

Bless The Fall, Guys Like You Make Us Look Bad

You scream dont look, you scream dont touch
What have they done? What have I not?
And every time I think about your voice I
Start to tremble, and my throats aching
And anytime you need a shoulder, Im right here
Youve just gotta find a way.
She sits alone, tries to adjust
She cries please let me go I wont tell anyone
You scream dont look, please god dont touch
Oh god please help us, get her out of this