

Suicide Machines, No Sale

The wind was chill as we sat on the steps,
I could see the vapor form from your breath,
Well, your lips were red and your skin so pale,
But your cash register read no sale, well

The moon was set against deep blue sky
A stone cold, stark white, sliver of light
The stillness of the air and the fading twilight
If I died here tonight you know it really wouldn't matter at all

We've known each other since first grade,
When I pushed you down and white washed your face,
Well, we were playing king of the hill, yeah
We'd start an avalanche and see who fell, well

There I was standing on that hill when
The other kids came in for the kill,
Then something hit my head, I was rendered unconscious
If I died on that hill, to you, it wouldn't really matter

Some people say that I just don't get it,
in fact you said it yourself
I've heard some say that I can't take a hint
And others say that I should seek help, yeah well

You left a trail of footprints in the sand as
You started running as fast as you can, well
I'll never know why I make you wanna vomit or
When I call you up you tell me to stop it, well

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