

It's Dylan, You Know The Drill

Boys Night Out

An I.O.U. tattoo strung along the finer ribs and tears of your heart,
and it is there to keep you together while we're all falling apart

My conscience drifts and sleeps in shifts
Trading off between my open hand and swinging fists
And this alcohol, my wrecking ball,
Keeps me talking to the angels buried in these walls

But, contrary to counter culture,
I don't care if the killing stops
Or if suffocation claims my lungs

we walk a nightmare line
wide awake and dead at the same time
we walk a nightmare line
wide awake and dead at the same time

This ringing room has been raped and ruined
and completely torn apart by the few who think that they'll find you
But time and fate, those things I hate,
Both have their own ways of playing off the winters weight
So, we're both older and seven snowfalls worth of colder earth
has left us reaching

we walk a nightmare line
wide awake and dead at the same time
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(At the same time)

The cellar door is coming up, coming up
and we've had time to lock it up, lock it up
I'm feverish. I'm burning up, burning up
and I pray to god there's time enough, time enough
You know that I LOVE YOU
Now I just can't shut you up, shut you up
So now I have to chop you up, chop you up
And I'll just wait till I get caught