

# Third Eye Blind, God Of Wine

Every thought that I repent  
There's another chip you haven't spent  
And you're cashing them all in  
Where do we begin to get clean again  
Can we get clean again  
I walk home alone with you  
And the mood you're born into  
Sometimes you let me in  
And I take it on the chin  
I can't get clean again  
I want to know can we get clean again  
The God of Wine comes crashing through  
The headlights of a car that took you farther  
Than you thought you'd ever want to go  
We can't get back again  
We can't get back again  
She takes a drink and then she waits  
The alcohol it permeates  
And soon the cells give way, and cancels out the day  
I can't keep it all together  
I know I know I know...  
I can't keep it all together  
And the siren's song that is your madness  
Holds a truth I can't erase  
All alone on your face  
Every glamorous sunrise  
Throws the planets out of line  
A star sign out of whack, a fraudulent zodiac  
And the God of Wine is crouched down in my room  
You let me down, I said it, now I'm going down  
And you're not even around  
And I said no no no...  
I can't keep it all together  
I know I know I know...  
I can't keep it all together  
And there's a memory of a window  
Looking through I see you  
Searching for something I could never give you  
And there's someone who understands  
You more than I do  
A sadness I can't erase  
All alone on your face