

Falling Up, Places

Playing my heart so many times
There's always a weak hand holding mine
Saying the way that I have said "This is the way"
Every scene is still the same
Just with a different faceless name
Falling and breaking, cleaning I am holding on so

CHORUS

This is where my heart is, longs to be
Hurting you, needing you
This is where I always want to be
Suffering

Every night you come to see beautiful faces playing me
And the fallen lives and crimson walls reflect my lines
Breaking through thoughts and mindless games
Your love is a whisper coming clean
And behind the curtains I can see you're not impressed with me

Can you take everything that I hold?
Will you wash away just what the past is?