Zox, Thirsty

Drive into the sky until it turns the afternoon black.
Halfway across the state on the day we set the clocks back.
And I don't know where I'm going.
I follow broken yellow lines.
And I hope this open road can read my broken mind.
This wouldn't be the first day you left me thirsty.
This wouldn't be the first day you went your way,
left me empty, dry.
Living in the dark and it's turned your heart black.
Halfway to the moon since you took your nights back.
I was finished being cool.
I'd unmasked this masquerade.
And you leave me here to clean up all the mess you made?