

# Kids In The Way, Blind Behind The Wheel

In returning to the scene of a fatal accident  
The glass on the ground holds evidence  
Of all that went wrong, of all that was missed  
So sorry I missed  
Can you hear me, the voice inside your ear  
Can you feel me, the wind that chills your tears  
And all of this times we wasted was lost inside of this  
Can you hear me, the noise that brought you here  
I remember all the times I was blind behind the wheel  
The sharp screaming sound, the pain I would feel  
From all I had lost, from all I had killed  
So sorry I killed  
The blood will dry on the pavement  
All of my wounds will heal  
The wreckage will fall to the wasteland  
All will be quiet and still