

Radio

The Connells

And she wakes up and she stirs.
And she walks around the house and sees what is hers.
And she listens time and again to the same familiar sounds.
And it feels so real so real heading down.

And she wakes up, and she lights up, and it keeps up.

And she wonders if there's still some common ground (uncommon ground).
And she figures "I'm better now and they might never know how it feels so real so real letting go."

And she wakes up, and she lights up, and it keeps up