

Micah P. Hinson, You Lost Sight on Me

And you lost sight on me
Whilst the wind it blows so, cold wind
As if I disappeared
To thin, breathless air,
Drinking, bittersweet
And sometimes it seems
That you lost sight on me

And don't lead me on
And don't break my heart
You know it's breakable
You know it's sweet

And what shall I do
When it finally crumbles away
Pick up all these years
That I seen myself throw away
To where I know it will be safe
From all your broke
All your broken hearts