

Archers Of Loaf, Freezing Point

Distance is up, static is down.
And all the east coast, has burned out.
Save for me, save for you.
There's nothing here to fucking do.

Sleep in shit, and stinking too, freezing point, free to choose.
Woke up dead, in my bed, too much shit in my head
No I could never, think of you again.
No, no, no, no I could never, think of you again.

Guitar.

There was a sign, it's all mine.
And there's some reason I might find.
Got some plans, follow through.
Find something that I could do.

It's always the east coast, always the asshole.
Doing the wrong thing at the right time.
Hanging half drunk, everytime,
Anytime, all the time.

No I could never, think of you again.
No, no, no, no I could never, think of you again
No, no, no I could never, think of you again.
No, no, no, no I could never, think of you again.