

Madelyn, I share your hate for this world we're in
but it makes me a better man.
It's an excuse that you make.

And Madelyn, I know you want to let the bottles in.
I know you think that they're all your friends.
They're lying straight to your face.

Well I know about the devil in your bloodstream.
And I know that the ghosts still visit nightly.
Well I know it must get lonely by the Chesapeake.

And Madelyn, are you really afraid of death
or do you just say it if it's the right thing to say?

And Madelyn, I know you're safe where you lay your head
but if you wanted to come back, I've got a place you could stay
.

If I'm not doing right by my family
well then what's the point of it anyway?

I don't think there's a god.
I don't think that there's someone coming to save us
and I don't think that's the worst news of the day.

I don't think there's a god.
I don't think that there's someone coming to save me
and I don't think that's the worst news of the day.

So Madelyn, I know how your cold scars turn purple.
I know how the Irish goodbyes feel. I know where you've been

And Madelyn, you and I got this East Coast blood between us.
Oh it's bitter and vitriolic. I know how it ends. Oh.

If I'm not doing right by my family
I'm not doing right by family.