

Parked Outside

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 something 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
You're gonna make me break down

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
You're gonna make me break

And you can't forget tomorrow
When somebody wants to take you down

You're gonna make me break down and cry
You're gonna make me break down and cry
You're gonna make me break down and cry
You're gonna make me break down and cry, cry, cry...