

Options

Cameron Whitcomb

Is it a relapse if it's just a drink?
A picture perfect party full of friends I used to keep
My favourite vices I used to need
Are lined up on the countertop, and they're calling out to me
Would I still survive it, or have I lost my edge?
You're never quite alive as when you're shaking hands with death
Would I still remember how to lose my mind?
Oh, I'd like to think I might

I won't, but I could pull that bottle off that shelf
It helps me cope knowing I could be that version of myself
Could disappear for a week, for a month, for a year
Wake up at home or in a coffin
It's nice to know I got options

Oh, I can hear that quiet knock
I open up the door I could've swore I triple locked
Invite my skeletons to come on in, with their hollow eyes and that awful itch
And we're chewing through the air to tell a story
Would I still survive it, or have I lost my edge?
You're never quite alive as when you're shaking hands with death
Would I still remember how to lose my mind?
Well, I might just give it a try

I won't, but I could pull that bottle off that shelf
It helps me cope knowing I could be that version of myself
Could disappear for a week, for a month, for a year
Wake up at home or in a coffin
It's nice to know I got options
Oh, I got options

Long as that devil on my shoulder and my angel keep talking
I got options
Oh, I got options
Long as my hell ain't frozen over, oh, it's nice to know

I won't, but I could pull that bottle off that shelf
It helps me cope knowing I could be that version of myself
Could disappear for a week, for a month, for a year
Wake up at home or in a coffin
It's nice to know

That I won't, but I could pull that bottle off that shelf
It helps me cope knowing I could be that version of myself
I'll disappear for a week, for a month, for a year
Wake up at home or in a coffin
It's nice to know I got options