

# Bury Me Alive

Tom MacDonald

I feel it's a change but we both dealt with it different  
You started running away and I was left with decisions to make  
Moved our apartment into a new part of town  
Still surrounded with memories like the sheets and the couch  
I swear the puppy can feel it, he ain't been eating or sleeping  
We both just lay on the carpet now and look up at the ceiling  
I was dealing with things I couldn't put into words  
Anxiety and depression had made it so hard to work and by the time that I be  
at it I think they've taken their toll  
You were with me in person but your heart was alone  
Now I'm guilty and angry for all the time that I stole  
I'm in the yard with the dog and we're both digging some holes  
The only difference is he's filling his with old, dirty bones  
I guess I'm doing the same but mine are broken from stones (stones)  
Empty bottles on my table and some holes in the wall  
I wish you nothing but the best, nothing at all

It's eating me alive, eating me alive, eating me alive  
I wish it all would stay where I put it all away underneath the pine tree  
Bury me alive, bury me alive, bury me alive, so the ghosts in my head can fi  
nally go to bed, no one can find me  
(I been thinking maybe I have problems)  
It's eating me alive, eating me alive, eating me alive  
I wish it all would stay where I put it all away underneath the pine tree  
(I been sinking way down to the bottom)  
Bury me alive, bury me alive, bury me alive  
So the ghosts in my head can finally go to bed, no one can find me

We moved out of the city, I stayed in LA  
I lived alone until the rent became way too much to pay  
I started hanging with people I hadn't seen in a minute and fell in love wit  
h somebody I knew since we were just children  
I think it's better this way, I think you just had to go  
I think it's funny that love was hiding right under my nose  
I think we'll both be alright, and if we're not that's OK  
I think the way the cookie crumbles only sweetens the taste  
I think the sky is only pretty when it thunders and rains  
I think the sea is at its calmest after all of the waves  
I think our demons knock the hardest when you lock all the gates  
And being honest with ourselves will only help all the pain  
My new street a little rougher than the last one  
I was sober for a while but if I'm thirsty I'll smash one  
Never throw a cigarette away if it's half done  
Taking every last bit, man, fuck it

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Twenty beers in the fridge, right next to the takeout

Cigarettes in the freezer, keeping 'em fresh 'til I break down  
I got dreams of a lake house, somewhere no one can find me  
I got history buried deep underneath all of these pine trees  
I got all of these people, these people follow me blindly as I head into darkness, never glancing behind me  
The pressure is building, I feel it throb in my head  
A lesser man than myself would probably be better off dead  
They say the storm is still coming, you can tell when your bones ache  
The prairie wind's blowing, the rain pours and your home shake  
The clouds are as dark as the sky at night when there's no stars  
Lightning's in the west on the road where there's no cars  
I been drinking so heavy, I should just open my own bar  
Keep the knives in my back just to recall where the holes are  
My heart on my sleeve, I got like twenty on both arms  
Hell and back ain't what they meant when they said that I'd go far

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