

Bronx, The

"I Got Chills"

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All this time I've been unclean
Watching you cause you're watching me
Shotgun knives into my heart without a reason
All I want to do is die
Fuck the beats of a different heart
What I'll do if you never tell
Bleed me an answer
I got chills, break it down and build again, sit still
Line me up so I can burn
My heart knows you won't return
Make some sense of being alone
Cause I'm wasted
Blackout rescue from my faults
Take away my sober stare
Payphone prayer give me what I want
Give me an answer
Trying to stare through you
Can't get past your eyes
Locked from the inside
I got chills, break it down and build again, sit still
Let me inject
Trying to stare through you
Can't get past your eyes
Sweating through the nights again
I got chills, break it down and build again, sit still
I'd rather have good pills
I got chills

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