

She wakes up at at 7: 30 sharp
To the sound of an alarm
Playing a harsh noise in lieu of a bell
Sits up in her bed and tries to reexamine
Her life choices and the voice in her head
Looks out the second story window that's still cracked from the
night before
A freezing wind blows under her shirt again
And it's probably not the first time and probably not the last
Blood-soaked sheets in a bath of red wine

Isn't it funny how our half-dead bodies intertwine?
She said, "Would it kill you to take your socks off at night?"

So she looks in the mirror for the third time this month
Into feeling safe and unsure in her skin
Despite constant encouragement from her family and her friends
She has kind of stopped breathing again

Isn't it funny how our half-dead bodies intertwine?
She said, "I miss when you made me feel nice"

So I sit up in my bed and try to reexamine
My life choices and the voice in my head
It is not about me
What can I do to make you see
I am lucky just to know you're alive?
Before you leave, make sure the door's locked twice