

Classic Crime, The "Drink In My Hand"

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I left a note on the table, I hope it finds you well
I hope you don't hurt like you did, 'cause I'd just blame myself

And I know its for me that
I'm out on these streets bleeding nightly
For these people I meet
But its you who I long for when I cannot sleep
Its enough it could drive me to drink

And I am almost nowhere and I'm getting there fast
You're the hope in my cold stare
You're the drink in my hand

When I picked up you broke into tears
You said you weren't busy enough
I still don't know why you need me
And my broken down love
With each second that ticks your voice rings in my ears
and the memories flood back from all of our years
And I tell you its ok, there's nothing to fear
And I secretly hope I am right

And I am almost nowhere and I'm getting there fast
You're the hope in my cold stare
You're the drink in my hand

I left you last week and you told me, "Go on and follow your dreams,"
I think about that lately, still I don't know what it means
Becuase you're what I dream of when I wake alone
As I drift away as we talk on the phone
You're what I want and that's all I know
And I still just can't wait to get home

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