

Girl Singing In the Wreckage

Black Box Recorder

It's my primary instinct to protect the child
Girl singing in the wreckage
My dress is torn, my hair is wild
Girl singing in the wreckageMy first kiss, my early boyfriend
Girl singing in the wreckage
Wet weekends, new years eve parties
Girl singing in the wreckageHour after hour after hour
Hour after hour after hourMy 18th birthday, I'll die of boredom
Girl singing in the wreckage
My private world is smashed right open
Girl singing in the wreckageMy 1st trip, my expectations
I had a dream that it would end like this
No destiny, No destination
You hit the ground and then it stopsHour after hour after hour
Hour after hour after hour
Hour after hour after hour
Hour after hour after hourI miss my hometown, it's nothing special
Call my parents let them know I've arrived
My primary instinct is to protect the child
Send the postcard from the airport

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