

Alkaline Trio, You're Dead

What the hell is your name
And can you explain this mess
It seems you're playing a game
Where you only know how to take out the best

Cause if assholes could fly
This place would be busier than O'Hare
There's proof in the sky
It's as thick as our skulls yet it's thinner than air

I have something to say
If the chip off your shoulder should fall to your chest
Get it off right away
Cause if you don't then it won't be in peace that you rest
It's just a matter of time
That we all go away to a better place I'm told
It all sounds well and fine
But without you around I feel nothing but cold

And I now have nothing
But your heartbeat in my head
And a photograph of my traveling friend

So what the hell is your name
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And I now have nothing
But your heartbeat in my head
And a photograph of my traveling friend
And I became nothing when I found out you were dead
When I found out I'd never see you again
And all the time they took talking in circles
To get them off the hook would take miracle workers
We're nowhere near prepared there's
no way of knowing
Why don't they just admit they're scared
Cause its already showing

And I now have nothing
But your heartbeat in my head
And a photograph of my traveling friend

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