

# Hurts – Emeli Sandé

Baby, I'm not made of stone, it hurts  
Loving you the way I do, it hurts

Hold tight, it's a sing-along  
I'm alright, I'm alright, but I could be wrong, baby  
I know you remember me  
'53 in the back of the lavory, come on  
You could at least try and look at me  
Oh man, oh man, what a tragedy, haha  
Bang, bang, there goes paradise  
I chill why we always had to roll the dice, la la  
Heartbeat in the regular  
Two seats in the back of the cinema, hazy  
Ah yeah, you're forgettin' it  
And all the mad shit we did after that, crazy  
Your heart, come on, baby  
I swear you're giving me shivers, shivers

Baby, I'm not made of stone, it hurts  
Loving you the way I do, it hurts  
When all that's left to do is watch it burn  
Baby, I'm not made of stone, it hurts

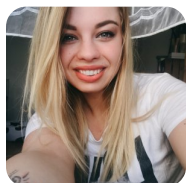
Hold on, it's a marathon  
Run fast, run fast like the rivers run, goddamn  
Never seen in the restaurant  
I took a minute till the penny dropped, you know  
My tears don't fall too often  
But your knife is cutting me deep  
Deep, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep

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It hurts the way that you pretend you don't remember  
It hurts the way that you forget our times together  
Like the time laid in bed when you said it's forever, baby  
I can't, I can't explain no more

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych