

Bare Hands

PUP

Cut me lose in mid-September
I was out of my element
Started building up these walls
Keeping everybody outside of them
Like bare hands holding on to the wire

Weeks pass, the earth is turning
Things start swimming into focus
And now I'm rolling your words through my cheeks
Like a mouth full of poison
I watch it all go up in the fire

You were feeling lonely, and you called me
Hoping I'd be home
You're like a bad trip or a sick habit
I should've left it alone
You were feeling lonely, takin advantage
Knowing I wouldn't say no
You're just a bad trip, I can't help it

Wake up alone now it's December
There's snow out in the yard
A cold wind cutting through my jacket
As I drift up the boulevard
That sinking feeling creeping in again
No matter what I try
N I'm just waiting for a signal
I'm just staring down at my
Bare hands holding on to the wire
Good lord, I'm worn out, you know I'm always tired
Bare hands holding on to the wire
Yeah I'm always tired