

Lost You

Zeds Dead

I get to thinking that I, that I should call you
I like to think about the first time that I saw you
Thinking about you as if I lost you

I get to thinking that I, that I should call you
I like to think about the first time that I saw you
Thinking about you as if I lost you

It's the sickest kinda feeling I got,
Won't leave me alone
When you can get your hands out and you want every little chance
that I got
I'll give it away for free

It's the sickest kinda feeling I got, won't leave me alone
When you can get your hands out
And you want every little chance that I got
I'll give it away for free

Without your love
Without your touch
This world for me is never gonna be enough

Without your love
Without your touch
This world for me is never gonna be enough