

# Sam Smith, Make It To Me

My mind runs away to you  
With a thought I hope you'll see  
Can't see where it's wandered to  
But I know where it wants to be

I'm waiting patiently  
Though time is moving slow  
I have a vacancy  
And I wanted you to know that

You're the one, designed for me  
A distant stranger, that I will complete  
I know you're out there, we're meant to be  
So keep your head up, and make it to me

So sick of this lonely air  
It seems such a waste of breath  
So much that I need to share  
So much to get off my chest

I'm waiting patiently  
Though time is moving slow  
I have a vacancy  
And I wanted you to know that

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I know you're out there, we're meant to be  
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And make it to me  
And make it to me  
And make it to me