

3 Colours Red "Nerve Gas"

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How could I let you get so attached
A broken quartet plays your heartstrings
Before I knew you, you had us matched
Funny how fast you faded
Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class
You're out of tune with everything
Nerve gas...
I get asphyxiated

Its cold in the kitchen my nicotine tongue
Is dry and sarcastic and blacker than lungs
And sucking your thumb
You're flipping the tripswitch
And parking your thick head where it don't belong

Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class

Nerve gas...
Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class
I get asphyxiated

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Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class
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Nerve gas, nerve gas, no class
I get asphyxiated
I get asphyxiated
Funny how fast you faded
Funny how fast you faded
Nerve gas

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