

Eyedea

"Hay Fever"

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Im not shit Im champagne
Lets all go home, kill ourselves in our radios
Wheres my head?
This isnt mine.
Nobody loves a thing, Everyones fucking crazy.
In control, its not my fault
Theyll be sorry once i skin them.
Scared to life, a painless death
Make sure she knows I love her right before she floats
away
I cant here you, screams too loud.
All my ideas become perfect little blind-spots.
Fold me in, tucked away.
Im starting to think I never learn what I need to learn
All things pass.
We bruise skin.
Holding on to things we shouldnt be allowed to keep.
Make them proud.
Dredged in guilt.
Call me when the miracle reduces to coincidence.

My casted wings are almost nubs now
I cant feel thing just like you promised

I was always bad at being good
I was always bad at being good
I was aways bad...

Theres no hell harsher than a memory
Theres no home more hell than an empty nest
Winter takes the warm away
spring takes the cold away
summer takes the rain away
and fall took away my friend
i believe theres never a place better than right where
you are
although imagining an after life can tend to mend a
broken heart over someone dead
its a way of coping with loss
but i dont need you out there if i have you in my
thoughts

I dont envy anyone in a position where theyre forced to
choose
To pull the plug or not
I cant tell if this is for me or you
I mean I know your sick, tired and confused
But sometimes letting the tired go to sleep is the best
thing to do
I will hold your head while the doctor sticks the needle
in
Ill always remeber our companionship and what it
meant
and on Sunday, October the fifth
You took your last breath
And you will be missed

My casted wings are almost nubs now

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