

Alkaline Trio, This Could Be Love

I've got a book of matches
I've got a can of kerosene
I've got some bad ideas involving you and me
I don't blame you for walking away
I touched myself had thoughts of flames
I shat the bed and laid there in it
Thinking of you wide awake for days
Wide awake for days

And I found you tongue-tied in my twisted little brain
You couldn't crack a smile
I didn't catch your name
I don't blame you for walking away
I'd do the same if I saw me
I swear it's not contagious
In four short steps we can erase this

Step one -- slit my throat
Step two -- play in my blood
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four -- stop off at Edgebrook Creek and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one

I'm like a broken record
I've got a needle scratching me
It injects the poison of alcohol I.V.
I don't blame you for walking away
I'd do the same if I saw me
I swear it's not contagious
I swear to God it's not contagious

Step one -- slit my throat
Step two -- play in my blood
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four -- stop at Lake Michigan and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one

This could be love - love for fire
This could be love - love for fire
This could be love - love for fire
This could be love for fire forevermore

Step one -- slit my throat
Step two -- play in my blood
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four -- stop at Berkeley Marina and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one
One by one