

# The Afghan Whigs, If I Were Going

What should I tell her?  
She's going to ask  
If I ignore it, it gets uncomfortable  
She'll want to argue about the past

Still I think she believes me  
Every word I say  
I think I'm starting to believe it all myself  
Go ask the gentlemen who play it  
But hate to pay

And it don't bleed,  
And it don't breathe  
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing  
It's in our heart  
it's in our heads  
It's in our love, baby, it's in our bed

It holds my arms down,  
Sits upon my chest  
It waves its finger at me every night and day  
And it don't rest

And it don't bleed,  
And it don't breathe  
It's locked its jaws and now it's swallowing  
It's in our heart  
It's in our heads  
It's in our hope, baby, it's in our bed