

Stitches

Dionne Bromfield

I thought that I'd been hurt before
But no one's ever left me quite this sore
Your words cut deeper than a knife
Now I need someone to breathe me back to life

Got a feeling that I'm going under
But I know that I'll make it out alive
If I quit, calling you my lover
Move on

You watch me bleed until I can't breathe
I'm shaking, falling onto my knees
And now that I'm without your kisses
I'll be needing stitches
I'm tripping over myself
Aching, begging you to come help
And now that I'm without your kisses
I'll be needing stitches

Just like a moth drawn to a flame
Oh, you lured me in, I couldn't sense the pain
Your bitter heart cold to the touch
Now I'm gonna reap what I sow
I'm left seeing red on my own

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