

Alkaline Trio, Maybe I'll Catch Fire

This house is full of ears,
but I can't talk to anyone.
They've heard this one a thousand times.
most exciting thing I do,
hang half way out a third floor window,

Maybe throw lit cigarettes down.
and maybe I'll catch fire. something warm to hold me,
something pure to burn away the darkness that hides inside my mind.
all that evil shit's not hard to find.
I guess I only claim to be nice.

This house is full of eyes,
but I can't look at anyone.
they've seen this face a thousand times.
most relaxing thing I do,
hang half way out a third floor window,

And look at rocks if I fall out.
and maybe I'll fall hard.
something tough to break me,
something sharp to rip into my insides and bleed out all that pain.

Sorry I don't even know your name.
I guess for me it's easy this way.
maybe I'll catch fire.
something warm to hold me,
something pure to burn away the darkness that hides inside my mind.

All that evil shit's not hard to find.
I guess I only claim to be nice.