

# Dead Poetic, Ollie Otson

I see your eyes x-ray my insides.  
You're screaming death to me, waiting for me to die.  
I see your eyes x-ray my insides.  
The rockstar autopsy. You need what used to be.  
I see your eyes x-ray my insides.  
A stubborn glance, a chance to watch me all unwind  
I see your eyes x-ray my insides  
I wish you'd grab my hand 'cause we're falling fast.

You and me - looks like the last time we hold hands.

I want you back.  
I need you back.

I see your eyes x-ray my insides.  
This pedestal for me is getting way too high  
I see your eyes x-ray my insides.  
So either watch me fall or watch me die  
I see your eyes x-ray my insides.  
A stubborn glance, a chance to watch me all unwind  
I see your eyes x-ray my insides.  
I wish I had your hand, 'cause we're falling fast.

You and me - looks like the last time we hold hands.

I want you back.  
I need you back.

X-ray my inside.  
'Cause we're falling fast.

Looks like the last time we hold hands.  
Looks like the last time we hold hands.  
Looks like the last time.  
Looks like the last time.