

Ryan Gosling, Put Me In The Car

Shadows are my friends
And the light hates my face
It hides behind the clouds
In its institute of grace
And our children warm their beds
With dreams of growing old
But deception has run rampant
And their futures have been mistold

Just put me in the car
And drive so far
Until I'm free again
And whisper in my ear
That all these years
I've been dreaming
Then you kiss me goodnight
And it'll be all right
It'll be all right
It'll be all right
It'll be all that I have ever asked of you

Darkness thinks I'm pretty
And the rain covets my soul
But the women think I'm ugly
They care not for hearts of gold
And freedom teaches nothing
If only to create
Lately innocence is jaded
Only preachers hate

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