

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