

# Barenaked Ladies, Running Out Of Ink [Bonus Tr

I stopped into a club  
I thought I'd see a show  
Everyone was there  
At least everyone I know  
Their knickers in a knot  
Their hands up on the heart  
The best I'd ever seen  
The greatest book of art  
I wish that it was me  
It's bleaker than you think  
I'm running out of ink  
Give a guy a break  
This is what it takes  
To drive a man to drink  
A party at a friend's  
Toronto's coolest scene  
I thought I'd bring a tape  
To show them where I'd been  
And listen for a while  
The lyrics made them smile  
They said that it was fine  
Although it's not the style  
I said it wasn't me  
Once upon a time  
I couldn't get enough  
Until I made it big  
And that's when it got rough  
Disappointed now  
Perhaps a bit surprised  
To look them in the face  
And see it in their eyes  
They wish it wasn't me  
It's bleaker than you think  
I'm running out of ink  
Give a guy a break  
This is what it takes  
To drive a man to drink  
I used to hold you close  
You used to tell me things  
You never told a soul  
But then you heard me sing  
The details of your life  
Condensed into a song  
The neighbor and his wife  
Work out and sing along  
And you can't look at me

It's bleaker than you think  
I'm running out of ink  
Give a guy a break  
And this is what it takes  
To drive a man to drink  
Could song be an alibi?  
A lyric replacement for falling in love  
But now that the well is dry  
I can't understand  
What I've been singing of  
Do you know  
What it is to love?  
To really love?  
To really love?  
Really love, do I?  
I cycled by your house  
I saw you on the lawn

I see you all the time  
And now that you are gone  
I tried to call your name  
But something made me stop  
I call you once a day  
Until you call the cops  
And told them it was me  
I filled a plastic bag  
With everything I wrote  
And threw it off a bridge  
I thought that it would float  
The water made it sink  
The bag is bleeding ink  
I wish that I could swim  
I wish that I could drink  
I wish that it was me  
It's bleaker than you think  
I'm running out of ink  
And give a guy a break  
This is what it takes  
To drive a man to drink  
I'm running out of ink  
And give a guy a break  
This is what it takes  
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