

If I Were Going

Afghan Whigs

What should I tell her?
She's going to ask
If I ignore it, it gets uncomfortable
She'll want to argue about the past

Still I think she believes me
Every word I say
I think I'm starting to believe it all myself
Go ask the gentlemen who play it but hate to pay

And it don't bleed and it don't breathe
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing
It's in our heart, it's in our heads
It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed

It holds my arms down
Sits upon my chest
Waves its finger at me every night and day
And it don't rest

And it don't breathe and it don't bleed
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing
It's all a lie, it's nearly dead
It's in our hope, baby, it's in our bed