

Annotations of an Autopsy

"Where Have You Been"

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They call holidays an option for a reason
I heard you're coming back to life just for the fourth
I've been catching all your ghosts for every season
I pray to god you won't come back here anymore

Do you pray with him, too?

They should deliver all my blessings
In small brown paper handbags near the porch
I wished I'd known that you were bleeding while I sat
And watched you reading with the lord

I read with him, too

Cause when you look at me

I'll be digesting your legs
Cause I can hardly see
What's in front of me these days
And those days, too.

I've got to take what I'm making
And make into something
I've got to take what I'm making
And make into something
For you
I've got to break what I'm making
And turn it into nothing
I've got to break what I'm making
And turn it into nothing
For you

God, where have you been?

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