

Neighborhood

Her

Writing so known better
Catch my print by the letters
Grieving far below the pressure
Sinking further than her heart was weaving
Drowning myself almost every evening
Wishing I had met her
But there's no pressure Softer now, think I'm ready
I'm thinking twice she held me steady
Six feet down I'm almost buried
But almost like in ways I seem to crave it
So much so I've even tried to name it
Damn my hands are sweaty
Oh think about the way
These words are for display
Just go around it, I don't need her for it, girl
You never thought that I
Yes, I'm doing better with my sleeping
I need less time for weeping
Yes, I know its strange
But, I'm doing better with my Steady [?]
Catching more, never stalling
I'm on my feet, I'm hardly crawling
But on her knees she never liked to whisper
Kept her close she always seemed to shiver
Wishing it was morning
Oh think about the way
These words are for display
Just go around it, I don't need her for it, girl
You never thought that I
Yes, I'm doing better with my sleeping
I need less time for weeping
Yes, I know its strange
But, I'm doing better with my

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