

# The Working Title

## "P.S."

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**"P.S."**

*[Verse 1]*

We all went home  
To search ourselves  
There's no one left  
To feed us now  
We all want more  
Then what we have  
Just pick me up  
And let me down

*[Chorus]*

State your reason for cushioning your fall  
I call it treason please share with me your thoughts

*[Verse 2]*

I've learned to find my place to hide  
My circus of rust and lies  
We take it down these holy ties  
Just run away and follow blind

*[Bridge]*

Do you enter lives  
Without knocking or warning  
Do you count the lives  
And pace the night til' morning

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