Ezra Furman, Forever In Sunset

I told you on the phone, I told you I was trouble, man
When we were both alone, I told you I was trouble, man
You got into my car, I don't care what you are is what you said to me back then
I told you in the car, I told you I was trouble, man

The summer of the crash, the winter of survival mode
You saw it in a flash, we're entering survival mode
I said you never learn, you signaled as you turned onto the wrong and binding road
That summer of the crash, that winter of survival mode

Do you remember when we thought the world was ending?
Seems funny now.
The future is a text message sending – out, out, out
I live forever in sunset. An ending not quite done yet.
Some people don't understand that

You thought you understood, when you said you believed in me
I'm lost out here for good, but you said you believed in me
I didn't think to ask, the tank was full of gas, pulled onto highway 93
The sun was in your eyes, you thought you could believe in me

A burning cigarette, an animal that digs for warmth
Assessing all that's left, a burning urge to dig for warmth
There is no news to get, the certain sense of threat is all that keeps us driving North
You've got me in your arms, maybe that's all we need for warmth