

## The Lips "Rubbing Alcohol"

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Forgot about it all, with rubbing alcohol,  
in my head, in my bed. Oh, please, please tell me  
more.

Convenient climate change, from faces with no names,  
in my place, out of grace; so, please, please tell me  
more.

'Cause now you've got me on fire, and now you've set  
me alone.

And now I'm lost, yes I'm lost and I don't know where to  
turn.

What's my happy ending?

You're a radio talk show host, and I'm at home biting  
my nails.

Forgot it in the air, the taste of all despair,  
loss of love, from above; so, please please tell me  
more.

'Cause all I do is plea, and wonder who's with me,  
in my brain, filled with pain, whatever just fucking tell  
me more.

(chorus)

So why should I try, why try?  
Why?

(chorus)

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