

Odds, Car Crash Love

The rain is busting the fog with holes
and you're wheezing like a stricken deer
I will punch the wall with
the flash of headlights
through the spit and beer

Scrape off the mud, this is car crash love
Scrape off the mud, this is car crash love

F. Scoot screams at Zelda's feet
and it's poppin' in his throat
Scrambling like two dobermans
who are running down a goat

Play fights end with an extra shove
This is car crash love
Scrape off the mud, this is car crash love

She had something in her veins
that was meant for broken arms and legs
He kept her warm when she quit
and then she took his whip
There's a sunken iceberg with a very pointy tip

On again, off again, but the jail is always there
with short feelings of commitment
when a tongue is touching hair

Scrape off the mud, this is car crash love
Scrape off the mud, scrape off the mud
here is car crash love
Play fights end with an extra shove
This is car crash love