

End O' The Line

You Am I

I'm sweatin' bullets for breakfast
Slipping outta my range
Another night on a meathook
Just tryin' to pickle my brain
Why the hell are you running
And what are you standing for
A lightweight with the baggage
Slung out the door
So roll us on up in shrink-wrap
It sounds like a good place to hide
'Coz heads an' tails it's a night on
We'll be there 'til the end of the line
I asked out the back
To find a word in a cloud
Told me something that I already knew
Now if you're waiting for luck
To come and touch you up
You better wear yourself a good-lookin' suit
Don't you come around asking
Coz I ain't got an answerin' mind
I'm gonna get real damn familiar
With something with ice
So set us on up in the corner
And throw over that bottle 'o wine
Coz heads and tails it's a night on
We'll be there till the end of the line
We'll be there till the end of the line
We'll be there till the end of the line
Don't expect us now to understand
Or trust in the way that it feels
Chasin' up the coins into the ocean
And choppin' up the carriages to fight the locomotion alright
I had a win in Kansas
A birthday in North Albany
The most ungrateful tourist
You ever dragged an old friend to see
(Kick out the jams it ain't no fuckin' exam)