

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