

Vanessa Carlton, The Wreckage

Speeding into the horizon
Dreaming of the sirens
Wishing for broken glass on a highway
It could be so easy

The rhythm, the rhythm of an engine
Always makes me empty
I see the headlights coming at me
I can't help but wonder

Flying, flying in slow motion
The wind through my hair
And ripping through the scenery
Oh, the wreckage
It is my secret need

(Uh, uh, uh)

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