

Afterthoughts

The Tragic Thrills

We sit in this restaurant
Near the end of the longest ride
The walls are covered with NASCAR drivers
The Beatles, and apple pie
This is the last supper
The best ones were years ago
The check rests on the table
I'll leave a tip, let's go When all is said and done
As days go,
I wonder will you miss me when I'm gone?
Are we afterthoughts?
Or were you better off all along?
If all your work is burned
Well then,
I wonder will you suffer any loss?
Are we afterthoughts?
Or were we never even friends I'm fucking lonely
And I don't have a home
If I drive North or South
It doesn't matter much at all
I could were a flag's bold colors
So we could all fight for a cause
Or I'll just lay here naked on the floor When all is said and done
As days go,
I wonder will you miss me when I'm gone?
Are we afterthoughts?
Or were you better off all along?
If all your work is burned
Well then,
I wonder will you suffer any loss?
Are we afterthoughts?
Or were we never even friends

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