

The Natalie Fight "Five Day Four Knife Stay"

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Your make it hard for me, hard for me to breathe with
your heart so far away from mine.
But you make it easy to eat tranquilizers and drink
gasoline.
What am I, what am I to you?
What happened to all the nights that we shared pulling
knives from each other's back.
I always knew frankenmuth was unfair.
If your eyes weren't so blue I wouldn't be drowning on
the bullshit that you feed.
How does perfection suffer imperfection; one silver
bullet straight to the heart.
With your pillow on top of my face
But you make it easy to eat broken hearts and douse
our dreams in gasoline
How does perfection suffer imperfections; silver bullet
driving right past my heart
If I could say to you what I feel than I would tell you that
I can stop thinking
And that your smile just hits me in the face
And I'm sorry for being a sorry loser who can't tell you
how I feel.

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