

## 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.