

Spill Canvas, Burning Up (Demo Version)

These poetrys are striking.
Resemblence to incidents that I've,
I've enjoyed before.

As you walk away, you take everything you own for granted.
And you take everything you own for granted.

Both:
I know everything I said was just a picture in my head.
And I think we can make it.

I know everything I said was just a picture in my head.
And I think we can make it.

Nick:
This looks exactly like something that's happened to me before.
And the letters you've written, will never get here.

When you walk away,
Both:
you take everything you own for granted.
And you take everything you own for granted.

Although everything I said was just a picture in my head.
And I think we can make it.

Although everything I said was just a picture in my head.
And I think we can make it.

Girl:
I'm buring up, my face is flushed.
Oh, my fever is rising.
I'm burning up, my face is flushed.
My fever is rising.

Both:
Muscles weakening and I am leaping in opportunities to touch you
and its becoming baringly obvious that

Nick: I'm still walking after you.

Both: I'm still walking after you.

Girl: I'm still walking after you.

Both: I'm still walking after you.

Girl: I'm still walking after you.

Both: I'm still walking after you.

Both: I'm still walking after you.

Girl: Walking after you.

Both: I'm still walking after you.

Both: I'm still walking after you.

Both: I'm still walking after you.

Girl: After you, after you.