

# Fallin

Chrishan

I swear I've been here before  
There's a war in my heart  
It's like my chest is a thorn, it's been torn from the start  
The picture painted is warped, the heart is aching and scared  
Music is the bandaid, I'm too afraid to take this shit off  
Another drink at the bar, but I'm not drunk enough  
Each shot burns less but the chest is not numbing up  
A voice keeps talking in my head and I'ma fuck him up  
Fill the gun with lead and bust until the punk shuts him up  
Emo's and rockers, and rockers and emo's and another shot of vodka to put myself above of my ego  
There's a door to my conscious, I can't unlock it and see the people  
This angel held my baggage then vanished, like: "where did she go?"  
I was beside her, but I was walking by myself though  
Break the silence with my cellphone, it doesn't help though  
I can't believe that this is happening, sinking under the depression I've been here before  
and now I'm back again I keep fallin, I keep fallin, I keep fallin down the rain  
Keeps pourin, Keeps pourin, I don't know if I can get up today  
I keep fallin, I keep fallin, I keep fallin down the rain  
Keeps pourin, Keeps pourin, I don't know if I can get up today 6 A.M. hung over. leave my booty call watch the  
sun rise

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