

# Alkaline Trio, This Could Be Love

I've got a book of matches  
I've got a can of kerosene  
I've got some bad ideas involving you and me  
I don't blame you for walking away  
I touched myself had thoughts of flames  
I shat the bed and laid there in it  
Thinking of you wide awake for days  
Wide awake for days

And I found you tongue-tied in my twisted little brain  
You couldn't crack a smile  
I didn't catch your name  
I don't blame you for walking away  
I'd do the same if I saw me  
I swear it's not contagious  
In four short steps we can erase this

Step one -- slit my throat  
Step two -- play in my blood  
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house  
Step four -- stop off at Edgebrook Creek and rinse your crimson hands  
You took me hostage and made your demands  
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one

I'm like a broken record  
I've got a needle scratching me  
It injects the poison of alcohol I.V.  
I don't blame you for walking away  
I'd do the same if I saw me  
I swear it's not contagious  
I swear to God it's not contagious

Step one -- slit my throat  
Step two -- play in my blood  
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house  
Step four -- stop at Lake Michigan and rinse your crimson hands  
You took me hostage and made your demands  
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one

This could be love - love for fire  
This could be love - love for fire  
This could be love - love for fire  
This could be love for fire forevermore

Step one -- slit my throat  
Step two -- play in my blood  
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house  
Step four -- stop at Berkeley Marina and rinse your crimson hands  
You took me hostage and made your demands  
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one  
One by one