

# Thea Gilmore, Night Driving

I'm sitting here like statistics  
Amid teenage pregnancies and misfits  
Plotting my uncertain chart  
And the constant of our frequency  
The graph that follows your feelings for me  
Looks like a work of abstract art  
And in the law of love that you broke  
You employed me  
As your attorney  
And you are still learning  
And I'm still faithfully returning  
To the crime scene

And I'm having trouble with the jargon  
Having trouble getting out of this tune  
And my headlights are bruised and broken but I'm  
Still night-driving with you

And I'm into all this feeling sorry stuff  
After love's been gained and love's been lost  
These bruises are the landmark of the end  
And you were never a good lover  
You were never a great enemy  
And you couldn't even manage a good friend

Now I'm having trouble with the jargon  
Having trouble getting out of this tune  
And my headlights are bruised and broken  
Still night-driving with you  
I'm still night-driving with you

You said it's all about symmetry  
And the half reflection of you and me  
Can't piece together what is gone  
Watching my colours bleed and stain your hands  
With no regrets and no demands  
I expected a better Armageddon

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