

Throwing Knives

Framing Hanley

You say you're my lover
Are we even friends?
Do you even know me?
Head under water
Calling out your name
Can you even hear me?

Here for the last time
I'll be on fire
Waiting for you to put me out, dear
Iron lungs catching no air
I'll set you afire
And watch you burn

I'll be on my high horse
Waiting for you to fall off yours
Head up high, your eyes
Glowing bright
And throwing knives

Salt in the wound with
Your line in the sand
Daring me to cross it
You say I'm just like my father
An excuse for a man...
I'm begging you to stop it

Here for the last time
I'll be on fire
Waiting for you to put me out, dear
Iron lungs catching no air
I'll set you afire
And watch you burn

I'll be on my high horse
Waiting for you to fall off yours
Head up high
Your eyes
Glowing bright
And throwing knives
Throwing knives
Throwing knives
Throwing knives

Here for the last time
I'll be on fire
Waiting for you to put me out, dear
Iron lungs catching no air
I'll set you afire
And watch you burn

I'll be on my high horse
Waiting for you to fall off yours
Head up high
Your eyes
Glowing bright
And throwing knives

Throwing knives
Throwing knives
Throwing knives