

# Rainer Maria, Broken Radio

Traffic lights turning yellow:  
A kiss and a slap on the roof.  
I taught you that superstition  
driving downtown  
With the windows down

Late at night talking over  
a broken radio  
and I kiss my fingers  
and our single headlight  
winks out for the last time  
we talk about  
the last time it felt right to make out

And I'm certain, if i drive into those trees,  
it would make less of a mess  
than you've made of me.