

a Workforce Basic

holding second place trophies up over our heads to keep me in line
'keeping in line,' she said, 'never goes out of style'
once in a while I'll think I'm in love but
it's just another lovely hand wrapped round a gun and pressed to my chest
when you held me hostage,
with words on a page swimming in ink, I bled all those pretty little cities in England
the words stood right out at me leaving little inlets, harbors, and chelseas where we used to be
a morning after poetry, a morning after poetry where we used to be

the way we felt, the truth in our heads, the lies that we told instead.
none were quite as heavy as what held its weight, the words on a page,
confessions I swore I'd make, hell, you cheated yourself when you held me hostage
with words on a page, swimming in ink, I bled all those pretty little cities in England
the words stood right out at me leaving little inlets, harbors, and chelseas where we used to be
a morning after poetry begins the world ends, a morning after poetry left marks on my skin where we
used to be

I'm gonna stay in this daze from the songs that I made and the words that I made them sing,
I'm panicking with strings
and I'm gonna stay in this daze from the songs that I make and the words that I made them scream
I'm panicking with strings when you held me hostage
with words on a page swimming in ink, I bled all those pretty little cities in England
the words stood right out at me leaving little inlets, harbors, and chelseas, leaving little inlets, harbors,
and chelseas , leaving little inlets, harbors, and chelseas where we used to be
a morning after poetry, a morning after poetry where we used to be