

Map The Streets

Senses Fail

If I fall or trip back into love
I'm going to bring a ladder and gloves
So I can climb right back out
If there's ever even a shred of doubt
I'm gonna bring a flashlight too and
Leave a trail and stick to the plan
You can get real lost down there if you're not sure
Of the foreign territory
There are times when the path gets blurry
And the wrong turn feels right
But who would want me anyway?
I'm a lush with broken parts of paper-m

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>