

# I Got Chills (Live at the Independent 9.21.15)

## The Bronx

All this time I've been unclean  
Watching you 'cause you're watching me  
Shotgun knives into my heart without a reason All I want is to never die  
Fuck the beats of a different heart  
What I'll do if you never tell  
Bleed me an answer We got chills  
I break it down and build again, sit still Line me up so I can burn  
My heart knows you won't return  
Make some sense of being alone  
'Cause I'm wasted Blackout rescue from my faults  
Take away my sober stare  
Pay phone prayer give me what I want  
Give me an answer Trying to stare through you  
I can't get past your eyes  
Locked to the inside We got chills  
I break it down and build again, sit still Let me inject Trying to stare through you  
I can't get past your eyes  
Sweating through the nights  
Again, again, again, watch out they fall We got chills  
I break it down and build again, I sit still  
I've got pills, I got chills  
I got chills, I got chills

Songwriters

Ford Joby J; Tweedy James R D; Caughthran Matt; Vik Jorma Published by  
UNIVERSAL MUSIC-Z TUNES; ELVIS THE OTHER WHITE MEAT

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