

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