

Anchor & Braille, Inretrospect

I wake up beside you, tired and alone
Heat of the moment
Well this used to feel like home
Shouldn't have stayed here
Here in your bed
Leftover feelings raised from the dead
Is this heaven or is this hell
I'm too tired to think
Yeah, I'm too tired to tell
Is this is heaven or is this hell
I'm too tired to think
Yeah, I'm too tired to tell
You talk of green on grass
You had a way
But I can tell when you're lying, baby
Your lips move again
I may be lost here, here in your eyes
But these scars on my heart
Well they keep me in line
Is this heaven or is this hell
I'm too tired to think
Yeah, I'm too tired to tell
Is this heaven or is this hell
I'm too tired to think
Yeah, I'm too drunk, too drunk to tell
Is this heaven or is this hell
I'm too tired to think
Yeah, I'm too tired to tell
Is this heaven or is this hell
I'm too tired to think
Yeah, I'm too drunk, too drunk to tell