

# Alkaline Trio, Blue In The Face

It's about time that I came clean with you  
I'm no longer fine, I'm no longer running smooth  
I thought that I found myself under something new  
Just one more line I repeat over and over again  
Till I'm blue in the face with a choking regret  
As I talk in circles 'round you on my bed  
Can't say I blame you one bit when you kept it all inside  
When you left that night

It's about time that you got sick of me  
No longer fun, and so far from interesting  
I thought that I found me a cure for feeling old  
Just one more line to keep me sleeping loudly and cold  
In disgraced with a shameful regret  
As I talk in tongues to myself in my bed  
Can't say I blame you one bit when you kept it all inside  
When you left that night

And all that followed fell like mercury to hell  
Somehow we lost our heads for the last time  
And all that followed fell like mercury to hell  
Somehow we lost our heads for the last time

And I don't dream since I quit sleeping  
And I haven't slept since I met you  
And you can't breathe without coughing at daytime  
And neither can I  
So what do you say?  
Your coffin, or mine?