

The Wreckage

Vanessa Carlton

Speeding into the horizon
Dreaming of the sirens
Wishing for broken glass on a highway
It could be so easyThe rhythm, rhythm of an engine
Always makes me empty
I see the headlights coming at me
I can't help but wonderFlying, flying in slow motion
The wind through my hair and
Ripping through the scenery of the wreckage
Is my secret needUhh uhh, uhh uhh, uhh uhh
Ahh ahh, uh uhh uhh
Speeding into the horizon
Dreaming of the sirens
Wishing for broken glass on a highway
It could be so easy, uh

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