

89 Days Of Alcatraz

Emm Gryner

I want to burn the letters that I wrote you
Over the phone today it felt like you were fading
Losing interest and ready to leave
Here I am thinking you were sent to save me
I've had 89 days of Alcatraz
Silly me thinking it was over
89 days of losing my mind
Silly silly me silly silly me
So I keep walking I keep walking singing sometimes
Feeling like a shit 'cause I know what's happening
Investing like a rich girl, gambling like a Vegas idiot
Putting out where I haven't much before
You don't know who you got yourself into
You don't know you don't know at all
You don't know who you got yourself into
You don't know you don't know
You don't know you don't know