

Lydia, A Story For Supper

This place is going dead.

So snap our picture let's go down outside, you're so perfect in pink.

Black bracelet, I could never forget so let's drink up tonight.

You say, you say it, it's running through my veins,
well please stay safe you're seventeen.

Limousine will take us to meet the crowds never seen room for mistake,
but your best way out was her. Dresses and alcohol join.

I'll bring you back to your car first. So why we cry?

And we will soon forget.

Now were safe and so sound,

I can hear your heartbeat she whispers in the car.

Well travel east until you see Ironwood,

now it's understood, it's finally kicked in.

And as we stop by this gathering of fire at the rocks,

I've forgotten all your world and here's to one more,

a story told to scare, a tale to replace words

of no real meaning and such awful tasteless lips.

Dresses and alcohol join.

I'll bring you back to your car first. So why we cry?

And we will soon forget.

Let's say we were better than our bodies were found.

And I saw her but, there she goes, and there she goes.

Her bright face, black smile, we can't change that.

I never knew that a night could end so, so, so, so.

So there we were minutes from making it.

Celebrate we're finally done and gone.

And though this highway is all too long one more mile to the hotel.

This music's soft and it sounds so good to me,

you taste of liquor but who will care.

I almost fought to the death,

yet death had come to this fight.

Look, look now let's see who,

one twenty-two I softly worried not saying a word to the driver.

Just sing your favorite verse out of key,

I still think it sounds so good to me.

Let it go...

I bet you love me now, now that you've had your drinks,

it's been fun but it's always. This girl, loves fear.

This can wait I can't stay he said it's up here on the right

wait no I don't know, it's safe.

Where did you go when. Now all I see are faces,

pale to the touch close your eyes and sing, we're lost.

But the car had to much force to it. And the road is so unforgiving.

Windows shatter like dust and make glass streets and something for our feet.

But she asked can we slow down, traffic is time, so we drove and we drove and we drove.

Cause all we lost was years, oh well, think of this think of me think that.

And we will soon forget.