

Chris Garneau

"Black & Blue"

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Air-conditioning is cold.
Summer's hot and love is old.
I wish I was smaller,
A little creepy-crawler.

There's lovers' sin in this town.
Lovers cannot lay down.
The summer's hot as hell here, you know.

If we think we can drink now,
We won't stop 'cause we don't know how.
It's cold but we love how it feels so right.

I'll sweat it all out, you sweat a lot, too.
We hurt the same, the same black and blue.

Oh-oh, oh-oh,
I wanna catch my death of cold,
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
'Cause I'm scared of growing old.
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
Don't return the love I gave.
Oh-oh, oh, oh...
You're still my favorite...

Troubles win in this town.
Troubles don't turn upside down.
They shit on the last bit of fun.

There's sin all around.
Yeah, lovers cannot lay down,
And the winter wears and tears at our bones.

At night, he lays awake
And his heart aches.
'Cause it's cold.

He sweats it out all the night through,
Then he throws up all over me and you.

Oh-oh, oh-oh,
I wanna catch my death of cold,

Oh-oh, oh-oh,
'Cause I'm scared of growing old.
Oh-oh, oh-oh,
Don't return the love I gave.
Oh-oh, oh, oh...
You're still my favorite...

Air-conditioning is cold.
Summer's hot and love is old.
I was I was even smaller...
A little creepy-crawler...

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