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