

# Alkaline Trio, I Was A Prayer

I am waiting 'til there's nothing left  
I'm a prayer, all you see is breath  
I am empty, I am skin and bones, I'm a ribcage  
Well, I'm out the door with apathy  
But I'm coming home with sympathy  
I am realized, I am shamed, I choose to stay here

You got a sign, so I paid the ransom  
You felt sorry, so I felt the wrath come  
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm  
My arm

There's a song I love so much I stole  
Every precious note I took, I sold  
Now I spit out words, do you see my lungs on the dance floor?  
To a hopeless cause, I sold my soul  
A romantic plastic piece of shit you can mold  
Until I break into chokable pieces

You got a sign, so I paid the ransom  
You felt sorry, so I felt the wrath come  
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm  
My arm

And I open up like the back of a book  
I ruin everything with just a quick look  
And I settle down like a rocket explodes  
Hit the ground, but how far out who knows

You got a sign, so I paid the ransom  
You felt sorry, so I felt the wrath come  
Had a nice grip on my life 'til you twisted my arm  
My arm