

This Could Be Love
Alkaline Trio

[Intro riff]

(played at parts trough out the song!)

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e|-----4-4-5-5-4-4-----4-5-4-----|
B|-2-2-----2-2-----|
G|-----|
D|-----|
A|-----|
E|-----|

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C#m

I ve got a book of matches

A **F#m**

I ve got a can of kerosene

C#m **A** **F#m**

I ve got some bad ideas involving you and me

C#m

I don t blame you for walking away

A **F#m**

I touched myself had thoughts of flames

C#m

I shat the bed and laid there in it

A **F#m** **C#m** (INTRO RIFF) **A**

Thinking of you wide awake for days

F#m

Wide awake for days

[Instrumental]

C#m - A - F#m

C#m **A** **F#m**

And I found you tongue-tied in my twisted little brain

C#m

You couldn t crack a smile

A **F#m**

I didn t catch your name

C#m

I don t blame you for walking away

A **F#m**

I d do the same if I saw me

C#m

I swear it s not contagious

A **B**

In four short steps we can erase this

E

Step one -- slit my throat

A **B**

Step two -- play in my blood

E **A** **B**
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
E **A** **B**
Step four -- stop off at Edgebrook Creek and rinse your crimson hands

A **B**
You took me hostage and made your demands
A **B** **C#m**
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one

(INTRO RIFF) **C#m** - **A** - **F#m**

[REPEAT]

I'm like a broken record
I've got a needle scratching me
It injects the poison of alcohol I.V.
I don't blame you for walking away
I'd do the same if I saw me
I swear it's not contagious
I swear to God it's not contagious

Step one -- slit my throat
Step two -- play in my blood
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four -- stop at Lake Michigan and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one

C#m **A** **F#m**
This could be love - love for fire

C#m **A** **F#m**
This could be love - love for fire

C#m **A** **F#m**
This could be love - love for fire

C#m **A** **B**
This could be love for fire forevermore

Step one -- slit my throat
Step two -- play in my blood
Step three -- cover me in dirty sheets and run laughing out of the house
Step four -- stop at Berkeley Marina and rinse your crimson hands
You took me hostage and made your demands
I couldn't meet them so you cut off my fingers, one by one
One by one