

flower store

atlas

I wanna work at a flower store
And steal you all the roses that I couldn't afford
I don't know if I wanna live anymore
It all feels the same as it did before

I wanna feel like an open door
A shattered window on your bedroom floor
I don't know who I really am anymore
It all feels the same, but I'm never quite sure

I wanna wait here with bated breath
And cry in the corner while you lay and rest
I can be your shoulder when you feel upset
Just lay your head down, honey, please don't fret

I wanna sleep in a stranger's bed
Just to overanalyze every word you said
I don't really know if there's anything left
But I don't wanna fall in love, I wanna fall to my death