

# 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

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

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

And all day  
Feeding the monster, keeping the hormones down  
I'm not scared of it but  
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

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