

# The Matches, Sunburn Vs. The Rhinovirus

Trade your duress for mine  
A tissue for a cigarette  
I'll miss you when you're gone  
I'll haunt you still, I'll kill you yet

My eyes are dry  
My eyes are dry  
But on the inside, I'm all wet

I think I'm decomposing  
I think I'm decomposing  
Below my clothes  
I'm starting to decompose

I blow my brains out  
I blow my brains out  
Through my nose

Grandma sleeps on a bed of ice  
Why does Grandma sleep with open eyes?  
No one knows we've been crying  
We're living in the ocean's brine

Our world's all wet  
Our world's all wet  
But on the inside, something's dried

I think I'm decomposing  
I think I'm decomposing  
Below my clothes  
I'm starting to decompose

I blow my brains out  
I blow my brains out  
Through my nose

I picked a bad day for the beach  
Crowds of scarcely clad sides of meat  
In spite of sunburn, I had a head cold  
I blew my brains out through my nose

I blow my brains out  
Through my nose  
Oh, oh

I think I'm decomposing  
I think I'm decomposing  
Below my clothes  
I'm starting to decompose

I blow my brains out  
I blow my brains out  
Through my nose  
Oh, oh

I blow my brains out  
I blow my brains out  
(Blow my brains)  
I blow my brains out  
(Blow my brains)  
Through my nose  
Oh, oh