

Sugarcult, We Come Crashing Down

i've got something up my sleeve that i don't want to 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
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