

# Tilt, Pontiac

There but for the grace of god go I  
Grew up on the same block I wonder why  
Why you were the one to take a dive  
And I got to go on with my life  
The hand of fate is random I'm alive  
Ain't no reason or no rhyme  
We are practically the same  
I sing your requiem  
I lose another friend  
But I remain to receive your wake up call

Pontiac I love you and I miss you  
It's easier to love you now that you're gone  
Now I know the things I should've said to you  
Now you're gone

Sure beats me why we didn't die  
The time we brewed that cocktail "death surprise"  
Mixed in all the pills your mama had  
And washed it all down with my daddy's gin  
The hand of fate is random I'm alive  
Ain't no reason or no rhyme  
We are practically the same  
I sing your requiem  
I lose another friend  
But I remain to receive your wake up call

Pontiac I love you and I miss you  
It's easier to miss you now that you're gone  
Now I know the things I should've said to you  
Now you're gone  
Now you're gone