

Skittish Cat

Covey

I'm like a creature that dwells in the corner
Of your bad decisions
And self-criticisms
You've invited the devil to come 'round for tea
You're so scared of the outcome
That you dig your nails into me

Like a skittish cat
Trapped in a tree
Your stomach of led
Is leaking on me
And building up
Some kind of wall
That hinders my thoughts
And is making me crawl

I was so messed up that night that we ended
With four drinks too many
I went to a pretty dark place
Called you up out of sheer desperation
But it just pushed you further
As you'd come to terms with the end

Like a beaten hound
Weak in the knees
Your stomach of led
Is leaking on me
And building up
Some kind of wall
That hinders my thoughts
And is making me crawl

Blind luck burns slow
You're stuck, yeah I know

Like a skittish cat
Trapped in a tree
Your stomach of led
Is leaking on me
And building up
Some kind of wall
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Blind luck burns slow
You're stuck, yeah I know