I Was The Devil For One Afternoon

Boys Night Out

(It's a good thing that I havn't slept in weeks
Because right now, it seems that times are hard for dreamers)
I've got a broken neck sense of mortality
It clashes with your blood lust sentimentality
She says "It's wrong, but oh, we need it"
As she sits waiting up for me
But I'm not coming home
I've driven seven days of distance
and the dial tone on the end of this receiver
Is what's really wrong with meOne day dear, I'll come crawling through the front door
Just to fall into an empty room with a ruined view
I'm doing this for you(So I'll see to) it that through me you (won't have to)
Suffer like this anymore
(My impulsive) impulses give (me my excuses).I've got a broken neck sense of mortality
It clashes with your blood lust sentimentality
She says "It's wrong, but oh, we need it"
As she sits waiting up for me
But I'm not coming home
I've driven seven days of distance
and the dial tone on the end of this receiver
Is what's really wrong with meYou know dear, I never think things through
But I'm doing this for you
(I'm doing this for you)(I, I never think things through
I'm doing this for you)(For the first time I'm looking back on the time
I spend writing down lines disguised as warning signs
My warning signs)There was something in the way
You turned and looked at me
I started panicking. I started panicking
Until your hearbeat stopped...Until your body dropped
That will always be my favourite memory of you and me
And I've give anything to know the reasons behind the wreckage.
I ruined everything for you

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