

# 405

## The Suborbitals

I took the 405 and drove a stake down into your center  
And stated that it's never ever been better than this I hung my favorite shirt on the floorboard  
Wrinkled up from pulling pushing and tasting, tasting You keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown  
askew Misguided by the 405 'cause it lead me to an alcoholic summer  
I missed the exit to your parents' house hours ago Red wine and the cigarettes  
Hide your bad habits underneath the patio, patio, patio You keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown  
askew  
You keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown askew

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