

I'm Low On Gas And You Need A Jacket

Pierce The Veil

Choke, tried to wash you down with something strong
Dry but the taste of blood remains
Cold empty mattresses and falling stars
My how they start to look the same
So keep in happiness and torture me while
I tell you let's go in style
A million hooks around a million ways to die
Darlin' it's cold outside
No, no more eyes to see the sun
You slide into bed while I get drunk
Slow conversations with a gun mean more than I've ever said to anyone
So keep in happiness and torture me while I tell you let's go in style
A million hooks around a million ways to die

Darlin' let's go inside, it'll be alright
But last night you said you ended up in Palm Springs dancin' on tables
Almost fought some bitch at the club
Got kicked out of your hotel and lost your shoes well
Fuck, what am I supposed to be impressed?
You're just another set of bones to lay to rest
I guess it's time to say goodnight
Hope you had a really good time
I will soon forget the color of your eyes, and you will forget mine
So keep in happiness and torture me while I tell you let's go in style
A million hooks around a million ways to die
Let's go outside, it'll be alright
But last night you said you ended up in Palm Springs dancin' on tables

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