

## Another Man's Grave

Amigo The Devil

It's a quarter to two and the bars are all closing  
Nobody looks how they think  
The guy in the corner with spit in his beard  
Wearing more than he drank of his drink  
The dancers are shaking like ants  
Desperate to find a last minute queen  
While the rest of us are all headed home  
To try finding comfort in dreams  
Cause this isn't life  
I know that I chose it  
But I can't stand waking up  
And nobody knows it  
I'll never find the strength  
To change what I need  
Is this who I'll always be?

I open my eyes and the room is still spinning  
I joke about buying a vowel  
The funniest part of this feeling  
Is knowing the answer but nothing comes out  
So I'm shaking around like I'm hanging from something  
I know is about to break  
Like I'm biting the gun but the safety is on  
And I threw up the pills I ate  
The notes are all scribbled in pencil  
Without really knowing what I'm trying to write  
But something like "goddamn the man  
Who said everything's gonna be fine"  
But life is a lot like a sewer  
We get out of it what we put in  
That's when doubt kicks in

Maybe I just don't have it inside me  
Maybe there's too much I couldn't face?  
I just wanted someone to come down from heaven and explain  
This cold and fucked up place  
But I'll just keep trying to hide it  
Until there's nothing left to save  
And in the end, I know, I'm gonna die  
Buried in another man's grave