## Number Twelve Looks Like You, Jay Walking Bac

Their arms frantically tossed through the air.

While his hands were together reciting a prayer.

Jesus my lord, don't take this good man, just let him finish what you began.

Stop covering this pavement with his blood, can you hear me, can you hear me?

The cameras start to roll now everyone can see.

To feed his family caused someone else to be taken from theirs.

It's head is now one with the pavement, and it's hiding behind the flares.

Time for heaven, or is it back to the shelter.

Well lying inside of a coffin is always going to be a warm temperature.

Naked and damned, the load is trapped and rolled away.

Midnight appetite, sirens silent.

Did you know that pedestrians always have the right of way?

Their lives came together when they danced in the street, it's really unexpected how some people one's covered in a sheet, the other sits in a back seat, and another relationship is then complete

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