

The Spill Canvas, Aim Snap Fall

Aim, snap, fall
The bitter wind weaved it's way
Through the trees so tall
Colors invading sight
I think I've found my new addiction tonight
The phone call
Left me paralyzed from the waist down
The pureness of it all
And then your siren began to sing
I know this may be redundant
But I think it bares repeating
I think I've found my other half
I swear I've found my better half
I think I've found my other half
I swear I've found my better half
I think I've found my other half
I swear I've found my better half
Here we go