Wake Up

clipping.

The chance that he ever reaches any place
Suitable to support life in his lifetime's pretty low
(Get low) Pretty low, (Get low) pretty low, (Get low) pretty low (Get low)
And the chances of him of ever seeing anybody
That he knows are even lower so he's making up his mind to just go
(Let go) Just go, (Let go) just go, (Let go) just go (Let go)
So it's one shot in the arm (One shot in the arm)
Hazy in the head (Hazy in the head)
Set the timer once (Set the timer once)
Lay down in the bed (Lay down and)
Close the hatch trying to clear your mind
'Cause nightmares and alarms blowing kill the time
If you have a God say something sublime
Deep breath and leave it behind you ready to
Jump
Be right here when you wake up
(Jump) Be right here when you wake up
(Jump) Be right here when you wake up
(Jump) Be right here when you wake up
(Jump) There'll be no here when you wake up
(Jump) There'll be no here when you wake up
(Jump) There'll be no here when you wake up
(Jump) There'll be no here when you wake upSlow blood
Slow blood
Slow bloodSomewhere in sleep is a brainstorm
And the EKG spikes and the
Nerves fire like flies lightly and
Die slightly each night alright alright alright
It's an artifact apparently
Similar to a muscle memory
And he grabs her ropes and chokes back songs like
Tears like stars like gears and moving
Picture's picture perfect
Paint a perfect picture perforate it
Rip it up into a thousand jagged edges
He's embarrassed of the love he has
For things you never knew
Didn't you know
Happiness is waiting at your door

In a sleek black dress and a kiss that says "hello"
And a thick black mess and a mom that says "don't go"
And a cul-de-sac so cold it'll hold you close when the
Stores all close and the clothes so thin to begin with
When the wind rips they blow
Pretty low, (Get low) pretty low, (Get low) pretty low, (Get low) pretty low (Get low)
Just go, (Let go) just go, (Let go) just go, (Let go) just go (Let go)Slow blood (I follow the stars when the sun goes to bed)
Slow blood (Everything I've ever known is long dead)
Slow blood (I can't go back home cause I wanna be free)
Slow blood (Someone tell the others what's become of me)

Songwriters
STEVEN KAPLAN, WILLIAM MORAN HUTSON, DAVEED DIGGS, JONATHAN RALEIGH SNIPESPublished by
Lyrics Â© Fintage House Publishing, Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/