

# Messin With My Head

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Watch the ceiling fan make shadows on the wall  
My life is like a cancelled series, plotlines all have stalled  
Enveloped by a shell of endless lethargy and doom  
Population one in my excuse for a bedroom  
No longer sure that I can make it, or if I even want  
To try my luck again at this bullshit that we call love  
No longer sure that I can take it, or if I ever will  
Cause lower than the ocean floor is where I'm living still

Is it the way you touched my shoulder blades  
How you just seemed to fill in all the blanks  
When I pushed you pulled, you always made me feel so beautiful  
Is it the way your hand fit into mine  
Told me you'd hold me til the end of time  
I'm just lost at sea without you next to me

So fuck you and everything you said  
It was all lies, messin with my head

Going through the motions but I don't feel a thing  
Waiting for the weightlessness that wakefulness can't bring  
Taste you on my tongue, the pressure of your fingertips  
Remembering just how you traced the outlines of my ribs  
Don't wanna keep looking behind me or reenact the past  
But it's hard because my heart's just a potato that's been mashed  
Don't want to keep hoping you'll find me and make this all untrue  
Right now lying in my bed all the day's the best that I can do

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