

# City And Colour, Constant Knot

How much would you bet  
that if I tried hard enough  
I would spontaneously combust?

I wish I could disappear  
and run away from all of my fears.  
I think I'm coming undone.

So stay the night.  
I promise that I won't bite.  
'cause without you there,  
I don't think I can close my eyes.

How did I end up this way?  
A constant knot in my gut,  
tied with uncertainty and with lust.

A classic case, I suppose,  
a haunted man who can't outrun his ghosts.  
They're in my skin and my bones.

So stay the night.  
I promise that I won't bite.  
'cause without you there,  
I don't think I can close my eyes.

And now I sing.