

Touche Amore

"Nine"

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I've gotten good at hiding
When I feel like hiding
My mouth is great at running
When I feel like (running)

Now I'm biting the hairs on my arm like I do
When I don't know where I am
Or what I should do

I've been blessed with these eyes that come with
innocent questions
Like "Where I'm from"
Holding expectations to give obvious answers
And tell no lies

I swear there's nothing innocent in these eyes

Because I've seen dead friends
And I've seen murder
And I've done things I wish I hadn't done.

But that's not to say that
I'm not afraid of long nights dwelling on past mistakes

Because with life moving as fast as it does,
I'll still have stories to fucking tell.

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