

Sting

Sydney Ross Mitchell

The heat from the back of your neck
In the palm of my hand, I should know better
Than to touch you like that
My lipstick's on the edge of your glass
You look me in the eye as you're putting
Your mouth over mine

And I'm walking home alone
And I can't feel a thing
But the sting

But the sting
But the sting

You trap a spider in a jar, you're afraid of everything
Too kind to take its life, but too cruel to set it free
And I hate to think that that's all we'll ever be
You'll suffocate me

And I'm walking home alone
And I can't feel a thing
But the sting

But the sting
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But the sting (Not strong enough to let go, I'm strong enough to
hold on)
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