

# Dry Lips

DÃ°nÃ©

So now I'm holding in my sides  
And my bags are over spilling  
This leads me to think  
My guts have started to boil  
And my stomach keeps on spinning  
Thank you, my friendsThe next stop is not echo park  
So I shut my eyes, I'll pretend instead  
You don't have to tell me this is wrong  
I know but I can't erase two years of my life  
Even in my dreams if you turn up I'm unhappyI take a step and carve all the horns  
The wings are trapped in the door  
I sure feel the spit  
And everyone is staring, it's all so overwhelming  
If they didn't look would I still complain?  
Of course I wouldA disquieting preoccupation  
The keys to a nightmare which I taped  
And made sure I watched daily  
This required a careful touch and a swinging chain  
Put the salty water in my broken woundsTell her I give up, he's won  
I have lost all my humanity  
Tell her I give up  
I give this planet another ten years at leastSarah, my sweet, Sarah, my treat  
Tell her, tell her, tell her, tell her  
Tell her, tell her

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