Alive

The Careful Ones

you may say that I am alive
but I'm just breathing
and you say that I will be fine
but I'm dead when I'm leavingcause fine doesn't mean all the finer things
fine doesn't mean living at all
whether I eat or I sleep if you're there walking with me
watch your world fall apartand these letters on my hand
they might fade when I get old
they work to remind me
and I try to let it go but this rhythm on hold
but your face finds me

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