

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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