

Amateur Transplants

"Enter Sandman: The Wussy Version Without The Guitar Solo"

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I've been waiting for your call.
Pacing in my room.
My heart I pinned on your sleeve.
I'll trip and fall, impending doom.
Twenty minutes before this leaves.

I cannot feel; my skin is burning.
My heart is drowning in you.
I cannot stop this tide from coming in.
Grasp onto me now.

I want to be the one you see
When you go to sleep.

I lay awake, staring at the walls.
The paint is dripping with you.
Your scent is buried deep in my pillow.
What do you expect me to do?

I cannot feel; my skin is burning.
My heart is drowning in you.
I cannot stop this tide from coming in.
Grasp onto me now.

I want to be the one you see
When you go to sleep.

I want to be the one you see
When you go to sleep, my baby.

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