

Climbing a Chair to Bed (Live At Fenway Park)

Dropkick Murphys

You want something out of nothing, you want blood from a stone
To banish all your enemies and wish them safely home
Some would say insanity or crazy, better still
Cut off your nose to spite your face, for life you've lost all will
Now you've mingled with your demons and
depression's your excuse
But your lack of conscious effort is a bourbon triple proof
You've expelled the for your lobby but they lurk behind the door
It's a noose of your own making and it's rotten to the core
Are you too afraid of living to make a man's mistakes?
Too afraid of dying 'cause you fear what lies in wait?
Too sad to see the truth never knowing what it takes?
Are you too afraid of dying 'cause you fear what lies in wait?
You've got the barrel fever, so let's take another
pass
You've cast up your accounts again and ruined your best hat
You wanna take your final breath, but know not to commit
You yearn for the great silence, so you climb the chair to bed

Songwriters

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