

# Map the Streets

## Senses Fail

If I fall or trip back into love  
I'm going to bring a ladder and gloves  
So I can climb right back out  
If there's ever even a shred of doubt I'm gonna bring a flashlight too and  
Leave a trail and stick to the plan  
You can get real lost down there if you're not sure Of the foreign territory  
There are times when the path gets blurry  
And the wrong turn feels right But who would want me anyway?  
I'm a lush with broken parts of paper-mch  
And I have nothing left to give, I don't think I ever did There are times when I wish that someone  
Would help me find the person I was  
So give me a detailed map of the streets  
Spelling out the traffic patterns and beats I'm finding safety in lines  
They are painted so they can guide  
Empty tanks, broken wheels take me home Right now I find myself dangling  
On the edge, try not to fall in  
Back to where I came from But who would want me anyway?  
I'm a lush with broken parts of paper-mch  
And I have nothing left to give, I don't think I ever did Because I dove in way too deep with rocks tied to me  
I should have had a plan  
'Cause now these ropes won't come free I do not have faith if I did then I would feel safe  
I would wait here for fate but it's conveniently late  
The bottom is a place that I know too well So who would want me anyway?  
I'm a lush with broken parts and I'll never change  
And I have nothing left to give, I don't think I ever did I wish I could find the person that I was  
I always thought that I'd be happy if I was loved  
But I have nothing left to give, I don't think I ever did

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