

Blood Red Shoes, Hope You're Holding Up

I can, see you, standing, waiting, waiting to go
There's nothing, doing, no-one, talking, nothing to show
A look in the eye, a way to decide, to work out what's right

'cause it's easy to slide on the move all the time
I'm sorry I've not made the space to write
The words never match up the thoughts on my mind
It's not that I'm leaving, it's just things are changing

I hope you're holding up
I don't see you too much

I can, see you, standing, waiting, waiting to go
There's nothing, doing, no-one, talking, nothing to show
I still think it work, the words that we spoke, to fix what we broke

'cause it's easy to slide on the move all the time
I'm sorry I've not made the space to write
The words never match up the thoughts in my mind
It's not that I'm leaving, it's just things are changing

I hope you're holding up
I don't see you too much

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Looking for reasons, it's hard to see
Would I change this for you? Or change it for me?

Looking for reasons, it's hard to see
Would I change this for you? Or change it for me?

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Would I change this for you? Or change it for me?

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