

Every Time I Die, She's My Rushmore

Cut your break lines, brake your headlights and waited for you at the stop sign.
Disconnected iron lungs, insurance fires, our smothered young.
Always the first one on the scene. A pyromantic midsummer nights dream.

Thank you lord:

- 1) for this oil slick.
- 2) for her car wreck.
- 3) for I'm lovesick.

Heaven sent us a hero, but Hell tried to his resolve. And when you thought we were done for.
I pulled through. While you rested your eyes in the driver seat, I sat and watched you.
Always the first one on the scene. A pyromantic midsummer nights dream.

Trust me.

We'll wait for it, pray for it, step on the brakes till we're over it, under it, screaming like bombs for it.
Oh dear me, I've done it again.

Thank you lord:

- 4) for the loaded gun.
- 5) for the bad aim.
- 6) for I'm lonesome.

God is smiling down on us, he shines his grace on everyone.

[p.s. - The greatest lovers were murderers first.]