

# Motel Bible

## Sirah

The night runs fast from us  
Weve got our whole lives  
Oh running never fixed us  
But god knows we tried  
A dusty motel bible  
And a pocket full of nights  
We are too young,

We are too young to die We ran our silhouettes etched upon these painted walls  
Catchin scribes upon your busses never feeling that we'd fall  
We broke upon the wrongs as we broke our mothers backs  
Stepping upon what we sold, whoops slingin those cracks  
Weve got the time; time has gotten us holdin hands up in the dark  
Stealin kisses at our lunches, double dutching like its written in our stars  
Hearts painted edges of our notebooks as we'd drift  
We do it for them nights like this The night runs fast from us

Weve got our whole lives  
Oh running never fixed us  
But god knows we tried  
A dusty motel bible  
And a pocket full of nights  
We are too young,

We are too young to die Hennessy is menacing, Natty Ice is Oh so cold  
A boy for every drink I took

A line for all they stole  
A break upon the curves as we barreled out of sight  
Sliding fast around the edges  
Maybe my mom was right  
Boys like this only want one thing  
And girls like miss only want to bring  
A plump stuffed heart and something to ride  
So jump in the hatchback  
Paint pictures while we drive

I do it to feel alive oh these nights The night runs fast from us  
Weve got our whole lives  
Oh running never fixed us  
But god knows we tried  
A dusty motel bible  
And a pocket full of nights  
We are too young,

We are too young to die Oh whoa yea we are too young  
We are too young to die The night runs fast from us  
We've got our whole lives  
Oh running never fixed us  
But god knows we tried  
A dusty motel bible  
And a pocket full of nights  
We are too young,  
We are too young to die

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