

Pierce The Veil, I'm Low On Gas And You Need A

Choke, tried to wash you down with something strong.
Dry but the taste of blood remains.
Cold, empty mattresses and falling stars.
My how they start to look the same.

So keep in happiness and torture me
while I tell you let's go in style.
A million hooks around a million ways to die.
Darlin' it's cold outside.

No, no more eyes to see the sun.
You slide into bed while I get drunk.
Slow conversations with a gun
mean more than I've ever said to anyone.

So keep in happiness and torture me
while I tell you let's go in style.
A million hooks around a million ways to die.
Darlin' let's go inside,
it'll be alright.

But last night you said you ended up in palm springs
dancin' on tables.
Almost fought some bitch at the club,
got kicked out of your hotel and lost your shoes.

Well, fuck, what am I supposed to be impressed?
You're just another set of bones to lay to rest.
I guess it's time to say goodnight.
Hope you had a really good time.
I will soon forget the color of your eyes,
and you will forget mine.

So keep in happiness and torture me
while I tell you let's go in style.
A million hooks around a million ways to die.
Let's go outside, it'll be alright.

But last night you said you ended up in palm springs,
dancin' on tables.