

# Next To You

[Matt Skiba](#)

You're walking the thin line,  
between here and out of control,  
but you kept me in mind,  
you've got the papercuts to prove it,  
and your sea sick smile,  
screams sweet nausea,  
seventy six was a good year for me,  
its been uphill since and...

Don't cry,  
or stop to wonder why,  
we crashed out like thunder,  
on the floor or down from the ceiling,  
it's been nice waking up next to you.

And ya crossed the line,  
between here and out of this world,  
ya blow my mind,  
like a Colt forty five everytime

Don't cry,  
or stop to wonder why,  
we crashed out like thunder,  
on the floor or down from the ceiling,  
it's been nice waking up next to you.

Don't cry,  
or stop to wonder why,  
we crashed out like thunder,  
on the floor or down from the ceiling,  
It's been nice waking up to you.

(You)

And our sea sick smiles screaming home sweet home.

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