

These Walls Can Talk "Drink It Allup"

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Come on don't let me down,
help me out, I'm tempted to run right through the glass
wall,
the candle light is fading into the bleach blonde abyss,
give your red sun to your number one, and since thats
not me I'll just pack my things and go
As you swim through all the cracks in the bridge I'll
remember how she looked with blood in her hair,
she told me I'm not ready to jump, then she was gone,
you're not living off of me anymore,
things are all new,
8pm rules the west coast, the EXIT sign is off and I'm
scared,
the black is invading,
she fell on her face, the fabric is cold and motionless,
yet everything moves a little faster,
How could I not believe the old stories of drunk
gambling basterds,
Look around and see you're all alone,
And so am I

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