

It's the calming before the storm
Alcohol sits nicely in your stomach warm
When you wake up hungover
You wish you were sober

I dance with the devil and dream with the demons
Fell asleep with death and fell short of breath
When you wake up hungover
You wish you were sober

Just be pretty but naive
Anything you hear is what you believe
Let the rhyme get stuck in your head
Wish you had undressed me in your head

It's the low before the high
It's been so long you thought you would die
And when you wake up hungover
You wish you were sober

And I'll be counting the days that the sun goes past
With the clouds beneath my feet

Just be pretty but naive
Anything you hear is what you believe
Let the rhyme get stuck in your head
Wish you had undressed me in your bed
Cause we were falling apart
Built to crumble from the start
I'm a cold metal machine and I'll do things you never see

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And what they don't tell you in church is
Saints are sinners too