

Straightjacket Weather

Cadillac Blindsight

i thought you would be, insane at twenty-three. now, i'm that weirdo screaming on the train. you're setting fires inside my head. i'd like to believe you. it's not arson, maybe just a warm goodbye for me. it's cold inside my heart, cold, dark, and crazy. sweater weather for you, and a straightjacket for me. head down, hands tied, dreaming only of you. who can rescue me from this padded room. if i got my mouth on some cyanide, or a shotgun, maybe i'd survive. head down, hands tied, dreaming only of you. who can rescue me from this padded room. and our get-away car is parked outside. i'll ride shotgun, baby, you can drive.

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