## Sugarcult, Crashing Down

I've got something up my sleeve that I don't wanna show you 'Cause everytime I bleed, I make a fool of me I've got shaky little fingers, that hold on to your grip You've got wrapped around my world So tight that I can't breathe I'm suffocating

We come crashing down Everytime we go this far again We come tumbling down Everytime we go this far again Everytime we go

I've got nothing that I hide, except for what's inside I keep it all locked up in this prison we call love I'm suffocating

We come crashing down
Everytime we go this far again
We come tumbling down
Everytime we go this far again
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