

Nothing Ever Stays, These Strings Will Tell

Thinking of the ones we've left at home...discovering new meaning through a phone...as this white
The first time, she cared for, everything that was so dear to me, i sang her, to sleep once, somethin

1st chorus:

my fingers, press the steel, it tells me what to sing, this heart beats like a drum, to keep your feet in

2nd vs.

Everything that's done runs through my brain...everything she said seems to leave a stain. Someth
The last time, she murdered, everything that was so dear to me. With tongues tied, i whisper, some

2nd chorus:

my fingers, press her skin, it tells me what to say, her hear beats like a drum, to keep her song in r

And whatever happens now, is not just up to me, look through your tears to watch me bleed. It was

Now i see behind these eyes of blue...cause behind the brown would never do. I try and sing a son