

# 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 me One 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 me You 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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