

# Evans Blue, Pin-Up

You're not the first girl  
To dry her fears on her arms  
In hopes to capture  
All the memories that hunted you down  
You can sew your lips shut  
With your heart strings  
Cause God knows that you dont need them to hold yourself together

But dont look down because I dont know  
Falling is fatal from this height I know  
I should've never helped you up  
This high, this high

You're not the first girl  
To cut her fears in her arms  
Then let them trickle down  
Past memories to pools in your hands  
You can hang yourself with your heartstrings  
Cause I know you wont use them to hold yourself up anymore

But dont look down because I dont know  
Falling is fatal from this height I know  
I should've never helped you up  
This high, this high

Pull the needle from the back of my veins  
Pull the needle, pull the pin from my picture  
From my picture

And I will fall to the floor  
But you have to pull yourself together

But dont look down because I dont know  
Falling is fatal from this height I know  
I should've never helped you up  
This high, this high

This high, this high