

Walls (Live Acoustic)

Emery

Are you listening?
We write a thousand pages
They're torn and on the floor
Headlights hammer the windows
We're locked behind these doors
And we are never leaving
This place is part of us
And all these scenes repeating
Are cold to the touch My hands seem to deceive me
When I'm nervous or when I'm healthy
The scenery's all drawn.
They hang here from the walls dear
Painting pictures, bleeding colors
Blanket the windows
Sometimes it gets so hard to breathe
Your eyes see right through me
These fights with your arms left beside
One thing and one more says goodnight
You've got the map come get to me
These knuckles break before they bleed
Tear out these veins that own my heart
This skin that wears your lasting marks
I've built these walls come get to me, come get to me
Is this your lesson, a slight discretion
The lines that keep you, the lines that sweep you
Lock the doors from inside
Your face is so contagious, it wears announcements
It leaves me breathless, I won't forget this, I won't forget
Let the walls have their say
This time the walls will have their say No conversation, without remorse
And this television drowns the only source
Wake from these dreams of you in my arms
To the staircase where you hold my heart
This place, these walls mean everything to me

Songwriters

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