

# Red Lights and Rooftops

## Southcott

Wake up, wake up,  
We can't keep sleeping on the job,  
I'm watching my neck for knives,  
    You plant beneath my jaw,  
        and when he receives,  
            everything he needs,  
                if he leaves,  
                    don't come crawling back to me.  
Oh no my phone is ringing off the hook,  
    You're on the other end,  
        Reason enough to not pick up,  
            Or rather I'll tie the phone  
                cord around my neck,  
                    If I'm not breathing for you,  
I'd rather not breath at all, Oh no it's happening again tonight,  
    I'm taking your phone calls,  
        And listening to you cry,  
            Does it even matter,  
                Matter at all,  
                    That I'm restless in my sleep,  
                        This is the last thing I need,  
                            Last thing I need.

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