This Could Be Love

Alkaline Trio

I've got a book of matches
I've got a can of kerosene
I've got some mad ideas involving you and me
I don't blame you for walking away
I touched myself at thoughts of flames
I shat the bed and laid there in it
Thinking of you wide awake for days
Wide awake for days

And I found you tongue-tied ;my twisted little brain You couldn't crack a smile I didn't catch your name I don't blame you for walking away I'd do the same if I saw me I swear it's not contagious In four short steps we can erase this

Step one -- slit my throat Step two -- play in my blood Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house Step four -- stop off at Edgebrook Creek and rinse your crimson hands You took me hostage and made your demands I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one... One by one...

I'm like a broken record I've got a needle scratching me It injects the poison of alcohol I.V. I don't blame you for walking away I'd do the same if I saw me I swear it's not contagious I swear to God it's not contagious

Step one -- slit my throat
Step two -- play in my blood
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four -- stop at Lake Michigan and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one

This could be love - love for fire This could be love - love for fire This could be love for fire forevermore

Step one -- slit my throat Step two -- play in my blood Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house Step four -- stop at Berkley Marina and rinse your crimson hands You took me hostage, made your demands I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one One by one