complicated.
What's so simple in the moonlight, so simple in the
Moonlight

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