

# Death-Grip

Sam Nelson

Twelve years  
Hard to believe we're going on  
Twelve years  
Two kids and fixed-rate mortgage  
Slow fears  
Tucked into bed at night  
Don't let the bed-bugs bite  
Sleep tight

Smiling and laughing in front of our friends  
But sometimes I flinch when you hold my hand

I'm right on the edge but  
I got a death-grip  
Gravity calls but I can't let go  
This house is on fire  
But I'm blocking the exit  
This indecision's got me by the throat  
Try to tell you the truth and I choke  
So I'll say I love you when I don't

My fault  
Can't help but think that it's all  
My fault  
I let it get this far and now all  
The gloves are off  
I can't just walk away from  
From his life that we made  
It's too late

Trying, trying the best we can  
But I feel you flinch when I hold my hand

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This indecision's got me by the throat  
Try to tell you the truth but I choke  
So I'll say I love you when I don't

I don't

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When I don't