

Look to Me

Fixmer & McCarthy

Lay your head in my lap
Let the sound of my laugh comfort you now here in the cold
Your face gets wet as the drink slips from my hand
The faster I drive the harder I cry, don't worry I'll get us there And I look down at you, you look up at me
We're a real fucked up family
We make it home, this place is a mess
The smell of cologne mixed with all that we own Not much I must confess
I hold your hand as you slip from me
As I watch your breath I say to myself
One day this will all end And I look at you, you look at me
We're a real fucked up family
All night I feel it inside
But I know you're right as I begin to pack Without raising your eyes
I hear you sigh, oh, you'll be back
Because I look to you and you look to me
We're a real fucked up family

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