

Alkaline Trio, Blue In The Face

It's about time that I came clean with you
I'm no longer fine, I'm no longer running smooth
I thought that I found myself under something new
Just one more line I repeat over and over again
Till I'm blue in the face with a choking regret
As I talk in circles 'round you on my bed
Can't say I blame you one bit when you kept it all inside
When you left that night

It's about time that you got sick of me
No longer fun, and so far from interesting
I thought that I found me a cure for feeling old
Just one more line to keep me sleeping loudly and cold
In disgraced with a shameful regret
As I talk in tongues to myself in my bed
Can't say I blame you one bit when you kept it all inside
When you left that night

And all that followed fell like mercury to hell
Somehow we lost our heads for the last time
And all that followed fell like mercury to hell
Somehow we lost our heads for the last time

And I don't dream since I quit sleeping
And I haven't slept since I met you
And you can't breathe without coughing at daytime
And neither can I
So what do you say?
Your coffin, or mine?