

# Crashing Down

Sugarcult

I've got something up my sleeve that I don't want to show you  
Cause everytime I bleed I make a fool of me  
I've got shakey little fingers, that hold on to your grip  
You've got wrapped around my world  
So tight that I can't breathe  
I'm suffocating

We come crashing down  
Everytime we go this far again  
We come tumbling down  
Everytime we go this far again  
Everytime we go

I've got nothing that I hide except for what's inside  
I keep it all locked up, in this prison we call love  
I'm suffocating

We come crashing down  
Everytime we go this far again  
We come tumbling down  
Everytime we go this far again  
Everytime we go

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