

Alan Walker x Jamie Miller, Running Out of Roses

I'm all by myself, seen this show like a thousand times
It's a side effect, loneliness without no reply
In my mind I just keep pretending it's a big old lie
Big old lie, big old lie

Dancing on the tables, city full of angels
Dreams of diamonds and gold
All the different faces, ones I used to hate
I miss them now that they're gone*

* Lyrics