

Say Anything "Walk Through Hell"

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And if I could swim, I'd swim out to you in the ocean,
Swim out to where you were floating in the dark.
And if I was blessed, I'd walk on the water you're
breathing,
To lend you some air for that heaving, sunken chest.

'Cause they chose you as the model for their empty
little dreams,
With your new head and your legs spread like a filthy
magazine.
And they hunt you, and they gut you, and you give in.

And if I was brave, I'd climb up to you on the mountain,
They led you to drink from their fountain spouting lies.
And I'd slay the horrible beast they commissioned
To steer me away from my mission to your eyes.
And I'd stand there, like a soldier, with my foot upon
his chest,
With my grin spread, and my arms out, in my
bloodstained Sunday's best,
And you'd hold me; I'd remind you who you are under
their shell.

I'd walk through hell for you, let it burn right through
my shoes
These soles are useless without you
Through hell for you, let the torturing ensue;
My soul is useless without you...

And if they send a whirlwind, I'd hug it like a harmless
little tree.
Or an earthquake, I'd calm it, and I'd bring you back to
me.
And I'd hold you in my weak arms like a first born.

I'd walk through hell for you, let it burn right through
my shoes,
These soles are useless without you
Through hell for you, let the torturing ensue;
My soul is useless without you...

Through hell for you

Through hell for you
Without you, without you...
Through hell for you.
Without you...
Through hell for you

Now I've walked through hell for you.
What's an adventurer to do,
But rest these feet at home with you?

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