

Canals

All Time Low

I am a critic
Of my only critical need to define myself
With wine, and words, and lovers
And friends who don't understand

So there, I just said it
You know that admitting the problem is the first step
Towards repair, "We all recover, "
Say the friends turned to wine-drunk lovers

Smile, tell me I'm alright
With a goodbye
You are so misleading
A kiss or a gun fight
High-noon or midnight
Darling, I don't want to know
If I'm just a short sight on a cold night
The canals are freezing
So tell me I'm alright with a goodbye

Am I a villain?
Cast among heroes with all of their
Underwhelming overbearing struggles
To become what they'll never be?

Friends to the wicked
Caution is calling, but nobody's home,
The lights are off, the party's over,
Now you're stuck plucking three-leaf clovers

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You've got the high ground
And I'm on my best defense,
But I
Dare you to come down
I'll give you an eye for an eye,
If it makes things easy...

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