

## grave

Nessa Barrett

You kiss my scars, down the center of my left wrist  
Never knew how much I needed it  
I see stars, the good kind  
Not the kind that I saw when I was three feet under  
The reaper got my number

You're my deep end, keep me breathing  
Heart held on with glue  
The only thing keeping me out of the grave is you

Here comes a crisis  
Cross out my eyelids  
Barely alive, it's true  
The only thing keeping me out of the grave is you  
My dreams are violent  
Feels like my mind spins  
Barely alive, it's true  
The only thing keeping me out of the grave is you

Everybody else can go to Hell, I don't care what they say  
They can shut their fucking mouths, yeah  
Oh, this ain't no show-and-tell  
Yeah, the shit that I can't help  
But I feel better when my lips are on your mouth  
Let me keep 'em on your mouth 'cause

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Heart held on with glue  
The only thing keeping me out of the grave is you

Here comes a crisis  
Cross out my eyelids  
Barely alive, it's true  
The only thing keeping me out of the grave is you  
My dreams are violent  
Feels like my mind spins  
Barely alive, it's true  
The only thing keeping out of the grave is you

(Ah-ah-ah-ah) The only thing keeping out of the grave is you  
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