

# The 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 alone.  
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 alone  
and I will let you go..