

Melaton, Peripherique

Cars on stilts on the road
And we pick out the best bits from the holes
And stand in line and wait for our time
And our engines run on a dime
Like a loaded gun like a crime
We float like clouds just to smoke and drown
In the headlights
In the long nights
By the roadside
I hear your voice calling me
Oh love

Five my ones who leave me work onside
Through the grieving and recklessly
Speak bitterly
Hold your head in the closet
Crawl the rooms, crawl the rooms, crawl the rooms

In the headlights
In the long nights
By the roadside
I hear your voice calling me

And wars gone away
Only waiting for another
And today well wait
But what is mother going to say
When she breaks us even

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Ooooooooooooooooooh