

Martin Salomonsson

Am I Good Without You

Woke up lonely, and so did you.
I was the waitress, you were the King.

Something's wasted, something's wrong, something's wasted.
My life, still gone.

Am I good without you.

There's no meaning, there's no hope.
Where's the ceiling, where's the rope?

Something's wasted, something's wrong, something's wasted.

Am I good without you.