Feel Something

Pink

I usually break the things that I love
I usually break the things that I love
I build 'em up too high just to watch them fall down
The sins of my father are heavy
I carry the weight on my back
Wouldn't you think by now I'd be ready?

To love myself and to love each other
With open arms
But my heart's not ready to love you
I'm not ready for this

My feet are getting sore, but I keep running
I do it again and again and again, but I found nothing
I gave my heart to the wolves and they tore it open
I did it again and again and again and I got nothing
But I'll do it again and again and again till I feel something

White room, but I closed all the curtains
White room, but I closed all the curtains
It's only a matter of time before the good starts hurting
Momma always said keep the bad things you do in the closet
But when they start overflowin' you get a house full of problem
s
When a good tree dies bad fruit starts fallin'

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I'll do it again and again and again till I feel something