

The Pugilist

Keaton Henson

Oh I'm sorry I broke it
Never forgive me
Your love is the hopeless
Light that I need
To remind me I'm living
And that I still need it
You pulled me together
With blood and soft stitches
You're proof that I'm breathing
And that I still need
To be loved and to hear you
Whisper to me

You're enough
You're enough
You're enough

Well I'm a self-centered writer
Loving myself to sin
Stay away from me
Don't find a way to get in
I care only for art and career
So scared of death that I try to leave part of me here
I am lonely
Lonely in the fact that I need to be loved
And told I am deserving

We let us be, just to be

Isn't that all we should need
We need
We should need

But the truth is I need you
To tell me I'm worthy
Of all this great living
That I've been doing
And I'm sick of the silence
Greets me when I go to bed
And the waking in a cold sweat
After all I'm an artist
And I've still got songs in me yet
And I'm frightened
Frightened to death you'll forget
Don't forget
Don't forget me

I guess that's the most
Honest thing I've written yet
So here goes
Forgive me, I'll sing it again
Don't forget
Don't forget me

Don't forget me
Don't forget me
Don't forget me

Don't forget me
Don't forget me
Don't forget me
Don't forget me
Don't forget me
Don't forget me
Don't forget me
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I still have art in me yet