

Faker, Ghosts

im an addicted romantic
i can feel the pins and needles up my back
up my back

im consistantly tragic
i can't touch you, if you fade in and out like that
i want you back

'cause it brings me down
like i've been hurt
all the things i
saw from death
all the things i
will not forget

you come home like a landslide
i can feel the pins and needles
sleep turned back, heart turned black

im particularly fragile
if my head exploded, would you put up with that?
dont do that

'cause it brings me down
like you've been hurt
all the things i
saw from death
and the weeks i'll
not forget

and the wheels as they turn
leave my heart and my head
scared red
and the weeks i
saw your death

the things i
saw from death
and the weeks i'll
not forget

and the wheels as they turn
leave my head and my heart
scared red
and the weeks i
saw your death