

Anita Lipnicka, Car Door

my car door was open
sleep inside was all you have to do
I would have driven you anywhere
anywhere you wanted to
anywhere you wanted to

another sky without a sunrise
my prayers bound to the paper moon
empty streets like broken lifelines
disintegrate into the blue
one more cut and the pain'll be over
I saw it all in your eyes
a lonely heart is desperate often
will trade the world for lullaby

now i still see the bridges burning
as you dance me slow into the flames
the tide of life forever turning
flowing strong the other way
one more cut and this pain'll be over

the blood rose high beneath the skin
we are only made of moments
shooting stars with dreams within