

# Alkaline Trio, My Friend Peter

I dont care who you've been sleeping with these days  
You're outta my hair  
It's growing just above my smiling face that I wear  
Every night I drink myself to sleep  
Not thinking about you  
Not thinking about anything at all

I don't care who you've been dining with these days  
It's more than fair  
Much rather be drinking anyways  
With my friend Peter  
Who lives so fucking far away  
Yet not as far as you  
Even though you live right down my fucking street

And I'm tired of sleeping with myself  
I'm tired, all these drinks and drugs no longer help  
I'm tired of lying about not thinking of you  
Maybe my friend Peter can tell me what to do

I dont care who you've been kissing on these days  
It's out of my hands  
and in my mouth with such a pleasant taste  
I need a beer to wash it all away without a trace  
And then i'll drink 23 more  
To wipe this stupid smile off my fucking face

I'm tired of sleeping with myself  
I'm tired, all those drinks and drugs no longer help  
I'm tired of lying about not thinking of you  
Maybe my friend Peter can tell me what to do