

# Brendan Canning, Possible Grenade

All of my love,  
Why did you disappear?  
Are you running, still running?  
Why did you disappear?

It's just a common blind  
I'm just a common blind  
I used a common blind

Well maybe mine is someone who will  
Will only figure out what's confusing you

You couldn't be bad  
But you could have been better  
The lines on your face will always give you away  
What's in your mind, in your mind, that's killing you?

We all, we all wanna know what's happening  
We all, we all wanna know what's going on  
Because the curtains are closed and falling apart  
The blinds, unaware, were just put in here

And you're the common blind  
And I'm the common blind  
We're the common blinds

You couldn't be bad  
You could have been better  
The lines on your face will always give you away  
What's in your mind, in your mind, that's killing you?

It's your mind, in your mind, that's killing you  
We deliver, we destroy  
Your skin and bone, with blood and nicotine