

## A Taste for Crime

American Hi-Fi

As the tires hit the road  
I can navigate the burning snow  
On a phantom way  
We'll glide until we melt and flow  
Frozen you have chosen to be here

So as the misery takes hold  
Swallow, drink it down  
It doesn't seem to hurt as much  
Until you hit the ground  
Follow me, we'll hide behind the sun

The sky is breaking through  
The universe will fight to shine  
Beneath the dying moon  
We learn, we own a taste for crime  
Broken we are spoken, come on blue

So as the misery takes hold  
Swallow, drink it down  
It doesn't seem to hurt as much  
Until you hit the ground  
Follow me, we'll hide behind the sun

Well, nobody seems to know  
We suffered enough  
Need to make the pitch black hours  
Welcome the silence inside  
Welcome the silence inside

So as the misery takes hold  
Swallow, drink it down  
It doesn't seem to hurt as much  
Until you hit the ground  
Follow me, we'll hide behind the sun

Follow me, we'll hide behind the sun  
Follow me, we'll hide