

The Natalie Fight

"My Heart Hanging On A Blade Of A Table Saw"

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Fight!

These are the nights we won't remember.

These are the times we brand ourselves clever.

Grasping your heart to get your attention

And baby I hope I'm killing your expectations.

The conversation that up brings intoxication

I just wanna be whatever you want me to be

So tell me. You can tell me anything

If you want me dead it's done.

We say we have hearts. We just don't use them.

Give it to me so I can abuse them.

Your love, lips, and bloody hammer, all I have graced
my head.

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