

Sudden Death in Carolina

Brand New

Last night I swallowed liquor and a lighter and this morning I
threw up fire.
But it's nothing new. I've been piecing it together and it's go
t something to do
with every look thrown like a knife across a crowded room.
Every slow and quiet car ride I spent drinking in the backseat.
Every stupid melody to every stupid song.
And every stupid word that everybody's hanging on.

What difference does this difference in age make?
I know how it ends... she'll kill me quick.
So call 911.
I'm already dead but someone should be caught
and held responsible for this bloody mess.

Last night I fell asleep next to a liar and I woke up with a sh
iner.
And it's all that I remember from a night spent lying on my bac
k
with a view of a stone white ceiling and the back of your head.
This dark and quiet bed felt like the middle of nowhere.
We beat each other up just like we always do.
When I'm talking to myself I'd always rather be talking to you.

What difference does this difference in age make?
I know how it ends... she'll kill me quick.
Call 911.
I'm already dead but someone should be caught
and held responsible for this bloody mess.

Call homicide. Take the case to court.
Her lips taste like a loaded gun
and I'm her number one chalk outline on the floor.

They hung her from the bridge on Monday.
The gathering turned into a mob out on the lawn.
They dropped her body in the river.
And school and work returned to normal before long...

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