

## **Ember Swift**

# **"Show Up Outside"**

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I am a sort of junkie, I am addicted to you. Start this song off with a little clichd imagery Sure to catch a few. Sure to catch a few...well anyway You are in my viens and I can feel you climbing past the peaks and all the chiming church bells Pray to God that I will not fall face-flat in the bathtub, crying. But I am not a drug addict And this love, that's it, oh that's it. I think I've had it, I've had it Right Through My Soul. I've had this love right through my Soul. And sometimes I feel myself tightly curl up. And hope you will swoop down and scoop me up Because I know we have severely fucked up. And I'm hoping that this mess will clean up Because sometime, Sometime, Sometime we're gonna have to, Sometime we're gonna have to show up. We're gonna have to Show Up Outside. Show Up Outside, Outside, Outside No one can care less when you close your apartment, your apparent door They care less and less more and more these days but I never said I'd be the one to care I don't like anyone getting in my head Most days I deny you are even there And I guess you don't like what I just said, Oh No. And I feel more safe to be lost, more lost to be safe. It's a homemade fog to further complicate things And I feel more safe to be lost, more lost to be safe That's the way it is.

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