

She's 22

Troye Sivan

She's 22, and she's loving you
and you'll never know how it makes me blue,
does she make you happy?

I'm holding on, to a thing that's wrong
cause we don't belong,
you like my songs and it makes me happy
does she make you happy?

You can throw away, every word I say

I'm standing still, on this hidden hill,
and I'm looking around for the right way down,
to your distant valley,
your flowers grow, in the frozen snow
And I'd like to know is it all a show,
are you really happy? (2x)

Cause you can throw away, every word I say
You just throw away