

Will Dailey, Grand Opening

Wont let it cool me out
Wont let is back me off
Cannot tell you why
I have got to run
Stuck in the headlights
On the longest road
Dont try to call me out
Or find where I have gone

But you wear the butterfly
I got the remote control
And when you walk on by
I will turn you on

Take all of your things
But do not take your thoughts
You think of my hands
Ill think of your touch
This is no goodbye
just a distance to obey
We move just like water
Even when we go down in flames