The Matches, The Restless

We were steamin' at the seams
and the scene seemed like in dreams
Pressed close behind the tinted glass
as the cop's headlights scrolled past
"I can't see a thing,"
Kelly said blushing
as she spelled our names on the window
of her sister's Monte Carlo
And this is the soundtrack
playing in back
of our restless lives
And though they make no sense
these are the moments
we'll remember for
the rest of our restless lives

Lyin' behind Venetian blinds
in the depth of summertime
hiding from the asshole sun
copying Jon's record collection
Bedroom reeked of death
sweaty sheets and Sunday breath
with ambition for ammunition
and the pulse of a machinegun

You see the movies that you wanna see
right?
And you know what you wanna be
right?
So choose between A, B, or C
It's free will
but it's still
a recipe
So what about the rest of us?
What about the restless?
Will we be restless for the rest of our lives?