

# Gryner Emm, 89 Days Of Alcatraz

I want to burn the letters that I wrote you  
Over the phone today it felt like you were fading  
Losing interest and ready to leave  
Here I am thinking you were sent to save me  
I've had 89 days of Alcatraz  
Silly me thinking it was over  
89 days of losing my mind  
Silly silly me silly silly me  
So I keep walking I keep walking singing sometimes  
Feeling like a shit 'cause I know what's happening  
Investing like a rich girl, gambling like a Vegas idiot  
Putting out where I haven't much before  
You don't know who you got yourself into  
You don't know you don't know at all  
You don't know who you got yourself into  
You don't know you don't know  
You don't know you don't know  
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