

The Foreboding Sense of Impending Happiness

Him

By your heart strings I'm hanging from a dream,
Gently swinging in the warm autumn breeze. Come look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up.
Look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up, no more. Tip toeing along a strand of your hair suspended
between,
These thoughts and actions miles above reality. Come look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up.
Look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up. Come look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up.
Look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up. Look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up.
Look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up. Look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up.
Look at the scars, smother a heart, opening up. Opening up, opening up, opening up, opening up.
Look at the scars, you open me up, open me up.
Smother a heart, opening up, opening up.
Look at the scars, you open me up, opening up, open me up

Songwriters

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