

Eudora, Mind Over Murder

This could be it
Alive for heirlooms
Arrest your heart stops
Lying awake or
I'm just nodding off to the beat
If I lie here alone
Just until you come home
you know it wouldn't change a thing
But I'm sick of the mold
And this frames getting old
I lose my voice trying to scream
But you're wrong
You think you're killing me
I'm alright
But still I can't breathe on my own
What have we done?
To turn around, turn around and make it
All the lies you told and the truths getting old
So just lie here alone
Just until I come home
You know I wouldn't break the screen
But the window is cracked
And I keep losing track
Of all the fuck ups that we've seen