

# Machine Gun Kelly, In These Walls (My House, feat. PVRIS)

I feel you in these walls  
You're a cold air creeping in  
Chill me to my bones and skin  
I heard you down the hall  
But it's vacant when I'm looking in  
Oh, who let you in?  
You walk around like you own the place  
But you never say anything  
I caught you walking straight through my walls  
Guess it was all my fault  
I think I let you in

Look

You said I never wrote a song for you  
So I hope this one is haunting you  
You said even if it took forever  
That me and you would be together  
And I never thought that you would lie  
So I'll admit I took advantage of your precious time  
I'll admit I took advantage of you every night that I was on the road  
Even at home, I wouldn't do you right  
I'll admit it, but don't think for a minute I'ma let you  
Convince me that what we started is finished  
Or for a second that I wouldn't take a bullet to the head for you  
Paint the bottom of my floor red for you  
Kissed by an angel, touched by the devil  
Blood from a nose, red as a rose petal  
I think we're caught up in a power trip  
She my Kate Moss, I'm her Johnny Depp  
Life of a fast life in the fast lane  
Fights in the cab, nights drinkin' champagne  
Ice make it last, ice for the back pain  
With the knife on the dash, pipe with the ashtray  
And we fuck with the lights on, break a lamp shade  
Did it twice in the room, once in the matinée, oh  
Hide all the fresh wounds like a band-aid  
With the stripes on the black suits for the campaign, oh  
What a damn shame  
King of the underworld, what a damn name  
'Cause he killed all the other girls in the damn frame  
For a queen that he never realized had fangs  
Damn, do you feel what I'm sayin'?  
Take a knife in the back, wanna feel my pain  
Make a slice to the wrist to reveal those veins  
I could see your face, man I feel insane

Never thought that I would feel like this (Yeah)  
{Such a mess when I'm in your presence}  
{I've had enough} think you've been making me sick  
{Gotta get you out of my system, yeah}  
{It's my house}  
{I think it's time to get out}  
{It's my soul}  
{It isn't yours anymore}  
{It's my house}  
{I think it's time to get out}  
{Yeah, I think it's time to get out}

(Yeah, yeah, ooh, oh-oh)  
Yeah, I think it's time to get out