

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