

Sea Foam Green

Jawbreaker

A '63, 10,000 miles. What was I thinking?
I drove myself insane. No small getaway
Asleep with both hands on
the wheel

White knuckle weekend
Chewing ephedrine
Going to an unnamed end
We met in rain, you asked me in
Unending...Seemed like a good sign
Now I need a guillotine
To get you off my mind
I brush my teeth until they
break
Until I start bleeding

So when I smile I'll know

I'm almost good enough for you
And would you...Follow me to the end of the dare
Raise your eyes, return the stare
Become your words
Your words so becoming
On any Sunday I'll be there

I tried to drink you off my mind
I just got waisted
It only made the pain that much more acute
But cute

Isn't stong enough a word
Unintentionally gorgeous
An accidental charm

A graceful drinking arm
Disarming...

Lyrics provided by

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