

Working Title, The "P.S"

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State your reason...

We all went home to search ourselves
There's no one left to feed us now
We all want more then what we have
Just pick me up and let me down

State your reason
For cushioning your fall
I call it treason
Please share with me your thoughts

I've learned to find my place to hide
My circus of rust and lies
We take it down, these holy ties
Just run away and follow blind

Do you enter lives without knocking or warning?
Do you count the lies and pace the night 'til morning?

(Maybe I never would of felt this way)
(Maybe I'm wrong to walk away)

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