

Rat Poison

The K's

No, I won't drive, I'm well over the limit
My gin don't taste right, I think there's something in it
I'll have another, I'll be fine
My lips are blue, it's still not quite enough again
For me and you, I think I'm coming up again
Before I get too high, just pull my safety line

And I should probably pour another
So the convo don't go dry
I probably should've changed the covers
But I'm hoping you don't mind

Then every word I've ever said
Comes running round to our voice, think I've seen all boys
So I fill my veins with rat poison
When I'm hanging round the after, mixing with my old crowd

We're planning when we'll meet again
I'm doubting that we'll ever even speak again
But right until we plummet, baby, I'm all yours tonight
So the future's bleak, but this has been my favourite
Night alive this week, that's gotta count for something
What a way to pass the time, just you and I in mind

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When I'm hanging round the hard town, mixing with my old crowd

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