

# You're Dead

Alkaline Trio

What the hell is your name  
And can you explain this mess  
It seems you're playing a game  
Where you only know how to take out the best

Cause if assholes could fly  
This place would be busier than O'Hare  
There's proof in the sky  
It's as thick as our skulls yet it's thinner than air

I have something to say  
If the chip off your shoulder should fall to your chest  
Get it off right away  
Cause if you don't then it won't be in peace that you rest  
It's just a matter of time  
That we all go away to a better place I'm told  
It all sounds well and fine  
But without you around I feel nothing but cold

And I now have nothing  
But your heartbeat in my head  
And a photograph of my traveling friend

So what the hell is your name  
And can you explain this mess  
It seems you're playing a game  
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This place would be busier than O'Hare  
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And I now have nothing  
But your heartbeat in my head  
And a photograph of my traveling friend  
And I became nothing when I found out you were dead  
When I found out I'd never see you again  
And all the time they took talking in circles  
To get them off the hook would take miracle workers  
We're nowhere near prepared there's  
no way of knowing  
Why don't they just admit they're scared  
Cause its already showing

And I now have nothing  
But your heartbeat in my head  
And a photograph of my traveling friend

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