

You're Dead

Alkaline Trio

What the hell is your name
And can you explain this mess?
It seems you're playing a game
Where you only know how to take out the best 'Cause if assholes could fly
This place would be busier than O'Hare
There's proof in the sky
It's as thick as our skulls yet it's thinner than air I have something to say
If the chip on your shoulder should fall to your chest
Get it off right away
'Cause if you don't then it won't be in peace that you rest It's just a matter of time
That we all go away to a better place
I'm told it all sounds well and fine
But without you around I feel nothing but cold And I now have nothing
But your heartbeat in my head
And a photograph of
My traveling friend So what the hell is your name
And can you explain this mess?
Seems you're playing a game
Where you only know how to take out the best 'Cause if assholes could fly
This place would be busier than O'Hare
There's proof in the sky
It's as thick as our skulls yet it's thinner than air And I now have nothing
But your heartbeat in my head
And a photograph of
My traveling friend And I became nothing
When I found out you were dead
When I found out I'd
Never see you again And all the time they took
Talking in circles
To get them off the hook
Would take miracle workers We're nowhere near prepared
There's no way of knowing
Why don't they just admit they're scared
'Cause it's already showing And I now have nothing
But your heartbeat in my head
And a photograph of
My traveling friend And I became nothing
When I found out you were dead
When I found out I'd

Never see you again

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