

Jonathan

Sean Rowe

The stars were tripping on a Tuesday night
I didn't know that it was cold
I got so high that the seasons changed
I watched as silver turned to gold
I dreamed my life
I was chasing it down It didn't have no place to go
I shoulda known I woke the devil up
I shoulda heard the engine groan
The road was shaking but my hands were still
The lights were dancing on their own I lit the dash I took my sun glasses off
I like to see that fucker glow
Remember after school at the Skyler Park
Trading in our stories for the dark
In our heads in our own way
Remember Megan with her make up off
She made us dream she got us off
It was good that she moved away I took a right onto Maple Hill
Somebody laughing in the wind
I should have felt the rain on my left hand
I should have heard the devil grin
Lightning came from the other side
I could see the steel explode The sound of thunder covered up my eyes
An engine screaming in my nose
The moon was raining down broken glass
The sky was covered up in blood
I didn't know I left the radio on
Until I heard it singing from the mud Then I saw them standing 'round this little boy
Pale blue skin in his corduroy
Pumping his life they were holding on
Then I heard the walls as they began to weep
His naked body had gone to sleep
I saw an old woman hit the floor My head was gone
But my clothes were on
I left my body in the car
I listened hard for the voice of God
I didn't hear nothin' at all
It was a sunset like I'd never seen
I could almost see the end I tried to reach it but I blew it away
Then it all turned black again

And I was a runner more than half my life
I was a track star back in '95
I was full almost a man
And I had a girlfriend back before I died
They peeled her off from my wounded side
I could feel her empty hands

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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