

All Time Low "Thanks To You"

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Thanks to you, I'm moving on
Chasing out my skeletons and the troubles they have
caused
And all thanks to you
I'm turning over the pages in this book of revelations
about self-medication
But there's this ringing in my head (who said it was
gonna be easy?)
As the ghost of you hangs over my bed

Thanks to you, I'm not myself
I'm all strung out, that much is clear
And I'll spend my whole life-time with your life-line
wrapped around my throat
Thanks to you
All thanks to you

Thanks to you, I've lost my touch
I struggle to find the sense in making sense
And giving a semblance of a fuck

And thanks to you, for all the nightmares
There's not a night that I sleep quiet and complacent
without my medication
'Cause there's this ringing in my head (who said it was
gonna be easy?)
As the ghost of you hangs over my bed

Thanks to you, I'm not myself
I'm all strung out, that much is clear
And I'll spend my whole life-time with your life-line
wrapped around my throat
Thanks to you
All thanks to you

But there's this ringing in my head, as the ghost of you
hangs over my bed

Thanks to you, I'm not myself
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