

# In Command of Cars

## Snow Patrol

It was the bridge she flung herself off  
I used to see her standing on one side  
As if too frightened to walk across  
And sometimes stand still and drive some invisible car  
Toes on the edge of the pavement To steer her clear off the car  
That hit her on the way down  
Rubbing asphalt in her wounds A love that won't die only tortures  
Nothing else, no comfort, no future, brakes a fair-few up  
If there is a God, someone wake Him up  
And tell Him to sort it out, tell Him to sort it out Command of cars you drive  
Command of cars you drive He sits and stares at the road  
White lines blur into black  
Until he sees nothing else He tried to cope with her loss  
By forgetting who he was  
But he'd never forget her face I saw him make the first move  
To follow her all the way down the wire  
For the last time  
He dreamt he'd taken a dive  
And called her on the way down  
And now he can sleep at night He still has a lock of her hair  
He gave her a lock of his own  
He clenches it tight in his hand Command of cars you drive  
Command of cars you drive  
Command of cars you drive  
Command of cars you drive

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