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 guilted 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

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You wont have to feel torn Have to feel torn

Thinking of you with my last breath