

This is lines at 11 percent battery

I was born into a long one
Had a thing for stepping cross one
If you catch me past most 12 AMs
You'll find me swerving on some lines, lines
Yeah works got me strung out
Coming home to a ghost town
Yeah I can't sleep it's killing me
I keep telling myself it ain't cause of these white lines, line
s

But I swear I'm trying to get out of this hell
Every time I look for love I end up hurting myself
From the outside looking in I'm just fucked up again
But if you cared enough you'd see
There's more to me than meets the eye
If you read between the lines

Yeah I guess we finally burned out
She's in someone else's truck now
All those never agains and where you beens
Turned into me running out of lines, lines

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The lines on the bathroom counter
All the ones from the drunk texts after
Every time I try to rewrite my lines
I get stuck here in this chapter

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