

Hanging

Spacey Jane

Spend all day, head down crying lately
Each thought comes faster than the last
Cigarettes in bed and one leg hanging off the edge
Seven dried-out bowls to mark a week since you last slept

And all day
We're feeding the monster, keeping the hormones down
I'm not scared of it but
I'm scared of myself, that's enough for the both of us
(Ah-ah, ah-ah
Ah-ah, ah-ah)

You're crying on the phone again
It tears me up, but you can't tell
An aching in your cheeks to say
You're smiling through your teeth again

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And you ask of me, when will I feel love again?
But I can't say that it's hard enough to feel okay

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