

The Death of Me

City and Colour

Do I have nothing good left to say?
Do I need whiskey to start fueling my complaints?
People love to drink their troubles away
Sometimes I feel that I'd be better off that way 'Cause maybe then I could sleep at night
I wouldn't lie awake until the morning light
This is something that I'll never control
My nerves will be the death of me, I know
I know, I know So here's to living life miserable
And here's to all the lonely stories that I've told
Maybe drinking wine will validate my sorrow
Every man needs a muse and mine could be the bottle Maybe then I could sleep at night
I wouldn't lie awake until the morning light
This is something that I'll never control
My nerves will be the death of me, I know Finally, I could hope for a better day
No longer holding on to all the things that cloud my mind
Maybe then the weight of the world wouldn't seem so heavy
But then again, I'll probably always feel this way At least I know I'll never sleep at night
I'll always lie awake until the morning light
This is something that I'll never control
My nerves will be the death of me My nerves will be the death of me
My nerves will be the death of me, I know

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