

Confessional

Keaton Henson

We fucked till we had enough.
You made phone calls and I threw up.
And I made a mess of waking up.
Tripped on bed sheets and you made a fuss.
And I woke to find your tired arms,
wrapped around me as you raised alarms.

And love, make it easy on me.
I've just enough to fall asleep.
And love, take it easy on me.
I'm older now and long to be
twenty-three.

And blood red heart on my busted lip.
Paint and sawdust on our fingertips.
And blood spilled out from my broken ribs.
Now here's a gun,
You don't deserve to live.

Blood spilled out from my broken ribs.
Here's a gun,
You don't deserve to live.