

This Could Be Love

Alkaline Trio

I've got a book of matches I've got a can of kerosene
I've got some mad ideas involving you and me
I don't blame you for walking away I touched myself at thoughts of flames
I shat the bed and laid there in it thinking of you wide awake for days
Wide awake for days And I found you tongue-tied, my twisted little brain
You couldn't crack a smile I didn't catch your name
I don't blame you for walking away I'd do the same if I saw me
I swear it's not contagious in four short steps we can erase this Step one, slit my throat step two, play in my blood
Step three, cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four, stop off at Edge brook Creek and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one
One by one I'm like a broken record I've got a needle scratching me
It injects the poison of alcohol I.V.
I don't blame you for walking away I'd do the same if I saw me
I swear it's not contagious I swear to God it's not contagious Step one, slit my throat step two, play in my blood
Step three, cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four, stop at Lake Michigan and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one This could be love
(Love for fire)
This could be love
(Love for fire)
This could be love for fire for ever more Step one, slit my throat step two, play in my blood
Step three, cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four, stop at Berkeley Marina and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one
One by one

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