

# Overexposed

Sleep On It

You give up a few things  
Chasing a dream  
I keep running away from  
Every sin I made at seventeen  
Took the scenic route  
Down a dead end street  
Thought I'd find you there  
Thought I'd find what I might need

Oh sweet oxygen  
Let me breathe again

And it shows  
I'm overexposed with fear in tow  
The same lyrical tropes and overused notes  
Well I cut the rope  
That I tied to the past  
I've always known  
I'd like to be the water where you float

You're begging for a reason  
I'm trying to explain  
That what you're hearing's  
What I need to say  
Been crawling through the darkness  
Been fighting off the pain  
My scars still show  
It gets worse every day

Oh sweet oxygen  
Let me breathe again  
With your hands around my neck  
I'm starting to give in

And it shows  
I'm overexposed with fear in tow  
The same lyrical tropes and overused notes  
I cut the rope  
That I tied to the past  
I've always known  
I'd like to be the water where you float

The sins I made at seventeen  
Have started crashing down on me  
I'm swimming against the currents of regret  
That brought you to me

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It shows  
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I cut the rope

That I tied to the past  
I've always known  
I'd like to be the water where you float  
The water where you float.