

# Anadivine, Alcohol And Oxygen

\*These come straight from the CD book, so I know there right\*

A bar tap divided,  
with a stare at long eyes to hear ears.  
Hung on,  
a question that I might not work,  
last call, somewhere.  
Should I go home or stay here,  
Hold me up dear.

(chorus)  
A toast,  
to the one who poured out my regrets.  
A call to air I'll intake one last.  
I'll follow you home.  
Don't hold me up if your arms are breaking.  
I can't tell you enough.  
It's discouraging when you say,  
please hear me out with a curse to accents.  
Sentences you make,  
Sentences that make me ask...

A silence recited,  
as my voice just distorts in her ears.  
Rung out.  
Obsessive that she might solve all her problems.  
Should I hold on to my fears.  
Hear me out dear.

(chorus)  
A toast,  
to the one who poured out my regrets.  
A call to air, I'll intake one last.....  
\*guy: I'll follow you home....  
\*girl: I don't think that's a good idea...  
I'll follow you home.  
Don't hold me up, if your arms are breaking  
Can't tell you enough.  
It's discouraging when you say.  
Please hear me out with a curse to accents  
sentences you make.  
Sentences that make me ask...

\*screams: Everything you ever wanted  
died in the bottom of a bottle.  
You will never stomach but will  
never throw it up. A version of a  
virgin purified by a bleeding heart.  
You ruined my life. (You ruined my life)  
And it's never ending. (It's never ending)

This air spoiled by the times when you were here.  
And I feel like trying a new design,  
where your heart is put in a case.  
And I find that the beating just breaks down the walls.  
Hold me up dear.  
Should I go home or stay here.  
Hold me up dear.  
Should I hold on to my fears...