James Arthur, Recovery

I don't wanna play this game no more
I don't wanna play it
I don't wanna stay round here no more
I don't wanna stay here

Like rain on a Monday morning
Like pain that just keeps on going on

Look at all the hate they keep on showin
I don't wanna see that
Look at all the stones they keep on throwin
I don't wanna feel that

Like sun that will keep on burning
And I used to be so discerning oh

In my recovery
I'm a soldier at war
I have broken down walls
I defined, I designed
My recovery
In the salt of the sea
In the oceans of me
I defined, I designed
My recovery

Falling keep right in
Falling keep right in
Recovery, recovery
Recovery, recovery

My recovery

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Falling keep right in
Recovery, recovery
Recovery, recovery

And I can hear the choirs keep on singing
Tell me what they're saying
I can hear the phone, it keeps on ringing
I don't wanna answer
I know that I used to listen
And I know I've become dismissive, oh

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Keep so right in, keep so right in