

## Dead Air

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Oh my God, my stomach flipped again  
Oh shit, my face is turning red  
I taste where my lips bled  
From mouthing all that's in my head  
I thought that I would dream of you  
By now

And if I stare long enough  
Is that dead air  
Or is it love, love, love?

What's that face staring at me for?  
Son of God or just a lying whore  
Take these thoughts and carve the others out  
Baby, take my thoughts and carve the others out

'Cause maybe in the morning  
The sun won't shine  
Maybe in the morning  
My lungs won't rise  
If I believe in something  
It's nothing nice  
But I believe in falling in love  
Yes, I believe in falling in love

In love, in love, in love, in love  
Falling in love, in love, in love, in love, in love  
Falling back in love, in love, in love, in love, in love  
Falling back in love, in love, in love, in love, in love  
I'm falling back in love, in love, in love, in love, in love  
Falling back in love, in love, in love, in love, in love