

## The Poor Souls Of Pompeii

### "Relax The Tourniquet"

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My alarm's the hounds of Hades  
Tearing at my flesh and someday  
Maybe I won't get up  
I don't seem to remember anything 'cause  
I'm old and stupid and I'm drinking  
Too much, too much

And yes, she knows  
And he knows  
And they know  
And you know  
That I'm broke

Come on, relax the tourniquet  
And let your heart just bleed away  
A hacksaw to your ball and chain  
So don't be shy, now don't delay  
It's one long journey to the grave  
And there is no one else to blame  
It's all about to change, so let it go

I'm on Alka-Seltzer everyday  
And I'm lying when I say I'm okay  
'Cause I'm not, I'm not  
So come out, come out, wherever you are  
Did you really think we'd get that far?  
You wanna secure that shh...

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And he knows  
And they know  
And you know  
That I'm broke

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