

# 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  
Everytime we go  
Everytime we go  
Everytime we go  
Everytime we go  
Everytime we go

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

We come crashing down  
We come tumbling down

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