

If I Were Going

The Afghan Whigs

What should I tell her?
She's going to ask
If I ignore it, it gets uncomfortable
She'll want to argue about the past
Still I think she believes me, every word I say
I think I'm starting to believe it all myself
Go ask the gentlemen who play it
But hate to pay
And it don't bleed and it don't breathe
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing
It's in our heart, it's in our heads
It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed
It holds my arms down, sits upon my chest
It waves its finger at me every night and day
And it don't rest

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