

Helpless / Bloodlines, Pt. II

Sir Sly

It 's not that I'm lost,
I know exactly where I am
I'm in the middle of a mess that I don't understand
Why does it feel like the world's stealing every single thing t
hat I have?
I only got the air in my chest and even that won't last

What do I do here?
What'll I do if I lose you?
What do I do here?
What'll I do?

I feel helpless

I go home and I'm naked as the day I was born
It 's like a ghost town, empty save the windows and doors
Why does it feel like the world's stealing every single thing t
hat I have?
If even home don't feel like home then I know it's the end

So what do I do here?
What'll I do if I lose you?
What do I do here?
What'll I do?

I feel helpless

Everything I know is finally gone
The things I had, the ones I love
Again
Again

All the words that I had once believed
I'm not sure we'll ever meet again
Again

Waiting on your bloodlines
Waiting on your bloodlines again
How could you make me wait?

Draw a picture with your bloodlines
A picture with your bloodlines
A thousand words then escape