

# You Am I, End O' The Line

I'm sweatin' bullets for breakfast  
Slipping outta my range  
Another night on a meathook  
Just tryin' to pickle my brain  
Why the hell are you running  
And what are you standing for  
A lightweight with the baggage  
Slung out the door

So roll us on up in shrink-wrap  
It sounds like a good place to hide  
'Coz heads an' tails it's a night on  
We'll be there 'til the end of the line

I asked out the back  
To find a word in a cloud  
Told me something that I already knew  
Now if you're waiting for luck  
To come and touch you up  
You better wear yourself a good-lookin' suit  
Don't you come around asking  
Coz I ain't got an answerin' mind  
I'm gonna get real damn familiar  
With something with ice

So set us on up in the corner  
And throw over that bottle 'o wine  
Coz heads and tails it's a night on  
We'll be there till the end of the line  
We'll be there till the end of the line  
We'll be there till the end of the line  
Don't expect us now to understand  
Or trust in the way that it feels  
Chasin' up the coins into the ocean  
And choppin' up the carriages to fight the locomotion alright

I had a win in Kansas  
A birthday in North Albany  
The most ungrateful tourist  
You ever dragged an old friend to see

(Kick out the jams it ain't no fuckin' exam)