

Trace A Line

Au Revoir Simone

Trace a line
Down my arm
Trace a line
Down

You'll be the end of me
You'll be the end of me

No one's here
And nothing's new
Trace a line
From me to you

You'll be the end of me
You'll be the end of me

Getting drunk in taxicabs
And writing names on backs of hands
And figuring how to get to you

We're making room for alibis
When something tells me telling lies
Is only ever trying to be true
Will we never ever learn
That things could go from bad to worse
And worst of all we'd love it if they did

Knowing what you said to me
Beneath your breath so blatantly
Be careful now
We're camping in the corner of the room

You'll be the end of me
You'll be the end of me