

# The Death of Us (Live at Dubin's House)

## The New Amsterdams

I don't think that you're one of us  
A coated chrome doesn't rust from the inside out  
It's a ways down to ghost townI don't think that you're serious  
That alone could be the death of us  
And the way we know, we move slowI wanna like your way  
It's hard for me to tell you wrong  
I see it in your eyes  
I don't think you could lie for longTaken like a child  
Sold the silver for us all  
But you're goneMop the ground where the wound was bled  
I pray to god that he'll strike you dead  
Before I get back  
Fear my wrathThe darkest suit but I wear it well  
With a smile  
On the way to hell with your arms and legs bound  
All the way down

Songwriters

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