Canals

All Time Low

I am a critic,
of my own critical need to define myself,
with wine, and words, and lovers,
and friends who don't understand...
So there, I just said it,
you know that admitting the problem,
is the first step towards repair,
"We all recover,"
say the friends turned to wine-drunk lovers...Smile, tell me I'm alright with a goodbye,
You are so misleading,
a kiss or a gun fight - high-noon or midnight,
Darling, I don't want to know,
if I'm just a short sight on a cold night,
the canals are freezing,
so tell me alright with a goodbye...Am I a villain, cast among heroes,
with all of their underwhelming, overbearing struggles,
to become what they'll never be?
Friends to the wicked...
Caution is calling, but nobody's home,
the lights are off, the party's over,
now you're stuck plucking three leaf clovers...Smile, tell me I'm alright with a goodbye,
You are so misleading,
a kiss or a gun fight - high-noon or midnight,
Darling, I don't want to know,
if I'm just a short sight on a cold night,
the canals are freezing,
so tell me alright with a goodbye...You've got the high ground,
and I'm on my best defense,
but I dare you to come down,
I'll give you an eye for an eye,
if it makes things easy...Smile, tell me I'm alright with a goodbye,
You are so misleading,
a kiss or a gun fight - high-noon or midnight,
Darling, I don't want to know,
if I'm just a short sight on a cold night,
the canals are freezing,
so tell me alright with a goodbye...Smile, tell me alright with a goodbye

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