

# To My Better Angel

Northstar

I lost all faith today in suicidal featherweights  
With broken wrists and weaker fists  
This is the last fight I'll give away  
And there's something terrible locked in her attic,  
So I'm told  
I can feel it on my face  
I still feel you everywhere

And operator I can't hold much longer,  
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on  
And operator I can't hold much longer,  
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on

'Cause there's a spot by a bathroom door  
Where I dropped so fast straight through the floor  
When I lost my grip on everything  
Eight feet under water is where we dare  
Our locked lips keep out the water and the liars  
Full of nothing but air

So if anybody talks of me  
Tell them I am never coming home again,  
Tell them I am gone

There's a place that I might fit in,  
But it reeks of where we've been  
Perfect footprints from our feet  
That our haunted just by me  
To the lady of the hour, liquor love is all the rage  
Your skin feels way too sour and I've lost my sense of taste

And operator I can't hold much longer,  
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on  
And operator I can't hold much longer,  
Can't hold much longer, can't hold on

There's a hole that we all fall in  
Where we fight for oxygen  
That's where I caught my grip and became King  
Eight feet undercover, don't forget that I'm here  
Warm secrets under covers with new friends  
And your holiday lovers

So if anybody talks of me  
Tell them I am never coming home again,  
Tell them I am gone

If anybody talks of me  
Tell them I am never coming home again,  
Tell them I am gone

So if anybody talks of me  
Tell them I'll be gone forever  
Without these scars that are completely invisible