

Running To Persia "Gin"

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3 AM silence is burning
Each breath like a wasp in the nest
That stings in the walls of my ribcage
A weight pulling down on my chest.

And the wolves at my door have gone wild
Their voices scream lonely and thin
But they sound like a choir of angels
When I'm hollow enough to give in.

There's a girl I drank heavy to cure me.
Bared her heart for me once and again
But she don't keep me warm in the winter
Guess I mistook her for gin.

There's a voice I can't place but it soothes me
Coming over the car radio
Like the way she first told me she loved me
Her eyes coming up from the floor.

And at night I sleep like a traitor
My heart rests a thorn in my side
And I bite on the words I remember
Of a pretty young poet who died.

That a door open wide is an ocean
I'm gone on my way to get lost
And I can't tell a window from eyes anymore
I can't tell the tears from the frost.

And I'm dizzy and drowning and down on my luck
I'm in love with the lights in a blur.
She steals me a glance and I buy her a drink
And we sit with our backs to the curb

And the door open wide is an ocean
And she tells me to jump and I swim
Broke through the window, her eyes to the floor.
Guess I mistook her for gin.

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