

## Suicide Machines, The

### "No Sale"

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The wind was chill as we sat on the steps,  
I could see the vapor form from you breath,  
Well, your lips were red and your skin so pale,  
But your cash register read no sale, well

The moon was set against deep blue sky  
A stone cold, stark white, sliver of light  
The stillness of the air and the fading twilight  
If I died here tonight you know it really wouldn't matter  
at all

We've known each other since first grade,  
When I pushed you down and white washed your face,  
Well, we were playing king of the hill, yeah  
We'd start an avalanche and see who fell, well

There I was standing on that hill when  
The other kids came in for the kill,  
Then something hit my head, I was rendered  
unconscious  
If I died on tht hill, to you, it wouldn't really matter

Some people say that I just don;t get it,  
in fact you said it yourself  
I've heard some say that I can't take a hint  
And others say that I should seek help, yeah well

You left a trail of footprints in the sand as  
You started running as fast as you can, well  
I'll never know why I make you wanna vomit or  
When I call you up you tell me to stop it, well

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If I died here tonight you know it really wouldn't matter  
at all...matter at all

