

You wanted to know just what makes me tick,  
I guess I could say that,  
You and your bullshit,  
Are pushing me towards an explosion.  
I guess you're what drives me.

I wish I could ride you,  
Drive you too fast into a sharp curve,  
Break your neck like you broke my will,  
The guardrail will take you home.

I guess you get caught up,  
In the day-to-day,  
Drama of being you.  
To notice me,  
And what's become of my eyes,  
The vessels are an angry red,  
Just like the blood from my lips, as I chew on them.

I wish I could ride you,  
Drive you too fast into a sharp curve,  
Break your neck like you broke my will,  
The guardrail will take you home.

I keep your picture as a reminder, of what I wish I wasn't.  
It's like a fun house mirror version of myself, through those f  
ucked up eyes of yours.

I wish I could ride you,  
Drive you too fast into a sharp curve,  
Break your neck like you broke my will,

The guardrail,  
The guardrail,  
The guardrail,  
will take you home.