

The Dark

Butch Walker

My favorite bike, doesn't have a name
I'm just riding; not running away
Heat from the engine, digging in my thigh
Into the dark, with my father at my side

My mirror is broken, don't wanna look back
Just fell off, didn't even cry
Silver Coast Highway, light on high
Into the dark, with my father at my side
Into the dark, with my father at my side

Left hand on the clutch and foot kicks up
Dirt on my right hand, ...
Ain't running from nothing, nothing on my mind
Into the dark, with my father at my side
Into the black, with my father at my side

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