

Map The Streets

Senses Fail

If I fall or trip back into love I'm gonna bring a ladder and gloves,
So I can climb right back out if there is 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 foreign territory there are times when the path gets blurry and the wrong turn feels right. But who would want
me anyways?
I'm a lush with broken parts of paper mache.
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,
Or give me a detailed map of the streets spelling out the traffic patterns in beeps.
I am finding safety in lines, they are painted so they can guide.
Empty tanks and broken wheels take me home.
Right now I find myself dangling on the edge trying not to fall in back where I came from. 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.

Songwriters

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