

No Use For A Name, Three Month Weekend

It's a thursday morning 4 AM and you won't let me go,
If tomorrow never comes, I guess I'll never know.
Even in the darkest hour it's the brightest time of day,
Even when I go to bed I'm still awake.

Eyes held up with toothpicks and my jaw is going off,
I will never leave you or admit that I was wrong.

There's so many things I'd like to say, I'm foaming at the mouth,
Maybe I could write, my pen is hollowed out.
I've got ideas and inventions and I'd use them if I could,
Stop waking up the next day when they're all no good.

Please don't say another word, I know your story well,
Conversations take two, but I'm talking to myself.

Now I need an alibi and everything I did was true,
But every word I said was just a lie.