

# Tyla "Untitled"

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If you really loved me  
Like you say you do  
You wouldn't put me through  
half the things like you do.  
Sometimes you make me feel like there  
is nothing else.  
Then you leave me in this cold place  
looking for help.  
It used to be free  
but the price went up, like everything else  
I have nothing left to sell  
In the boot sale in hell.  
When I lost my address book  
I also lost my friends  
But I know you'll always want me  
If I ever make it again. But as for now  
I'm content with my stories, and my memory  
serves me well, there's a distant face  
lives in Camden, says to drip by  
I might as well. I have nothing more  
left to say.  
I'll just curl up in my memories  
and quietly fade away.

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