

Lit, Quicksand

When I bring it up
You shut me out
SO i keep on writing letters to myself
Are you doing alright
Are you burning out
Are you happy with the way it turned out
Running out of you
Running out of you
And I know you'll be running out of me
Are you holding up
Are you caving in
Are you happy with the way things have been
Running out of you
Running out of you
And I know you'll be running out of me
When it starts sinking in
Like quicksand
I can't stand
Watching the best of me
Go down with
The worst of you
Are you doing alright
Are you burning out
Are you happy with the way things turned out
Running out of you
Running out of you
And I know you'll be running out of me