

## Senses Fail "Lungs Like Gallows"

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I give blood to prove to myself  
That I can matter to somebody else  
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands?  
Don't put your faith in the desert sand

The wind is always blowing  
There are gallows deep inside my lungs  
That's where I hung ambition

Is it luck that's knocking right on my back door?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors  
Give me seven more

I give blood not for the cause  
But to slowly give up the person I was  
Holding my breath won't help  
Everything went to hell

So now I steal back pennies from the well  
Because my wishes failed  
I am screaming at my own shadow  
To stop living like a ghost

Is it luck that's knocking right on my back door?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors  
Give me seven more

I don't need her, I'm not that desperate  
Come visit me in twenty years and maybe then  
'Cause I'm not done screaming yet  
You can call off the intervention  
'Cause I don't need your attention

Is it luck that's knocking right on my back door?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors  
Give me seven more

I don't need her, I'm not that desperate  
I don't need her, I'm not that desperate

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