

# Snow Patrol, In Command Of Cars

It was the bridge she flung herself off i used to see her  
Standing on one side as if too frightened to walk across  
and sometimes stand still and drive some invisible car  
toes on the edge of the pavement

To steer her clear of the car that hit her on the way down  
Rubbing asphalt in her wounds  
A love that won't die only tortures nothing else no comfort no future brakes a fair-few up  
If there is a god someone wake him up and tell him to sort it out  
Tell him to sort it out

Command of cars you drive

He sits and stares at the road  
White lines blur into black  
Until he sees nothing else  
He tried to cope with her loss  
By forgetting who he was  
But he'd never forget her face  
I saw him make the first move  
To follow her all the way down  
the wire for the last time  
He dreamt he'd taken a dive  
and called her on the way down  
And now he can sleep at night  
He still has a lock of her hair  
He gave her a lock of his own  
He clenches it tight in his hand

Command of cars you drive