Not Dead Yet

Lord Huron

All messed up, with nowhere to go
I stare at myself in the mirror alone
It's hard to make friends when you're half in the grave
But I ain't dead yet, and I've got something to say

Oh, yeah

You've got holes in your clothes and booze on your breath
You look like hell and you smell like death
Oh

There's a stranger in my eyes again
I swear to God I don't know him
You're tired of me, I'm tired of you
So turn around and leave me to myself

Oh, yeah
You've got holes in your clothes and booze on your breath
You look like hell and you smell like death
Oh

I've been out way too long, I'm heading right for the edge
If she asks about me, tell her I'm not dead yet

You've got holes in your clothes and booze on your breath
You look like hell and you smell like death
Oh

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