

Hunched over a microphone,
You're whispering and I moan,
Hardly moving, one toe tapping.

In a hushed tone and eyes turned low,
While the space you take up grows,
I grow weak and my heart's collapsing.

Yeah I look at you, you look like shit,
But that's got nothing to do with it,
You open your mouth and a god comes out.

I look at you, you look like shit,
But that's got nothing to do with it,
You open your mouth and a god comes out.

It's two forty-five in the morning,
Being lonely just gets boring,
It's too late now to get wasted.

Yeah It's two forty-five in the morning,
Being lonely just gets boring,
It's too late now to get wasted.

I look at you, you look like shit,
But that's got nothing to do with it,
You open your mouth and a god comes out.

I look at you, you look like shit,
But that's got nothing to do with it,
You open your mouth and a god comes out.

I'm in my room and all alone
You're turned up loud there's no-one home,
You're faceless and my eyes are closed.

I'm in my room and all alone
You're turned up loud there's no-one home,
You're faceless and my eyes are closed.

I look at you, you look like shit,
But that's got nothing to do with it,
You open your mouth and a god comes out.

Yeah I look at you, you look like shit,
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