Sea Foam Green

Jawbreaker

A '63, 10,000 miles. What was I thinking?I drove myself insane. No small getawayAsleep with both hands on the wheel
White knuckle weekendChewing ephedrineGoing to an unnamed endWe met in rain, you asked me in Unending...Seemed like a good signNow I need a guillotineTo get you off my mindI brush my teeth until they breakUntil I start bleeding
So when I smile I'll know
I'm almost good enough for youAnd would you...Follow me to the end of the dare
Raise your eyes, return the stareBecome your wordsYour words so becomingOn any Sunday I'll be there
I tried to drink you off my mindI just got waistedIt only made the pain that much more acuteBut cute
Isn't stong enough a wordUnintentionally gorgeousAn accidental charm
A graceful drinking armDisarming...

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