

# Champing at the Bit

## Every Time I Die

We drew a crowd  
The crowd drew the blood  
Fawning swindlers  
There's a shark in the stream where the newborns are baptized  
Who let the flatterer into the gallery on our sweet sixteen? Take him away  
Get him against the wall for the witnesses This is doom in a borrowed suit  
It's a pickup line at a funeral  
Cannibals along side the catwalk  
But it's OK we're got old blood and our veins are rooted to the hornets nest again  
New love is tasteless  
We're wearing down This is the year of the party crasher  
What is charm? Where are the heroics? What is harm to the perfumed wrists of the stoics?  
Designer impostors find us twitching in the claws of the snake  
A fin is circling around the floor  
It appears we've lost our way  
The tide is swelling and we've fallen asleep on the shore  
Get inside, someone's yelling fire in the theater  
Oh dear god. Everybody stay calm  
Tell your husband that his screaming just invited it in  
The horsemen are crashing through the gates  
We had better learn to play dead  
Our hands are reeking of rapture  
It's dripping from our chin  
The tragedy of infant hearts  
But it's OK we've got old blood and our hair is woven to the same hotel again  
We're wearing down  
This is the year of the party crasher  
It's you and me for the first time in history  
We're history

Songwriters

Michael Novak; Andrew John Williams; Jordan Taylor Buckley; Keith Michael Buckley Published by  
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