

## Private Eye

Alkaline Trio

I dragged this lake looking for corpses  
Dusted for prints, pried up the floorboards  
Pieces of planes and black box recorders  
Don't lie  
And I've been preoccupied with these sick, sick senses  
That sense DNA on barbed wire fences  
Maybe someday I'll find me a suspect  
That has no alibi  
New Year's Eve was as boring as heaven  
I watched flies fuck on channel 11  
There was no one to kiss, there was nothing to drink  
Except some old rotten milk someone left in the sink  
And there's no ring on the phone anymore  
There's no reason to call I passed out on the floor  
Smoked myself stupid and drank my insides raisin dry  
But at the right place at the right time  
I'll be dead wrong and you'll be just fine  
And I won't have to quit doing fucked up shit  
For anyone but me  
And at the right place at the right time  
It will have been worth it to stand in line  
And you won't have to stop  
Saying "I love cops" for anyone but me  
Your private eye