

# The Afghan Whigs, If I Were Going

Afghan Whigs, The  
Gentlemen  
If I Were Going  
(dulli)

What should i tell her?  
She's going to ask  
If i ignore it, it gets uncomfortable  
She'll want to argue about the past  
Still i think she believes me  
Every word i say  
I think i'm starting to believe it all myself  
Go ask the gentlemen who play it  
But hate to pay  
And it don't bleed, and it don't breathe  
It's locked its jaws && now it's swallowing  
It's in our heart, it's in our heads  
It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed  
It holds my arms down, sits upon my chest  
It waves its finger at me every night && day  
And it don't rest  
And it don't breathe and it don't bleed  
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing  
It's all a lie, it's nearly dead  
It's in our hope, baby, it's in our bed