

R.I.P.

3OH!3

This town used to be a pretty place to stay
A place you stop off from the highway
But all of those things changed on a day
You packed up your bags and you ran away

All they say it's how you've changed
Everyday I stay the same
So you can keep the necklace that I gave to you
I'll keep the shitty tattoos

I can see it from the other side
The grass isn't always as green
The house is burned to ashes
I'm no longer in between
R.I.P., R.I.P., you and me

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I count the empty bottles upon the bar
But I give up I can't count that far
The lights in this place are too dim to see
They're kickin' me out, it's a quarter past three

They tell me you're all I got
I just need these dreams to stop
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In the back of the car
On the way to your home
In the pouring rain

On the side of the road
In the light of the street
In the recline of the seat
You told me I should move on

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