

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

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True in one trip, it's weaving in
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Who is leaning in on my yes to be?
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On me, on my