

That's What You Get

Damhnait Doyle

I would have done it
I woulda been sober
I would have ripped out my heart, reversed and run it over

Would have been the kindling
Would have fanned the fire
Be the one lying to you when everyone says you're a liar

Maybe you were better in my memory
Covered your tracks so I couldn't see

Woulda been your rifle
Woulda been your lifeline
Woulda cleaned up all your wounds and made the stars shine

Maybe you were better in my memory
Covered your tracks so I couldn't see

When you ask for nothing
That's what you get
And I guess that makes me easy to forget
When you ask for nothing
That's what you get
That's what you get
And I guess that makes me easy to forget

Woulda been your nursemaid
Checking vitals at your bedside
Pump your lungs with oxygen
Making sure you breath right
Maybe that one night
Woulda pulled a little too tight

Maybe you were better in my memory
Covered your tracks so I couldn't see

Little white lies oh it's torture
To see those light grey hair surround my face
Little fine lines
They get closer to covering every single inch upon my face
Those little fine lines
Those little fine lines
I see those line fine lines

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