

Dying For Extra Lives, Lying Awake At Night

the glove compartment isnt accurately named
and everybody knows it
so im proposing a swift orderly change

cause behind this door theres nothing to keep my fingers warm
and all I find are souvenirs from better times
before the gleam of your taillights fading east
to find yourself a better life

I was searching for some legal document
as the rain beat down on the hood
when I stumbled upon pictures I try to forget
and thats how this idea was drilled into my head

cause its too important
to stay the way its been

theres no blame for how our love did slowly fade
and now that its gone its like it wasnt there at all
and here I rest where disappointment and regret collide
lying awake at night

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