I've Been Gone a Long Time

Every Time I Die

What we're doing is so wrong, and what you're wearing is so right (it's so tight). But I've never felt better so I'm going out to get her and I don't care what set of wheels I steal to get there. Balance is a minor setback. What she thinks is all right, and the way she looks is just fine. She sure as hell ain't you, but lord knows she'll have to do. She don't know I'm alive but neither do I so there's nothing left to lose. If I could only make it make you want to want me. One more drink, I think, should do. I wish that I could say I love to watch you walk away, but you probably won't be back in time to hear it. So it's just as well. No one out there gets back in alive. So I'll love the way you stand so close to a guy who we both know can't get near it. Strike when ready. Burn the highway down. Let me hear her high heels moan. I'm ready, set, go. There's cocaine in the key that took us from the bar to her car to the bedroom. Only the lonesome love us. Only the careless can handle us. What's wrong with us that we're so unamused?

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