

The Swellers, Vehicle City Blues

The hospital is dark at times.
It's been a hard week on my mind and insides.
It's warmer this year,
Still cold in this town.

The sound of ghosts is in the air.
I've never heard more than one siren out there.
But now we all see how much is hollow.
Could you save yourself now?
Since nobody else knows how.
So I will wash my hands again.
Slowly reminds me of what I am.
I was waiting for you to come down.
Down like the blood goes down the drain,
I was waiting for you.

And I feel sick,
I guess it won't wash away.
And I feel sick,
I guess it won't wash away.

I try to keep my soul inside of me.
A stabbing victim tells a different story.
The body's a shell,
A mess to be cleaned.
Am I still alive now?
But I don't feel so down.
Am I still alive now?
But I don't feel so down.

And I feel sick,
I guess it won't wash away.
And I feel sick,
I guess it won't wash away.

Now it's the time
For us to remember the lies we said.
And if you don't mind, well,
Please don't mind.
My head was shut down, kept down.
But you'll never learn, yeah.
How did you survive your swollen eyes?