

# Alkaline Trio, Continental

I've got a dying urge to feel the way you do  
Too close for comfort, bed and breakfast in a spoon  
The shortest breath of your young life  
A long walk home on Friday night  
You made one last stop at the store

So close to perfect, swear to hell, thought it was you  
This bouncing baby boy's now turning baby blue  
I've got your pictures on my walls  
I've got a long list of calls I must make to your existing family

You had nine lives and one by one you chewed 'em up  
Your final coffin nail's been driven far too much  
This won't take long, you said, I'm not going far  
Go wait in the car  
Go wait in the car

I often wonder what it feels like to be you  
A mess like this stuck on your hands with crazy glue  
Ran out of time, no kiss goodbye  
Wish I could learn to let this sleeping dog die without lying to myself

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