

Kylie

William Fitzsimmons

She spent most her life on the floor with her heart
To this she's condemned and can never be part
She tries by herself on a debt to pay
I don't think today's gonna be her day Those cuts on her arm didn't come from shame
This past in denial and accusation
Those thoughts in her head will soon come true
A tragic display of dreamers consumed The hand cannot reach to the phone of her soul
Perhaps that's the lesson I've got to know
Her body was found on a Sunday morn
Her spirit found rest her heartbeat unturned And I will sleep to get there
And I will sleep together
And I will sleep to get there
And I will sleep together

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