

# The Classic Crime, The Test

All I can see is as far as my headlights can show me.  
And all of the roads look the same in each state that I drove in.  
As I grip the wheel, and I drift away wishing,  
I could wake up just a second too late so that,  
I could see Heaven and I'd get a taste,  
Then I'd just keep going  
So heres to the promise of glamorous living,  
You must drink up now, cause it's all that you're getting  
If you haven't been tested, you certainly will,  
And I promise it's going to kill.  
All I can think of is how much I'd kill to be sleeping.  
I'm squinting my eyes, my minds drifting to secrets I'm keeping.  
And the long haling trucks are all parked in their stops,  
Just like luminous ghost to something that once was.  
The rigs look so empty when framed by their lies,  
And thats how I'm feeling..  
So heres to the promise of glamorous living,  
You must drink up now, cause it's all that you're getting  
If you haven't been tested, you certainly will,  
And I promise it's going to kill.  
It's all at their expense,  
If this is real, I'm a fake.  
At least I feel important,  
I won't lie, I lie to get paid.  
So heres to the promise of glamorous living,  
You must drink up now, cause it's all that you're getting  
If you haven't been tested, you certainly will,  
And I promise it's going to kill.  
(Yeah!)