

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