

The Afghan Whigs, If I Were Going

What should I tell her?
She's going to ask
If I ignore it, it gets uncomfortable
She'll want to argue about the past

Still I think she believes me
Every word I say
I think I'm starting to believe it all myself
Go ask the gentlemen who play it
But hate to pay

And it don't bleed,
And it don't breathe
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing
It's in our heart
it's in our heads
It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed

It holds my arms down,
Sits upon my chest
It waves its finger at me every night and day
And it don't rest

And it don't bleed,
And it don't breathe
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing
It's in our heart
It's in our heads
It's in our hope, baby, it's in our bed