

Damsel in Distress

Neck Deep

We'll stay up late
I'll end up sleeping on the floor,
The people here are nothing new
I'll see how I'm feeling...
Nah, fuck this I'm leaving
Conversation is wearing thin,
I don't even know whose house this is,
I kinda wish I just stayed home,
But Friday night is boring on my own

And then she makes her entrance,
Stumbles defenseless through the door,
Her dirty tricks hid up her sleeve,
She's done this a thousand times before

You can brag, you can gloat,
Eat your words, hope you choke
But the grass on your side doesn't seem so green,
All the shit that you spoke,
Will you sink? Will you float?
Will you hang by a rope from the old oak tree?

She's a witch
She's a mess
She's a waste of time,
Damsel in distress on a steep decline,
When all she wants is someone to keep her warm

Maybe I'll walk home on my own to sleep it off,
And think about some things as I stumble through the dark,
But the only glimpse of me in her I could see,
Was in her left wing mirror staring back at me
Now you're at home I guess you're alone again,
It's 5am as she stumbles to bed
Plays out thoughts in her head,
Falls asleep then wakes up wishing she was
Dead and disgusted with those who she's trusted,
To just be fucked over and left in the dust,
So she'll cling to her bottle.
And hope that tomorrow she won't sit and wallow again

She's a witch
She's a mess
She's a waste of time,
Damsel in distress on a steep decline,
When all she wants is someone to keep her warm
She's 21 next year but she's lost her mind,
She fucks it up almost every time she tries,
She grabbed my hand as I walked her to her door