

Map the Streets

Senses Fail

If I fall or trip back into love
I'm gonna bring a ladder and gloves
So I can climb right back out
If there is ever even a shred of doubt
I'm gonna bring a flashlight too and
Leave a trail and stick to the plan
You can get real lost down there if you're not sure
Of the foreign territory
There are times when the path gets blurry
And the wrong turn feels right

But who would want me anyway?
I'm a lush with broken parts of paper mache
I have nothing left to give
I don't think I ever did

There are times when I wish that someone
Would help me find the person I was or give me
A detailed map of the streets
Spelling out the traffic pattern in beeps
I am finding safety in lines
They are painted so they can guide
Empty tanks and broken wheels take me home
Right now I find myself dangling
On the edge trying not to fall in
Back to where I came from

But who would want me anyway?
I'm a lush with broken parts of paper mache
I have nothing left to give
I don't think I ever did

Because I dove in way too deep with rocks tied to me
I should have had a plan cause now these ropes won't come free
I do not have faith
If I did then I would feel safe
I would wait here for fate but it's conveniently late
The bottom is a place that I know too well

So who would want me anyway?
I'm a lush with broken parts and I'll never change.
And I have nothing left to give
I don't think I ever did
I wish that I could find the person that I was,
I always thought that I'd be happy if I was loved,
But I have nothing left to give.
I don't think I ever did.