A.F.I. "This Could Be Love"

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I've got a book of matches
i've got a can of kerosene
i've got some bright ideas involving you and me
i dont blame you for walking away
i'd do the same if i saw me
i shat the bed and laid there in it
thinking of you wide awake for days

and i found you tongue tied in my twisted little brain you couldn't crack a smile i didn't catch your name i don't blame you for walking away i'd do the same if i saw me i swear it's not contageous in four short steps we can erase this

step one: slit my throat
step two: play in my blood
step three: cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing
out of the house
step four: stop off at edgebrook creek and rinse those
crimson hands
you took me hostage and made your demands
i couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers

i'm like a broken record i've got a needle scratching me it injects the poison of alcohol i.v. i don't blame you for walking away i'd do the same if i saw me

step one: slit my throat step two: play in my blood

i swear it's not contageous

step three: cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing

out of the house

one by one

step four: stop at lake michigan and rinse those

crimson hands

you took me hostage and made your demands

i couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers one by one

this could be love (love for fire) this could be love (love for fire) this could be love (love for fire) this could be love for fire forevermore

step one: slit my throat step two: play in my blood

step three: cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing

out of the house

step four: stop at berkeley marina and rinse those

crimson hands

you took me hostage and

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