

# Cringe

## Like Vultures

Wide eyed, knee deep in surprise  
Just below your thighs, the temperature drops 5 degrees  
Your standby flight has just arrived  
Tongue tied, bleeding from your eyes  
Even Christ Himself would cringe at the sight of your scars  
While you're counting sheep, I'll count my lucky stars  
You were the last good thing I ever saw  
And I lost it all, I lost it all  
Burned out on 2 hours of shut eye  
Eyes glazed at the thought of the next 8 hours  
Headwind, cold rain to wake me  
You were the last good thing I ever saw

Lyrics provided by

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