

The Classic Crime, Drink In My Hand

I left a note on the table, I hope it finds you well
I hope you don't hurt like you did, 'cause I'd just blame myself
And I know its for me that I'm out on these streets bleeding nightly for these people I meet
But its you who I long for when I cannot sleep
Its enough it could drive me to drink

Chorus

And I am almost nowhere and I'm getting there fast

You're the hope in my cold stare

You're the drink in my hand

When I picked up you broke into tears

You said you weren't busy enough

I still don't know why you need me

And my broken down love

With each second that ticks your voice rings in my ears and the memories flood back from all of ou

And I tell you its ok, there's nothing to fear

And I secretly hope I am right

Chorus

I left you last week and you told me, "Go on and follow your dreams,"

I think about that lately, still I don't know what it means

Beuase you're what I dream of when I wake alone, as I drift away as we talk on the phone, you're

And I still just can't wait to get home