

# Barenaked Ladies, Running Out Of Ink

I stopped into a club  
I thought I'd see a show  
Everyone was there  
At least everyone I know  
Their knickers in a knot  
Their hands upon their heart  
The best they'd ever seen  
The greatest work of art  
I wished that it was me....

It's bleaker than you think  
I'm running out of ink  
Give a guy a break  
This is what it takes  
To drive a man to drink

A party at a friend's  
Toronto's coolest scene  
I thought I'd bring a tape  
To show them where I'd been  
And listen for a while  
The lyrics made them smile  
They said that it was fine  
Although it's not the style  
I said it wasn't me

Once upon a time  
I couldn't get enough  
Until I made it big  
And that's when it got rough  
Dissapointed now  
Perhaps a bit surprised  
To look them in the face  
And see it in their eyes  
They wish it wasn't me

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I used to hold you close  
You used to tell me things  
You never told a soul  
Until you heard me sing  
The details of your life  
Condensed into a song  
The neighbor and his wife  
Work out and sing along  
And you can't look at me

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Could song be an alibi  
A lyric replacement for falling in love  
But now that the well is dry  
I can't understand what I've been singing of...

Do you know what it is to love?

To really love?  
To really love....  
Do I?

I cycled by your house  
I saw you on the lawn  
I see you all the time  
Now that you are gone  
I tried to call your name  
But something made me stop  
I call you once a day  
Until you call the cops  
And told them it was me

I filled a plastic bag  
with everything I wrote  
I threw it off a bridge  
and thought that it would float.  
The water made it sink  
the bag was bleeding ink.  
I wished that I could swim  
I wished that I could drink  
I wished that it was me.

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