

## **Boysnightout (Boys Night Out) "The Fine Art Of Making It Out Alive"**

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Kiss me on the forehead angel  
Before I go to sleep  
I can't remember if it's Thursday or December  
I've been keeping track of days by counting hangovers  
And the bottles on my floor  
My mangled memory is making me mistake misfortune  
for forgiveness  
I don't think I'll make it out alive  
So promise me that you'll survive to bury me

Just empty all the alcohol  
And chronicle the chemicals  
But don't forget the cigarettes  
Remember every ember

Alright, I admit that past few months were broken and  
abused  
Now I'm used to the bleeding and unspoken words that  
kept me so confused  
Maybe we can get past these addictions  
But the bodies piling up are a whole other story  
Unless your stomach's strong enough(2x)

Maybe we can get past these addictions  
But the bodies piling up

So promise me that you'll survive to bury me

Hell, maybe we can just pretend  
That this recovery won't depend on moderation  
And in the end the same routine won't leave me  
dead(2x)  
Just empty all the alcohol...or baby we're dead

Tomorrow we'll wake up in time to stop this double  
suicide  
Through kisses laced with cyanide  
AND one last look through bloodshot eyes

I guess this is what they call killing yourself in small  
dose(2x)

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