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 thisI hung my favorite shirt on the floorboard
Wrinkled up from pulling pushing and tasting, tastingYou keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown askewMisguided by the 405 'cause it lead me to an alcoholic summer
I missed the exit to your parents' house hours agoRed wine and the cigarettes
Hide your bad habits underneath the patio, patio, patio, patioYou keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown askew
You keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown askew

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