

Awful Things

From Indian Lakes

(Do do da, do do da
Do do da, do do...)

My thoughts are slowly coming out now
I flinch each time I hear them out loud
I guess I know what it's like now
To be honest
You've seen what I'm hiding in the closet
Do I still look the same to you now?
Am I still clean enough?

(Do do da, do do da...)

We slowly sink into cigarette ash
You sleep while I tip the bottle back.
I guess we've seen what it's like now
To be lovers
We scream that we are nothing
Without each other
Can I lay back and close my eyes

And pretend you're mine?

(Do do da, do do da...)

Have we made a fool of love?
Have we take all the good away?
If we are not supposed to be alone
Then I'm begging you to stay
Here

I saw your ghost in the mirror last night
Blood stained your clothes
Bags under your eyes
I guess you've heard what I'm like now
Just a body
You're haunting my bedroom
And the hallway
I still hear your voice in my head
And it's saying awful things.