

END OF THE MORNING

C A M E R O N W H I T C O M B
L Y R I C A R T C O L L E C T I O N

It's beautifully haunting, I hear it again
I love being taunted by birds and their friends
And I, I can't ignore it, but God knows I tried
I'll turn on the TV and close all the blinds

P R E - C H O R U S

And it hits me like an awful trip
I can't afford the consequence
I lie awake inside the grave I dug

C H O R U S

But you did it to yourself
The villain of your own damn story
Bottom of the shelf
Praying for the end of the morning
And if you wanna leave
You know how to burn that canvas
But you don't wanna see, yeah, you don't wanna see
What it's gonna look like after



Over and over, the same old routine
I'll try trading a headache for Tylenol, three
But it's out of my hands now, I made myself sick, yeah
I wish I could give it up

P R E - C H O R U S

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