

She's My Rushmore

Every Time I Die

Cut your break lines, break your headlights
Waited for you at the stop sign
Disconnected iron lungs
Insurance fires, smothered young

Always the first one on the scene
A pyromantic midsummer
Nights dream

Thank you Lord for this oil slick
For her car wreck
For I'm lovesick

Heaven sent us a hero but Hell tried his resolve
And when you thought you were done for
I pulled through

While you rested your eyes
In the driver's seat
I sat and watched you

Always the first one on the scene
A pyromantic midsummer nights dream
Trust me, trust me

We'll wait for it, pray for it, step on the brakes
Till we're over it, under it screaming like bombs for it
Dear me, I've done it again

Thank you Lord, for the loaded gun
For the bad aim
For I'm lonesome

God's smiling down on us
He shines His grace on everyone
He shines His grace on everyone

The greatest lovers were murderers first
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