# Relapsing

## Boys Night Out

Last call at the hospital
You slept through it all
And these four walls warn you
That your surgery, it might not be the key
To fix the memory of you and meDoctor I don't know what I've done
There's more to this than my
Ex-love and my ex-limbs could ever in my life begin to explain
Everytime I think of her and what went on that night
I don't see it, instead i hear it
A song so awful and so perfectLast call at the hospital
You slept through it all
And these four walls warn you
That your surgery, it might not be the key
To fix the memory of you and meDoctor I don't know what I'm gonna do
I need this song to be shouted out
And to be heard by everyone
Its like each word and every chord refuses to be ignored
This is bigger than me
But with no hands and even less skill
I don't know how it ever will come outDoctor I think it's her I hear
It's always been
But if this pain can be arranged
In such a way to bring out beauty
Then, well, who am I to stop it?
I'll bring her back and I won't stop until it's done
Until this nightmare's undone
I need herLast call at the hospital
You slept through it all
And these four walls warn you
That your surgery, it might not be the key
To fix the memory of you and meI need her
I need this
The saddest songs can sing themselves, and just sing along
So if death's the answer, then the question is the trigger
And I'm just the firing pin.
Yeah I'm just a messenger
So if death's the answer, then the question is the trigger
And I'm just the firing pin.
And I'm just a messenger

Doomed to detonate on deliveryLast call at the hospital
You slept through it all
And these four walls warn you
That your surgery, it might not be the key
To fix the memory of you and meLast call at the hospital
(of you and me)
You slept through it all
(of you and me)
And these four walls warn you
(of you and me)
That your surgery, it might not be the key
(of you and me)
To fix the memory of you and me

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