

# Walls

## Emery

Are you listening?  
We write a thousand pages, they're torn and on the floor  
Headlights hammer the windows, we're locked behind these doors  
And we are never leaving, this place is part of us  
And all these scenes repeating are cold to the touch  
My hands seem to deceive me  
When I'm nervous or when I'm healthy  
The scenery's all drawn  
They hang here from the walls dear  
Painting pictures, bleeding colors  
Blanket the windows  
Sometimes it gets so hard to breathe  
Your eyes see right through me  
These fights with your arms left beside  
It's one thing and one more says goodnight  
You've got the map, come get to me  
These knuckles break before they bleed  
Tear out these veins that own my heart  
This skin that wears your lasting marks  
I've built these walls, come get to me  
Come get to me  
Is this your lesson, a slight discretion  
The lines that keep you, the lines that sweep you  
Lock the doors from the inside  
Your face is so contagious, it wears announcements  
It leaves me breathless, I won't forget this  
I won't forget  
Sometimes it gets so hard to breathe  
Your eyes see right through me  
Let the walls have their say  
Let the walls have their say  
Let the walls have their say  
Let the walls have their say  
Have their say  
There's no conversation, words without remorse  
And this television drowns the only source  
Wake from these dreams of you in my arms  
To the staircase where you hold my heart  
This place, these walls mean everything to me

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