

Classic Crime, Headlights

A summer drive away from dying: a broken heart nothing to lose.
I know it hurts so bad just trying to please the ones you hate to love.
And I wrote this note about someone I used to know
so I'd remember how life can be so short when your left alone to wonder
how it is someone opens and shuts the door.

I know your cold but come home.
It's a shame how short we all have come.

You set your mind on cruise control; knuckles grip the wheel in fear to let it go.
Love is empty, love is cruel, love it blindly breaks the rules.
How could you have been a fool?
It's something all of us go through.
You choke back tears and swallow lies but those wiper blades won't fix you eyes,
count on having clouded vision for at least a little while.

And I know you're cold but come home: it's a shame how short we all have come.
And I know you're cold but come home.

Please don't face the headlights of the oncoming cars along.
We wont forget the past.
We wont forget the past. (And I know you're cold)
Say all the answers and I will let you go
I wont look back
and I wont look back.
Say all the answers
and I will let you go.
I will let you go.
I will let you go

Say all the answers and I will let you go
I won't look back
I won't look back. [x3]

Please don't face the headlights of the oncoming cars along
and I will let you go..