

Kiss Me

Sick of Sarah

Taste this breath
It vaguely reeks of cigarettes
And in my place
A memory you won't forget

Drink this wine
My favorite flavor cyanide
And truth be told
My heart is warm, my fingers cold

And the hardest part is waking up
Followed by pride and confident
You pinch me now
'cause I don't know if I'm real and
I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start
I thought that we could make it better
Now help me heal this broken heart
Help me, heal me

It's crystal clear
My reflection through chandeliers
And this I sense
I lack much more than innocence

And the hardest part is waking up
Swallowed by pride now cough it up
You pinch me now
'cause I don't know if I'm real and
I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start
I thought that we can make it better
Now help me heal this broken heart
Help me, heal me

Lala-lala-lala-lalala (repeat)

Taste this breath
It vaguely reeks of cigarettes
And in my place
A memory you won't forget

And the hardest part is waking up
Fallen of pride, now cough it up
You pinch me now
'cause I don't know if I'm real and
I might run home and kill all my friends

You know I held it from the start
I thought that we can make it better
Now help me heal this broken heart
Help me, heal me

Lala-lala-lala-lalala
You know I held it from the start

Lala-lala-lala-lalala
I thought that we can make it better
Lala-lala-lala-lalala
Now help me heal this broken heart
Help me, heal me