

More Tequila Less Joe

Captain, We're Sinking

Well I'm staring at a blank page
And I don't like writing anymore
The self appointed martyr, he will die
Before he knows what he's even dying for

Well I'm drinking from my father's flask
And there's something burning on my lips
This shit tastes just like medicine
But I'll take it for what it is

Well I've seen my future self in stranger's eyes
It's strange knowing how you will die

I'm sick of the voices and headaches
Of forced attempts of conversation radiate
A wallet hidden under a cross
Similarities too forward and obvious to think much on

Something's pulling me in again
And I think I'm losing my mind

Something's swimming in my bloodstream
Forcing back the words you said to me
Something's swimming in my bloodstream
Forcing back the words you said to me

Now the doctor, yes, he had to notice
That she was all alone staring at her wedding ring
On the day that her son had to leave her womb
Just like his father he knew how he'd deal with things
On the day he left her womb tears filled her eyes
Because her son refused to cry

You're swimming in my bloodstream
You're swimming in my bloodstream
You're swimming in my bloodstream
You're swimming in my bloodstream
I'm like you
I'm like you
I'm like you
I'm like you