Guardrail (live)

Bayside

You wanted to know just what makes me tick,
I guess I could say that,
You and your bullshit,
Are pushing me towards an explosion
I guess you're what drives meI wish I could ride you,
Drive you too fast into a sharp curve,
Break your neck like you broke my will,
The guardrail will take you homeI guess you get caught up,
In the day-to-day,
Drama of being you
To notice me,
And what's become of my eyes,
The vessels are an angry red,
Just like the blood from my lips, as I chew on themI wish I could ride you,
Drive you too fast into a sharp curve,
Break your neck like you broke my will,
The guardrail will take you homeI keep your picture as a reminder, of what I wish I wasn't
It's like a fun house mirror version of myself, through those fucked up eyes of yoursI wish I could ride you,
Drive you too fast into a sharp curve,
Break your neck like you broke my will,The guardrail,
The guardrail,
The guardrail,
will take you home

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