

Quicksand

Anna Graceman

The more is struggle, the more I sink
The more I'm falling, the less I think
You're good for me
You're not good for me

The more I love you, the more I bleed
But I forgive you 'cause I wanna think
You're good to me
You're not good to me

Swallowed up
Lost in us

You're quicksand I get pulled in
[?] hands
Breathe you in and I'm drowning
Slipping under you again
You're quicksand

The less I leave you, the more I stay
If it weren't for you, I'd walk away
Wish you were good for me
But you're not good for me

Swallowed up
Lost in us

You're quicksand I get pulled in
[?] hands
Breathe you in and I'm drowning
Slipping under you again
You're quicksand
You're quicksand

Oh, oh
Oh
Oh, oh
Oh