

# Alexz Johnson, Superstition

My hands are ice  
It's out of my control  
It's a change of heights  
See I wandered off the road  
But the superstition  
Gotta loosen up the rope  
See if there's a vision  
You gotta let it show  
But I'm looking in the mirror  
I'm in the middle  
Staying alive  
I'm trying not to fear her  
There's too much static  
She's hard to fight  
I'm hanging the receiver  
I'll call you later  
I need to save her  
And baby if you see her  
Tell her you love her  
So what is coming?  
It's out of my control  
You see I've got no power  
It's just electrical cords  
But there's a superstition  
Hang on to the hope  
If there's a vision  
You've gotta let it show  
I'm looking in the mirror  
I'm in the middle  
Staying alive  
I'm trying not to fear her  
There's too much static  
She's hard to fight  
I'm hanging the receiver  
I'll call you later  
I need to save her  
And baby if you see her  
Tell her you love her  
It's many faces I have seen  
Many ways in which I've loved  
Bandaged up the broken dove  
(Tell her you love her, oh tell her you love her)  
But I still believe that it can soar  
I believe that in my core  
Or tell me what are we here for?  
I'm looking in the mirror  
I'm in the middle  
Staying alive  
I'm trying not to fear her  
There's too much static  
She's hard to fight  
I'm hanging the receiver  
I'll call you later  
I need to save her  
And baby if you see her  
Tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Oh, tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Oh, tell her you love her

Tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Tell her you love her  
Oh, tell her you love her