

Your Neck

Alkaline Trio

We're the things that go bump in the night that you can't see
Yeah, we're the mishaps that always happen in threes
This ain't no rocket science, no big mystery
Why the light of day that's shown to us
Is absolutely meaningless to me
Well first things first, we've gotta find a way
To make the beauty of the nighttime last all day
We'll do our very best to keep our appetites in check
You better watch your back, we want your neck
Nothing but rotten apples lay here light years from the tree
Got thrown out of the house at the ripe age of three
I'll do my very best to keep my feelings off my chest
And out of your neck
We're the dreams that crumble into nightmares while you sleep
Yeah, we're that feeling someone's watching from the street
This ain't no rocket science, no big mystery
Why the light of day that's shown to us
Is absolutely meaningless to me