

## **Ettison Clio**

# **"London, We Deserve Everything"**

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No regrets I say as he slips through my fingers.  
What's unexpected can't be expected to last.  
Attempts are futile.  
I can't disguise my disappointment.  
This haunting reoccurrence, the reassurance  
that his pen and paper are soaked with images of me.

Do you still think of me?

These times of change I deserve all that is coming to  
me.  
Give anything for a chance to get away.  
I'd risk everything if I knew what was stopping me.  
I've only scratched the surface and yet my nails begin  
to bleed.  
What's left inside will remain hidden.  
These ties that bind my hands are so hard to see.  
I'm so afraid of missing out on something I lose myself  
in the threat of no guarantees.

Oh these times of change I deserve all that is coming  
to me.  
Give anything for a chance to get away from here.  
I'd risk everything if I knew what was stopping me.

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