

# Butch Walker, State Line

Seven hours till the moon sleeps  
I lose my mind as I drive away  
Your cigarettes are in the back seat  
I cant bring myself to throw away

All of the film from the camera that took  
All the pictures of the images in my mind

So I'll drive a straight line  
When I cross the state line  
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone  
Then you wont have to feel torn

Pass the churches full of guilty faith  
They send there hangovers from last night  
It won't do me any good to pray, cause even god knows  
that you were right

And I was wrong but yeah it kills me  
that my kid will never know me, with another man by his side

So I'll drive a straight line  
When I cross the state line  
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone  
Then you wont have to feel torn

Ohh

So I'll drive a straight line  
When I cross the state line  
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone

So I'll drive a straight line  
When I cross the state line  
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone

You wont have to feel torn  
Have to feel torn

Thinking of you with my last breath