

Pin-up

Evans Blue

You're not the first girl
To dry her fears on her arms
In hopes to capture
All the memories that hunted you down
You can sew your lips shut
With your heart strings
'Cause God knows you don't need them
To hold yourself together
But don't look down because I don't know
Falling is fatal from this height, I know
I should've never helped you up
This high, this high
You're not the first girl
To cut her fears in her arms
Then let them trickle down
Past memories to pools in your hands
You can hang yourself
With your heartstrings
'Cause I know you won't use them
To hold yourself up anymore
But don't look down because I don't know
Falling is fatal from this height, I know
I should've never helped you up
This high, this high
Pull the needle from the back of my veins
Pull the needle, pull the pin from my picture
From my picture
And I will fall to the floor
But you have to pull yourself together
But don't look down because I don't know
Falling is fatal from this height, I know
I should've never helped you up
This high, this high, this high, this high

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