

Comadre "Tannerism"

Visit "[Tannerism](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I am sick of noise, I am sick of toys, I want more. Just like "I want the moon" there's got to be more than just comfort. Feels like we're knocking on all the wrong doors. Give me the gold. I am selling this city that once sold me hope and burning the cash, cuz I've got no room for failure, and rainy days are found in the back of my throat. I am losing again and nothing has ever felt better, give up the chance and call us the poorman's sunsetters [upsetters] but something or someone must be keeping me breathing. This time I am gonna stay in bed with all my mistakes and start to turn off my books and turn on my chest. I'll conquer this world with just my hands full of sheets and these eyes thick with sleep. So please please please please please let me kill what I got.

Visit [Comadre](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.