

Parked Outside

The Afghan Whigs

If time can incinerate what I was to you
Allow me to illustrate how the hand becomes the fuse
If they've seen it all, show em somethin' new
And put out your innocence or you're gonna be smoke
When she turns out the lights You're gonna make me break down and cry
Divine in her disarray, pinnacle her
persuasion
On her cross you lay
Serial supplication
Defy your beating heart
Only trouble can save me
Take a walk on the river and then-
Suffer your superstition again You're gonna make me break down and cry
And you can't forget tomorrow
When somebody wants to take you down You're gonna make me break down and cry

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