Private Eye

[The Drags](#)

I dragged this lake looking for corpses
Dusted for prints, pried up the floorboards
Pieces of planes and black box recorders
Don't lie
(Don't lie)And I've been preoccupied with these sick, sick senses
That sense DNA on barbed wire fences
Maybe someday I'll find me a suspect
That has no alibiThe New Year's Eve was as boring as heaven
I watched flies fuck on channel 11
There was no one to kiss, there was nothing to drink
Except some old rotten milk someone left in the sinkAnd there's no ring, there's no ring on the phone anymore
There's no reason to call, I passed out on the floor
Smoked myself stupid and drank my insides raisin' dryBut at the right place, at the right time
I'll be dead wrong and you'll be just fine
I won't have to quit doing fucked up shit
For anyone but meAnd at the right place, at the right time
It will have been worth it to stand in line
You won't have to stop, saying, "I love cops"
For anyone but me, your private eyeI dragged this lake looking for corpses
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Lyrics provided by