

# Heaven/Hell

Emma Blackery

It's getting close to midnight  
Waiting for you  
Trying to find a brand new way  
To show that I adore you  
When you tore up the plans  
I knew that I'd be eating  
Out the palm of your hand

I always knew the other  
Lovers felt wrong  
Spent the whole time thinking  
"How do I get out of this one?"  
But you had me from the go  
And now you're like the only sense of home  
That I know

I'm dreading all the wrong things to say  
Slipping out of my throat  
You think silver's pretty  
Until you know gold

Oh, look how deep we fell  
I treat you so bad  
But you know I do it  
Oh so well  
I know that you can tell  
You are my heaven  
Even when I give you hell

You caught me like a sickness  
Wild, intense  
Because I am the only one  
That ever really made sense  
But how were you to know?  
You're not to feel alive  
Until you've slept with a ghost

With every year that passes  
Fires raging  
Cos babe the sense of wanting to be touched  
Is contagious  
Our love was contraband  
Now we speak in a language  
No one else understands

I'm dreading all the wrong things to say  
Slipping out of my throat  
(My throat)  
I used to love silver  
Until you painted me gold

Oh, look how deep we fell  
I treat you so bad  
But you know I do it  
Oh so well  
I know that you can tell  
You are my heaven

Even when I give you hell

Oh, look how deep we fell  
I treat you so bad  
But you know I do it  
Oh so well  
I know that you can tell  
You are my heaven  
Even when I give you hell