

Kollapse

Jean Dawson

All the sweet ways you made it unfair
Did you ever stop to think I was right there?
Nothing was all I had
And I split it every way so you could have half
Oh the freeze frames my mind could take
Every memory we've ever made
Was far enough
To remind me what was us

Am I allowed to fall apart disintegrate it's all my fault
When all the sparks are not the fire
Am I allowed to build it up and burn it down all the dust
Without the sparks 'cause I'm the fire

What's the difference
That all my decisions skip around religion
All my vision blurry
I'm in a hurry to be living
I twist the truth around fiction picture politicians
Kissing babies while I'm pitching 180
I could fly away
I could fly

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