

## Keep 'Em Coming

Alkaline Trio

14 hours ahead - a head that's heavier than lead  
and I've got toothpicks in my eyes, a smile more yellow than the sky  
I've got a song stuck in my head, one that I miss more than my bed  
It's a song sung from a fallen milkman who's drinking bleach instead  
I'm much like him.

14 hours unfed - I spent the last cents in my head  
They're worth much less than pennies now  
Food for one thought shared with a crowd  
I've got a painting in my head, a deeper blue bled thicker red  
More red than Bloody Mary's coast to coast  
I hate flying I said - that's what I said

Sad, sorry excuse.  
Just like everything that made her smile and everything I use  
I won't go back to the way it was  
I'm now huffing gas and sniffing paint,  
to take away this buzz that I call you.

14 hours ahead - a head that's heavier than lead  
Toothpicks pry open my eyes, a smile more yellow than the sky  
I've got a song stuck in my head, one that I miss more than my bed  
It's a song sung from a fallen milkman who's drinking bleach instead  
I'm much like him.

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