Hid in the Little Things

Zander Hawley

All my demons
All my wars
I'm obsessed with fire
The way it soars
No lover I'm not tired
Just a little bored
With you
No love is ever new

Lord have mercy
For I'm unkind
My hands are dirty
And I've little time
Just know that I'm not sorry
For half of my crimes
Cause hid in the little things
Are all my darkest dreams
I'd like to let you see

I'm not a hunter
This isn't hide and yearn
This is urgent love
There's much kore danger
Do I love her still
Does it matter
On the windowsill
With no ladder

All my women
All their words
I'm obsessed with fire
The way it burns
No lover I'm not tired
But I wish you were
Cause only when you're asleep
Can I just rest my feet
I'm sick of love
And I wish you were sick of me

Oh, I think I'm falling apart

I kind of like the way I feel when I'm hurt
I'm not a decent man when I'm all alone

Lyrics Submitted by Mcfuzzyfuzzles

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