

Coming Down

Switches

Have you seen my mind? It's not the same again
I'm feeling tired, but looking wired
Cement my rules, chicane my hand away
I know this truth, and so do you

I think I'm coming down off something
I could be coming down off something
I must be coming down off something called love

I know your type; I've seen the films they made
Who knows what's more, and that's the score
Don't call my friends, forgot their names again
I've broken low, a shimmered stone

I think I'm coming down off something
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