

# Odd Project, Statistics Like Cigarettes

We lost ourselves in these bright lights and cigarettes.  
We became our charade.  
A classic prime-time tragedy, so skin graphed, a romantically hopeless war path.  
Statistically the cameras said.  
That lovers like us die, in car wrecks.

Mathematically incorrect, you fuckers ain't seen nothin' yet.  
And baby tonight we'll be the robots in the spotlight.  
We lost ourselves in these bright lights and cigarettes.  
We became our charade.  
A classic prime-time tragedy, so skin graphed, a romantically hopeless warpath.  
Statistically the cameras set.  
And lovers like us die in car wrecks.

A lack of evidence kept our names off the credits.  
Panegyricized masterminds, we directed this warped pantomime.  
And everything was just right, from your makeup to the lights.  
Park the car baby quiet on the set.

Trigger fingers entwined...I knew this was our time.  
This was our time, the poison burns my insides but ask me if I mind.  
And baby tonight, we'll be the robots in the spotlight and we'll break free of the programming.  
And the whole world will know of our love.