

# Girl Singing In The Wreckage

Black Box Recorder

It's my primary instinct to protect the child  
Girl singing in the wreckage  
My dress is torn, my hair is wild  
Girl singing in the wreckage

My first kiss, my early boyfriend  
Girl singing in the wreckage  
Wet weekends, new years eve parties  
Girl singing in the wreckage

Hour after hour after hour  
Hour after hour after hour

My 18th birthday, I'll die of boredom  
Girl singing in the wreckage  
My private world is smashed right open  
Girl singing in the wreckage

My 1st trip, my expectations  
I had a dream that it would end like this  
No destiny, No destination  
You hit the ground and then it stops

Hour after hour after hour  
Hour after hour after hour  
Hour after hour after hour  
Hour after hour after hour

I miss my hometown, it's nothing special  
Call my parents let them know I've arrived  
My primary instinct is to protect the child  
Send the postcard from the airport