Tyler

Toadies

And she runs through her days with a smile on her face
And she runs, and she waits, and I wait

We can drive to anyplace,
day or night, across the state
And in the morning, into Mexico, we will wake up

I find a window in the kitchen, and I let myself in
Rummage through the refrigerator, find myself a beer
I can't believe I'm really here,
and she's lying in that bed
I can almost feel her touch, and her anxious breath!

I stumble in the hallway, against the bedroom door
I hear her call out to me, I hear the fear in her voice
She pulls the covers tighter, I press against the door

I will be with her tonight!

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