Tinie Tempah, Tears Run Dry (feat. Sway Clarke

There's nothing to borrow There's no more regrets Your shadows I follow But it's like no ones there But my tears run dry But my tears run dry Oh my fields wont die When your not there So I go

Head first into your puddle of tears Heart first into the tunnel of fear Had your very first son at 21 Only old enough to be my mum by a couple of years Cuddled all of your kids Soon you'll be cuddling theirs And we always hear our names when you mumble your prayers Remember when you said get a job pick another career But fuck that shit were to humble to care yeah Maybe it's God describing a blessing

The truth can be hard to swallow, should I reply to these questions?

I'm stuck in the fucking middle on either side of the fences of all this blinding and f'ing just drive me

This a mid life crisis is this some kind of depression Like substitute teacher I wanna teach you a lesson ah

I think we should live and just let it die

I'll just put on my fucking shades to hide the pain in my eyes

But my tears run dry But my tears run dry Oh my fields won't die When your not there So I go

Standing in front of mirrors that make me look best Rolling on something special to make me forget Mum and Daddy came to this country and gave me the best But all the money in the world ain't replying the debt After taking a cheque my girl got impatient and left Still have a damier canvas case of the ex She sending me the sort of things you don't say in a text I wont even listen to this song cos it makes me depressed 'cos I didn't ever do anything to hurt you Feels like I don't have anybody to turn to You were the only woman I let into my circle Closer than Celie and Nettie in the colour purple Saw her the other day she said she's going to nurse school Gave me her BBM and said we should keep it virtual But I think we should just live and just let it die I'll just put on my fucking shades and pretend everything's fine

They said I used to have it, guess I got it back They said i fucking lost it, guess I got it back The pot can't call the kettle black Here's a double shot of pride, swallow that Gave your sister my number if you ever wanna chat Heard she gave it you, you never even hollered back Said there was too much on your plate but it wasn't that You was like an email with a file you just got attached Read your article and didn't even need to diss you Cover shoot I hope they put you in a different issue And tell your girl I said mwah ciao and bisou bisou She was on my tour bus for a month and didn't even miss you After the shit we did its crazy if she even kiss you Here's some aloe vera kleenex if you need a tissue

I think we should live and just let it die I'll just put on my fucking shades and pretend everything fine

They said I used to have it, guess I got it back They said I fucking lost it, guess I got it back The pot cant call the kettle black Here's a double shot of pride swallow that /2x