

The Death Of Me

City and Colour

Do I have nothing good left to say?
Do I need whiskey to start fueling my complaints?
People love to drink their troubles away.
Sometimes I feel that I'd be better off that way.

'Cause maybe then I could sleep at night.
I wouldn't lie awake until the morning light.
This is something that I'll never control.
My nerves will be the death of me, I know.
I know, I know.

So here's to living life miserable.
And here's to all the lonely stories that I've told.
Maybe drinking wine will validate my sorrow.
Every man needs a muse and mine could be the bottle.

Maybe then I could sleep at night.
I wouldn't lie awake until the morning light.
This is something that I'll never control.
My nerves will be the death of me, I know.

Finally, I could hope for a better day.
No longer holding on to all the things that cloud my mind.
Maybe then the weight of the world wouldn't seem so heavy.
But then again I'll probably always feel this way.

At least I know I'll never sleep at night. (Sleep at night)
I'll always lie awake until the morning light. (Til the morning
light)
This is something that I'll never control.
My nerves will be the death of me.
My nerves will be the death of me.

My nerves will be the death of me, I know.