

Shakira, Days Go By

You...You

You are still a whisper on my lips

I feel it at my fingertips

Pulling at my skin

You

You leave when I'm at my worst

A feeling as if I've been cursed

Bitter cold within

Days go by and still I think of you

Days when I couldn't live my life without you

Without You

Without You

You are still a whisper on my lips

I feel it at my fingertips

Pulling at my skin

You leave me when I'm at my worst

A feeling as if I've been cursed

Bitter cold within

Chorus(2x)