

Meg And Dia

"How Did I Get Here?"

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How did I get here?
And why the hell did it take this long?
I've buried a best friend
Inside my trash can you left outdoors...

And you dropped me in the mailbox, my face paint still
left on.
And you accused I never loved you
I could say nothing to change your mind.

Charlie, Charlie, Charlie. My smile has become empty/
(lazy)
Heard you've been looking for me.
Come on kid you know where I would go...
See lately, lately, lastly
I would love for you to ask me, where the line between
My pen and mind's at war. I tell MOST the truth you
know.

My voice is a hatchet. It's forgotten how to whisper soft.
My mind is a bucket, and it captures the rain
Sinking through the ceiling, landing on the rooftops.

You told me you were filled up with love... I said,
"You've lost it."
You've said a mess of errors, you know not what it
costs yet.
But I know, I know I know

They say I've lost it all. I watched them burn all the
pictures of good pain on the beaches.
And oh, if this is rock bottom... ! Then I say, "God
damn! The view from here is breath taking..."

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