

Making Friends with Grieving

Alexz Johnson

If I knew the way it worked I swear to God I'd write the book
If I could explain the way that it can kill you with a look
Inches from hungover with every sip you took
Swimming underwater it'll catch you with a hook
Could be flying higher than you ever thought you could
Thinking you could shake it yeah I always thought I would
Stitching up the pieces that cut you like a knife
Something underneath keeps you up all through the night

Like an airplane, you landed in my life
I've been speeding down the wrong lane is this suicide
Like a freeway, you keep on moving on
And here I am been blindly heading straight into the sun

Making friends with grieving, it's all I ever do
I'm negotiating everything to find some peace with you, tell me
How can you run? 'Cause you're only going to lose when you know grief
has a gun

I've been reading up on ways that I could meditate and pray
Maybe I could make a prayer and pray all of this pain away
I'm working through my trauma like every single day
Breathing out the sorrow making room for something great

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How can you run? When there's no place left to go and you know grief
has a gun
I've been making friends with grieving, it's the hardest thing I've done
Trying to put the pain away, it won't quit until it's won, tell me
Where can you run? 'Cause you're only gonna lose when you know grief
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