

# back from the dead

Lyn Lapid

Four months  
No contact  
What could you even say to me?  
Your sweet words might've worked once  
But news flash  
No longer holds authority  
Over me  
And there was almost nothing left of you to let go  
Your grave was two degrees from stone cold  
Almost nothing left of you to grieve

So who brought you back from the dead?  
Made you think I'd wanna see you again  
What possessed you to call me in the  
Middle of the night  
How many lives  
Do you think you get?

So who brought you back from the dead?  
Made you think I hadn't laid you to rest  
What possessed you to come around here  
Digging up the past  
Nobody asked  
To see you again  
So who brought you back from the dead?

I saw your face once  
While I was shopping for groceries  
I ended up with hiding in plain sight  
Hoping you wouldn't notice me  
And there was nothing left of you to let go  
Could've sworn that I was seeing a ghost  
Almost nothing left of you to grieve

So who brought you back from the dead?  
Made you think I'd wanna see you again  
What possessed you to call me in the  
Middle of the night  
How many lives  
Do you think you get?

So who brought you back from the dead?  
Made you think I hadn't laid you to rest  
What possessed you to come around here  
Digging up the past  
Nobody asked  
To see you again  
So who brought you back from the dead?

(The dead, the dead, the dead, back from the dead  
The dead, the dead, the dead, back from the dead)