

The Matches, Sunburn Vs. The Rhinovirus

Trade your duress for mine
A tissue for a cigarette
I'll miss you when you're gone
I'll haunt you still, I'll kill you yet

My eyes are dry
My eyes are dry
But on the inside, I'm all wet

I think I'm decomposing
I think I'm decomposing
Below my clothes
I'm starting to decompose

I blow my brains out
I blow my brains out
Through my nose

Grandma sleeps on a bed of ice
Why does Grandma sleep with open eyes?
No one knows we've been crying
We're living in the ocean's brine

Our world's all wet
Our world's all wet
But on the inside, something's dried

I think I'm decomposing
I think I'm decomposing
Below my clothes
I'm starting to decompose

I blow my brains out
I blow my brains out
Through my nose

I picked a bad day for the beach
Crowds of scarcely clad sides of meat
In spite of sunburn, I had a head cold
I blew my brains out through my nose

I blow my brains out
Through my nose
Oh, oh

I think I'm decomposing
I think I'm decomposing
Below my clothes
I'm starting to decompose

I blow my brains out
I blow my brains out
Through my nose
Oh, oh

I blow my brains out
I blow my brains out
(Blow my brains)
I blow my brains out
(Blow my brains)
Through my nose
Oh, oh