

# Play Dead

Fog Lake

And when your heart's dried up  
That's when the real vampires come  
It's gonna leave a real gash  
Once they suck your blood

And if you wanna play dead  
Maybe I'll rat you out  
Then we can play a different kind of game  
One more skill than luck

And when you finally go down  
Nobody's gonna be around  
I missed you sober  
I hope you stay awhile

And when you go downtown  
I wanna be the blood on your hands  
The driver of the getaway van  
Your back door

And when you lay so limp  
Lost in florescent light  
Do you think of the fantasy land  
That you dreamt last night

And is it anywhere but this  
You think you'd rather be  
A feeling dead as disco  
On a laptop screen

And maybe in some twist of fate  
I'll be the promise you keep  
And if you cure my head  
Forfeit the memory

And when you go downtown  
I'm gonna be the blood on your hands  
The driver of the stolen caravan  
Your white horse