

Nina Nastasia, Late Night

Such a late night
I'm going to drive you home

A quiet ride
There's blood on the road
And blood on your face
I'm going to cry, cry
Why didn't you brake
Did you even try

Weather's hard
Hail and snow
I'm drifting too
Does it help you to know

It's your life to make a wreck
We grew up together
Did you forget

I don't understand
Why don't you talk to me
The tracks you leave
Where do they lead
Where are you now
That you've fallen asleep

I may be the one
To save you