

# Reds

Save Face

I wish I could pick up a vice  
To cope with these volatile moods  
I guess cigarettes and coffee  
Just don't kill me like you do  
Every time I comb my hand through my hair  
Half of it comes loose  
You were looking at your feet  
When I was looking for an excuse

So I'll roll up my right sleeve  
And hope that I don't seize  
'Cause my left arm's numb  
And everything tastes like Reds  
Like Reds, like Reds  
Yeah, you fucked me up way more  
Than anything else could have

Yeah, you are the tar in my lungs, in my veins  
In my taste and on my breath  
"Another day, another dose"  
Has got me feeling comatose now  
And nothing you could say or do  
Or I don't even know is gonna cut it

Now everything taste like Reds  
Now that the withdrawal has kicked in  
And I'm just begging for one more hit  
Everything tastes like Reds  
Everything tastes like Reds