

# Keane, Emily

Emily

Emily

All of my days spent are crashing around, crashing around

All of my years spent are running around, running around

All of my weeks spent are crashing around, crashing around

And you feel..

All of my weeks spent are flitting around, flitting around

All of my years spent are waking around, waking around

All of my will is blotting her out, it's blotting her out

And you feel, and you feel, and you feel

Emily

And you feel

Emily, Emily, Emily

Well you never really had to know

And you never really had to know

And you never really had to know, girl

And you never really lost the part

I mean you never really lost the part, ohh

I mean you never really lost the part

I mean you never really lost the part

I mean you never really lost the part, ohh

Well you never really lost the part

I mean you never really lost the part, ohh