

Emily

Keane

All of my days spent are crashing around, crashing around
All of my years spent are running around, running around
All of my weeks spent are crashing around, crashing around
And you feel

All of our weeks spent are flitting around, flitting around
All of my years spent are waking around, waking around
All of my weak legs is plodding around, is plodding around
And you feel
And you feel
And you feel
Emily

And you feel
Emily
Emily
Emily

Well you never really had to know
And you never really had to know
And you never really had to know, girl

And you never really lost the plot
I mean you never really lost the plot, oh
I mean you never really lost the plot
I mean you never really lost the plot
I mean you never really lost the plot, oh
Well you never really lost the plot
And you never really lost the plot, oh