Terribly Softly

Crime In Stereo

This is the start of the second part
of a song that you'll never hear.
This is how it felt stealing pieces of hell
to adorn the walls of your apartment with.
This is me with the ink dried on the page,
taking into account that feelings change.
You think we're better off friends
I got a million ways to make sure we're strangers again.
The perfect end to a train wreck of a weekend.
We've bandaged scars with stolen cars and bottled pride.
And if this song was to be about you,
it would have something to do with who's the ruin of who.
But then it couldn't be more about me too.
This is the heart of crashing cars, breaking down doors and falling in love
it's not caring at all
and taking whatever you can get whenever it comes.
I know if I take my time
I swear to God I burn a bridge with every line.
Steal a piece of hell
and blend it in so well
with this train wreck of a life.
The failing health, the stories
I tell all seem to blend in so damn well
with this train wreck of a life.

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