

Butch Walker, Cigarette Lighter Love Song

I know you're not asleep
I can feel you moving over there
You've been playing with the seam
In your worn out underwear
My lips are raw as hell
From biting on them just to stay awake
It's not like I'm gonna need them, you won't be around
To see them bleed and break
All that I do, comes back to you
So I'll just think about you
'til there's nothing in my head
All I can do, is try not to screw this up again
And just be friends, I'd rather be dead
I drove out of east Atlanta
With a headache the size of my car
I called to say I was okay anyway
'Cause I know how you are
I'm like a movie without an ending
You know I've got nowhere to go
And it makes me wanna throw up
To see you wanna give up
More than you'll ever know
All that I do, comes back to you
So I'll just think about you
'til there's nothing in my head
All I can do, is try not to screw this up again
And just be friends, I'd rather be dead
Everything's supposed to have a happy ending
But the record keeps skipping and the needle keeps bending
Like the road I'm driving to the bridge that has no end
I wanna take back everything that I've broken
But the bridges behind me are burning and smokin'
I guess this is the end
All that I do, comes back to you
So I'll just think about you
'til there's nothing in my head
All I can do, is try not to screw this up again
And just be friends, I'd rather be dead