

Lost my grip and my vision gone dull  
I swing my hip like a dancer gone numb  
I saw your shadow, saw the skeleton run  
Now something's missing from my memory of □ you  
You shake my world from my ground to my head  
Distant noise that wake me out of bed  
I listen as the walls cave in  
I'm hanging on 'cause your memories spin on

I lost my grip, I balanced it on a piece of paper  
True in one trip, it's weaving in  
And I wait for later  
Who is leaning in on my yes to be?  
Who is sneaking in, is sneaking in on me, on me?

I cut a house in half and turn a frown  
Distant painted walls and letters upside down  
I try to hold on, I try to hold on but you're gone  
Then I try to let go but your memory's still on

I lost my grip, I balanced it on a piece of paper  
True in one trip, it's weaving in  
And I wait for later  
Who is leaning in on my yes to be?  
Who is sneaking in, is sneaking in on me, on me?

On me, on my