

Lungs Like Gallows (Live On Fuel TV: Daily Habit)

Senses Fail

I give blood
That I broke from myself that I get better to someone else
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands
To put your faith in the desert sand
The winners always There are gallows deep inside my minds
The clear I hung ambition
Is it love that's knocking right on my back door?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors
Getting seven more I give blood without any cause but wish I could give up the person I was
Holding my breath would help everything went to hell so now I still from the I am screaming at my own shadow
to stop living like a ghost
Is it love that's knocking right on my backdoor?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I'm indoors
Getting seven more I don't need a, 20 years of naming that cause I'm not done screaming it you can call up the
intervention
Cause I don't need your attention Is it love that's knocking right on my backdoor?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders
I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I'm indoors

Songwriters

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