

Alkaline Trio

"Keep 'Em Comming"

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Fourteen hours ahead - a head that's heavier than lead
and I've got toothpicks in my eyes. A smile more yellow
than the sky. I've got a song stuck in my head. One that
I miss more than my bed. It's a song sung from a fallen
milkman who's drinking bleach instead. I'm much like
him. Fourteen hours unfed. I spent the last cents in my
head. They're worth much less than pennies now. Food
for one thought shared with a crowd. And I've got a
painting in my head. A deeper blue bled thicker red.
More red than bloody marys coast to coast. I hate flying
I said - that's what I said. Sad sorry excuse. Just like
everything that made her smile and everything I use. I
won't go back to the way it was. I'm now huffing gas
and sniffing paint to take away this buzz that I call you.

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