Better Part Of Me

House Of Fools

Dining like a bird,
I pick the blue out of your eyes.
Hijack a plan to France.
If we could watch the moon,
Dance across the street into a bar,
I would never leave,
But I know I'll have to go sometime.
Your hold on me is stronger than the alcohol,
That's slowly killing me.So I'm searching for the better,
Searching for the better,
The better part of me.
For the better part of me.Turning up the flame,
To keep the smoke out of my eyes
So that I can see.
Like a cloudy sky,
I'm holding on and staying up,
Trying to believe we all have to go sometime.
Your hold on me is stronger than the gravity,
That's slowly crushing me.So I'm searching for the better,
Searching for the better,
The better part of me.
For the better part of me.

Songwriters
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