

Broken Bones and Death Trips

The GC5

Broke every bone in your body
For all I know
Gone halfway to heaven before the devil's seen you go
The years are changing
From far away
And I'll wake up in Nebraska on New Year's Day
I put the brakes on like a sinking suspicion
And tell me what have I got
No control over old libraries of useless thoughts I think someone should hit you
They should hit you where it hurts
With sticks and stones and break your bones and leave you in the dirt
The things that they say
Behind your back
Are too treacherous to be anything but fact
The future's so bright that it's fight or flight
To the sound of a siren song
When you don't know better, you put off what you can't prolong Wish you were here
We'd start the year on a death trip! As the clock struck midnight
In another time zone
All I could think about were your broken bones
And as that car swerved
From side to side
For the first time in a year I felt satisfied
But like every feeling I felt you felt it first
Every time I hurt you felt it worse
And the times I knelt to receive your curse
Are in the ditch by the side of the road

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