

It's the calming before the storm  
Alcohol sits nicely in your stomach warm  
When you wake up hungover  
You wish you were sober

I dance with the devil and dream with the demons  
Fell asleep with death and fell short of breath  
When you wake up hungover  
You wish you were sober

Just be pretty but naive  
Anything you hear is what you believe  
Let the rhyme get stuck in your head  
Wish you had undressed me in your head

It's the low before the high  
It's been so long you thought you would die  
And when you wake up hungover  
You wish you were sober

And I'll be counting the days that the sun goes past  
With the clouds beneath my feet

Just be pretty but naive  
Anything you hear is what you believe  
Let the rhyme get stuck in your head  
Wish you had undressed me in your bed  
Cause we were falling apart  
Built to crumble from the start  
I'm a cold metal machine and I'll do things you never see

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And what they don't tell you in church is  
Saints are sinners too