

Fuck The Writer

"Inside Out"

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Nighttime falls in this room
Shadows glide, candle gloom
How do rooms fall apart, fall apart
Breaking glass, bottles die
Feeling druk, cheapest high, cheapest high
Darkness slips through your eyes
Feeling low, god knows why, god knows why

Wish we could stay here all night
Wish we never had to wake up

Too far gone to be mine
Just one song one more wine,
One more wine, one more wine, one more wine
In this hour we sit still
Wait for time and you refill, and you refill
Nighttime falls in this room
Shadows glide, candle gloom, candle gloom

Wish we could stay here all night
Wish we never had to wake up

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