

# Lungs Like Gallows

## Senses Fail

I give blood  
That I broke from myself that I get better to someone else  
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands  
To put your faith in the desert sand  
The winners always There are gallows deep inside my minds  
The clear I hung ambition  
Is it love that's knocking right on my back door?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors  
Getting seven more I give blood without any cause but wish I could give up the person I was  
Holding my breath would help everything went to hell so now I still from the I am screaming at my own shadow  
to stop living like a ghost  
Is it love that's knocking right on my backdoor?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I'm indoors  
Getting seven more I don't need a, 20 years of naming that cause I'm not done screaming it you can call up the  
intervention  
Cause I don't need your attention Is it love that's knocking right on my backdoor?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders  
I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I'm indoors

Songwriters

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