

# Rips into the Bone

## July Child

When the morning comes and our bodies lie way too close,  
See your breath in the air like it don't care where it blows. You think I don't see it, you think I don't feel it,  
Don't try to deceive me, it rips into the bone.  
Wanting and needing, how long will be here?  
How long will I be here?

It rips into the bone. When the evening comes and the drinks flow way too smooth,  
Riding up to the stars in our own cars, all too soon. You think I don't see it, you think I don't feel it,  
Don't try to deceive me, it rips into the bone.  
Wanting and needing, how long will be here?  
How long will I be here?

It rips into the bone. When the morning comes and our bodies lie way too close,  
See your breath in the air like it don't care where it blows. You think I don't see it, you think I don't feel it,  
Don't try to deceive me, it rips into the bone.  
Wanting and needing, how long will be here?  
How long will I be here?  
It rips into the bone.

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