

To My Better Angel

Northstar

I lost all faith today in suicidal featherweights
With broken wrists and weaker fists
This is the last fight I'll give away
And there's something terrible locked in her attic,
So I'm told
I can feel it on my face
I still feel you everywhere

And operator I can't hold much longer,
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on
And operator I can't hold much longer,
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on

'Cause there's a spot by a bathroom door
Where I dropped so fast straight through the floor
When I lost my grip on everything
Eight feet under water is where we dare
Our locked lips keep out the water and the liars
Full of nothing but air

So if anybody talks of me
Tell them I am never coming home again,
Tell them I am gone

There's a place that I might fit in,
But it reeks of where we've been
Perfect footprints from our feet
That our haunted just by me
To the lady of the hour, liquor love is all the rage
Your skin feels way too sour and I've lost my sense of taste

And operator I can't hold much longer,
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on
And operator I can't hold much longer,
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on

There's a hole that we all fall in
Where we fight for oxygen
That's where I caught my grip and became King
Eight feet undercover, don't forget that I'm here
Warm secrets under covers with new friends
And your holiday lovers

So if anybody talks of me
Tell them I am never coming home again,
Tell them I am gone

If anybody talks of me
Tell them I am never coming home again,
Tell them I am gone

So if anybody talks of me
Tell them I'll be gone forever
Without these scars that are completely invisible