

# Over You (feat. B. Lewis)

## Grieves

The fruit of happiness falls at the feet of agony  
You push your pins in the replica you have of me  
I look at you and can't figure out what attracted me  
To such an ugly terrible person, girl you are past belief. But all of that is trivial  
Running with a handful of scissors down a slippery hill  
Old clock radio, sittin on the windowcill  
Allowing me to listen to the music while our time together gets me killed Maybe I'm just dumb, or maybe I  
believe in something you assume is never gonna come  
My last thread's wrapped around your thumb, plan to take another step and I swear to God I'll snap it right in  
front of you  
Sold, you're taking me for granted, I don't know if anybodies told you but your damaged.  
Heart made of granite that's been bleedin' through the bandages  
And judging by your smile, it's been going exactly just how you planned it  
Why you gotta push me, to the limit.  
Why you gotta hold me down  
You're quicksand, you're a sinkhole, you're the fall beneath my step  
You got me fallin', out of love, and tryin' to land. You're a sickness, you're a fever, you're the itch beneath my  
skin  
You're a virus, you're a cancer, you're making my world spin  
You're a toxin, and infectious, and it rots me to the bone  
And I don't know just how to get over you  
(Get over you) Your pain swells inside you like a cyclone  
Dragging your nails across my back like a fine comb  
We found eachother, at the bottom of a mine hole  
You were tryin' to get a blood diamond out of my coal Diggin', Pushin', Trying to find my tipping point  
You toss me up and spin me 'round like a flipping coin  
I've tried leaving; everytime that I hit the door  
I'm turning right around like I've forgotten what I went there for  
Shit, maybe I'm a moron  
Maybe I enjoy being the flame your lighter fluid is poured on  
I keep swimming 'till the shores gone  
Either I'ma drown in the moment, or disappear to the foreground You reel me in and cast me out, that's the way  
it goes  
I call it love, you turn your back and tell me no one knows  
I know it's killing, and judging by your clothes  
You've been waiting for a funeral to go to so I'm fuckin' sick of it  
Why you gotta push me, to the limit.  
Why you gotta hold me down  
You're quicksand, you're a sinkhole, you're the fall beneath my step

You got me fallin', out of love, and tryin' to land.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>