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 pavementTo steer her clear off the car
That hit her on the way down
Rubbing asphalt in her woundsA 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 outCommand of cars you drive
Command of cars you driveHe sits and stares at the road
White lines blur into black
Until he sees nothing elseHe tried to cope with her loss
By forgetting who he was
But he'd never forget her faceI 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 nightHe still has a lock of her hair
He gave her a lock of his own
He clenches it tight in his handCommand of cars you drive
Command of cars you drive
Command of cars you drive
Command of cars you drive

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