

City And Colour, The Death Of Me

Do I have nothing good left to say
Do I need whiskey to start fueling my complaints
People love to drink their troubles away
Sometimes I feel that I'd be better off that way

'Cause maybe then I could sleep at night
I wouldn't lie awake until the morning light
This is something that I'll never control
My nerves will be the death of me, I know

So here's to living life miserable
And here's to all the lovely stories that I've told
Maybe drinking wine will validate my sorrow
Every man needs a muse and mine could be the bottle

Maybe then I could sleep at night
I wouldn't lie awake until the morning light
This is something that I'll never control
My nerves will be the death of me, I know

Finally I could hope for a better day
No longer holding on to all the things that cloud my mind
Maybe then the weight of the world wouldn't seem so heavy
But then again, I'll probably always feel this way

At least I know I'll never sleep at night
I'll always lie awake until the morning light
This is something that I'll never control
My nerves will be the death of me, I know