

Something With Numbers, The Last Thing On My

If I was falling through the air in a coffin filled with rocks
You would be the last thing on my mind.

Leaving with or without
The endless doubtless doubt
And I'm sure that you'll keep holding onto what you got
It feels like I'm tearing apart, it feels like your taking apart of me

If I was falling through the air in a coffin filled with rocks
Falling towards the sea from way up high
There'd be a million things that I'd be thinking of
And you would be the last thing on my mind

Now that I've busted out
living in lesser doubt
And now I'm the one that's holding onto what
I've got It feels just like we never met
it feels just like I never met you

If I was falling through the air in a coffin filled with rocks
Falling towards the sea from way up high
There'd be a million things that I'd be thinking of
And you would be the last thing on my mind.

Sometimes I can feel you inside my spine
I pray to death to erase you from my mind
Cause what you say Is what I have to do?

The only one that lies besides me is you.