

Better Part Of Me

House Of Fools

Gliding like a bird
I pick the blue out of your eyes
Hi-jack a plane to France
If we could watch the moon and dance across the street into above, I would never leave
but i know i have to go sometime
your hold on me is stronger than the alcohol that's slowly killing me
so i'm searching for the better
searching for the better
the better part of me for the better part of me turning up the fan
to keep the smoke out of my eyes so that i can see
like a cloudy sky
i'm holding on and staying high
trying to believe but we all have to go some time
your hold on me is stronger than the gravity that's slowly crushing me
so i'm searching for the better
searching for the better
the better part of me for the better part of me

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