

Words from a drunk and numbers in code - I've got the pride of  
the irish  
On the phone - keep sending postcards from chicago - pressures  
building up  
I think I might explode - hold tight - I wish that you could se  
e through my eyes  
I've never really been good with goodbyes, so keep holding on  
I'm holding on - so what'll it be? clothes in the trunk - I gue  
ss I should  
Have known - looks like the queen of confusion's got her throne  
Save a white russian for the drive home - mint and hazelnut,  
I can't forget how you taste - windows boarded up,  
But were they ever really open in the first place?  
One day can lead to decay - what in the hell happened  
To us? my dear, you have a choice to make