

God of Wine

Third Eye Blind

Every thought that I repent,
There's another chip you haven't spent,
And you're cashing them all in,
Where do we begin. To get clean again,
Can we get clean again.
I walk home alone with you,
And the mood you're born into,
Sometimes you let me in,
And I take it on the chin.
I can't get clean again.
I want to know, Can we get clean again,
The God of Wine comes
crashing through the headlights of a car
that took you farther than
you thought you'd ever want to go,
We can't get back again,
We can't get back again,
She takes a drink and then she waits,
The alcohol it permeates,
And soon the cells give way,
And cancels out the day.
I can't keep it all together,
I know...I can't keep it all together.
And the siren's song that is your madness,
Holds a truth I can't erase,
All alone on your face.
Every glamorous sunrise,
Throws the planets out of line,
A star sign out of whack,
A fraudulent zodiac.
And the God of Wine
is crouched down in my room,
You let me down, I said it,
Now I'm going down,
And you're not even around.
And I said no...
I can't keep it all together,
I know...I can't keep it all together,
And there's a memory of a window,
Looking through I see you.
Searching for something,
I could never give you,
And there's someone who
understands you more than I do.
A sadness I can't erase.
All alone on your face.