

Ice Cream With The Enemy

None More Black

Face it, I'm catching all your drifts
They're blowing eastward
Through my door and out my window
Originate in mouth, in innuendos Every word is meant to hurt
Meant to feel like war
I've had enough
All's fair only when the weather is The air is right for shooting down my best intentions
But all the good it's done
We'll never mention
Just like the worst, just like the worst Hot tongues and poor little lungs are burnt to a crisp from fire that we spit
No wins with sharp bloody pins that we've hired and fired at will
They're sticking in my skin
I've had enough Allies are worthless in this shit faced fucking
That I fear has grown to pity me for the damage done
And you for the healing
When neither side has meant to hurt Now when I get lost
I follow the blood trail home to my disgust
And think of all the wrong things I could be doing
And all the good times I could ruin "Hey, I wouldn't worry about it man
Do what you can try not to hide"
"Hey, I wouldn't worry about it man
Do what you can to feel alive

Songwriters

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