

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