The Shake

Kisschasy

The scratching of paper and pen reminds me Of a song I wrote two years back I remember each and every line like a photo Glued to the lids of my eyesThe shiver of my wheezing chest reminds me Of the way I felt two years back And as we lose all track of time I feel her Breathe like ice on the tip of my spineThe shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep The shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleepI wait for the bed to get warm as my eyes Adjust to the darkest light form And as I start to drift away youre the shake That pulls me back to this state. The shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep The shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleep, the shake before I sleepYoure the shake

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