

## Emma Louise

### "17 Hours"

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Hands on her shoulders  
Hair down her back  
Lying to her lover at home  
Making no money  
Far away  
17 hours of flying

And words hurt when you wait too long  
Words hurt when she's in your arms

But in my anger  
I'm a fire  
And in his arms she was  
In his arms she was  
And keep me open  
On the table  
I am broken, I'm broke  
In his arms like her  
And I am honest  
Like my mother  
You left me naked, I burn  
In his arms like her

Where he sleeps and where she fell  
Where he sleeps and where she fell  
Where he sleeps and where she fell  
Where he sleeps and where she fell

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