40/35

Sonny

Barely breathing, slowly burning,
this fireplace inside.
Lay me across a ditch and walk on my lips
as they just melt away.Dripping from what I felt from days before
and it's still fresh to me.
Silence can't be broken without a voice.
"Where did yours go?"
I'm screaming at the top of my lungs in this burning car.
You grab your head in fear
and tell me that I'm wrong, just tell me that "I'm wrong"
Seriously... Tell me "I'm wrong".Now this has all fizzled out.
From everything to nothing in 3.5 seconds.
(That seems like a record to me).
Words won't save you now and car crashes won't save me.
So why do I even bother to try?
Now you better buckle up and let your hair out the window
feel the breeze
and grab the wheel when I let go
cause we are going 40 in a 35 on the other side of the road.

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