

Holly Miranda "No One Just Is"

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Everyone knows me and they
All know where I fall short
I hope this makes it past
The discontent in your heart
This love does no one justice

I think it's a broken compass
Got us down this far
Anyone with two cents
Would pull the ripcord
This love does no one justice
No one just is, no one just is

But we just keep falling with our
Ever impending ground
Rising up to meet our
Poor judgment and

It's all for show
Nothing ever even scratches the top
Of what really goes on here

Pound through the room, grasping at straws
Your heavy feet sound like wet stray dogs
Nameless, confused, looking for a home
I write it down to into a

And you'll be warm
When it comes you'll be warned
You'll be warm, you'll be warm

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