

Driving East, First To Fly

Sitting at an empty bar. Alone to think about exactly who you are. From beds to little rooms to build
The bottles empty and tonight I wish that I could be the first to fly, from seven stories into traffic wh

Waking up was not that hard. It's the sleep that kills you its the silence its the dark. From beds to lit

The bottles empty and tonight I wish that I could be the first to fly, from seven stories into traffic wh

The boy who needs some motivation
The boy who needs to clear his mind
The boy is full of aggravation
The boy who couldn't fly so say goodbye

Tonight I wish that I could be the first to fly, from seven stories into traffic where Id die. I can't imagi