

# 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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