

# Rachel Fuller, Wonderland

There's a little box in the corner  
Wrapped nicely to entice you and draw you in  
There's a note saying "Eat me";  
And against your better judgment  
You have to look inside  
But before you walk away  
Won't you take me in  
Won't you hear me when I say

I will hold you, I will catch you  
When you feel like you're falling  
When you feel like you're falling

And I will be near you, I will hear you  
When you are calling  
When you are calling

There's a bottle on the table with a label saying "drink me";  
Will you cross the line  
And you know you've been here a thousand times before intoxicated on the floor  
Will you reach back for more  
Cause pretty labels, pretty eyes

Will always hit me tight  
Will you hear me when I say

I will hold you, I will catch you  
When you feel like you're falling  
When you feel like you're falling  
And I will be near you, I will hear you  
When you are calling

Eat me, drink me, win me, lose me  
Either way you have to choose me  
Eat me, drink me, love me, hate me  
Either way you can't escape me

I will hold you, I will catch you  
When you feel like you're falling  
When you feel like you're falling  
And I will be near you, I will hear you  
When you are calling  
When you are calling