

She's My Rushmore

The Dopamines

Cut your break lines, break your headlights
 Waited for you at the stop sign
 Disconnected iron lungs
Insurance fires, smothered young
Always the first one on the scene
 A pyromantic midsummer
 Nights dream
Thank you Lord for this oil slick
 For her car wreck
 For I'm lovesick
Heaven sent us a hero but Hell tried his resolve
And when you thought you were done for
 I pulled through
 While you rested your eyes
 In the driver's seat
 I sat and watched you
Always the first one on the scene
A pyromantic midsummer nights dream
 Trust me, trust me
We'll wait for it, pray for it, step on the brakes
Till we're over it, under it screaming like bombs for it
 Dear me, I've done it again
Thank you Lord, for the loaded gun
 For the bad aim
 For I'm lonesome
 God's smiling down on us
 He shines His grace on everyone
 He shines His grace on everyone
The greatest lovers were murderers first
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