

Heatstroke

Aaron Sprinkle

All my hope lies here
Six feet down with fear
I can't dig it up from underneath
(Everyone gets somethin sometimes)
Flat feet and heatstroke
Hold me when I get home

I'm comin home

It's been years
Just wondering
What I can leave and what I have to bring
Cause I'll hang my hat right now
And I'll proudly hold my head down

I'm comin home

Would I become transparent if you held me up to the sun?
Could you watch me fill my lungs?
If you look a little closer, see the blood run through my veins
Like a map it shows the way
I'm comin home