

Overdose

Amy Studt

Tell me, do you hear my heart pound?
Two more in the night I feel the
Life in me slip out the backdoor

And I don't really think you'd notice
If I never came in at all
Tell me, would you trade my freedom
For your pride, and your goals?

I've been planning weeks and months
To make this dream come true
No more me and no more you
No more, no more

And I don't really think you notice
But you're the only one that sees
I wonder, would I trade your freedom
For my love, and my fears

I don't really think you know that
Tell me, would you feel the same?
And I don't really think you notice
Every time I call your name
In this light I see your face come to me

So tell me stories, like you used to do
Read me Sartre or Edgar Allen Poe
Let me rest my head here, putting pennies in the wall
Filling up the bottles, just to keep us warm
Keep me warm

Tell me, do you hear my heart pound?
I'll be in soon