

Come Crash

A.C. Newman

That's luck, she led, we should be dead.
We eyed the wreck. Good god, we said.
She plants one kiss, for the road, on my chest.
Sirens came after we left.

Christine, come crash on my floor
Christine, come crash on my floor

That's life, she said, we should be dead,
We should be stars and perfect tens,
And that's just three off the top of my head.
Once again, you're a godsend.

Christine, come crash on my floor
Christine, come crash on my floor

That's true, she said, we should dead,
I should be sleeping in your bed.
Instead, I'll crash on your floor

Christine, come crash on my floor
Christine, come crash on my floor
Christine, come crash on my floor
Christine, come crash on my floor