

Awful Things

From Indian Lakes

(Do do da, do do da
Do do da, do do...)My thoughts are slowly coming out loud.
I flinch each time I hear them out loud.
I guess I know what it's like now,
to be honest.
To see what I'm hiding
in the closet.
Do I still look the same to you now,
am I still clean enough?(Do do da, do do da...)We slowly sink into cigarette ash.
You sleep while I tip the bottle back.
I guess we've seen what it's like now,
to be lovers.
To scream that we're nothing
without each other.
Can I lay back and close my eyes
and pretend you're mine?(Do do da, do do da...)Have we made a fool of love?
Have we taken all the good away?
If we're not supposed to be alone,
then I'm begging you to stay
here.I saw your face in the mirror last night.
Blood stained your clothes,
bags under your eyes.
I guess you've heard what I'm like now,
just a body.
You're haunting our bedroom
and the hallway.
And I still hear your voice in my head,
saying awful things.

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