Comfort In Suffering

Umbrellas

So often I'd stand
On my front porch
And I'd watch
The car wrecks all night longIt's Christmas eve
And I've had too much to drink
The house is quiet and neat
And I can't help but to thinkOur tires are spinning
Soaring through the air
I see your face, out of control
So calm, but you're not scaredThe song on the radio is perfect
We're floating through the air
But you're not scaredSome cars
They drive by way too fast
While others they play it safe
And I play it safe nowThe tires are spinning
Soaring through the air
I see your face, out of control
So calm, but you're not scaredThe song on the radio's perfect
You're floating through the air
And you're not scared

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