

Johnny Panic

"Hurt"

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It could get better now, it can't get much worse,
with arms wide open we get what we deserve.
It's all we think about, it's all we'll ever know
and how we want it deep until it...

Hurt, I see you around, cut me up, cut me up, cut me up
lately.

Hurt, to bring yourself around, cut me up, cut me up,
cut me up lately.

It's where we want to be, it's what we leave behind
the crimson curtain we wrap ourselves around.
It's our steel party we cut, cut just to heal,
and when you think it's over we invite the pain the...

Hurt, I see you around, cut me up, cut me up, cut me up
lately.

Hurt, to bring yourself around, cut me up, cut me up,
cut me up lately.

Taste my blood it's sweeter than the sun, the subtle
knife of lust where I come one,
I can focus all my hurt, my truth.

Hurt, I see you around, cut me up, cut me up, cut me up
lately.

Hurt, to bring yourself around, cut me up, cut me up,
cut me up lately.

It could get better now, it can't get much worse,
with arms wide open we get what we deserve.
It's all we think about, it's all we'll ever know
and how we want it, yet we dream of letting go

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