

## Crowded Rooms

Terror Jr

Eyes, anybody wanna hide?  
Hanging like a teardrop  
Like sequins in a pitch black night (night)  
I'm running when I wanna fight  
Following my one true light  
Lipgloss on a gravel drive way

I was looking for a handout  
Every little breath you had  
I was looking for an invitation  
Set your heart on fire  
I was looking for a handout  
Every little breath you had

We start out cold in crowded rooms  
We slow this home in different shoes  
We never speak, we never have to

Eyes, looking for the place inside  
Where every little hurt you'll hide  
Walks out on to the stage

And I, I was looking for a handout  
Every little breath you had  
I was looking for an invitation  
Set your heart on fire  
I was looking for a handout  
Every little breath you had

We start out cold in crowded rooms  
We slow this home in different shoes  
We never speak, we never have to  
We start out cold in crowded rooms  
We slow this home, we slow this through  
We never touch, we never have to