

Parliament Lights

Griffin House

When I run out of money, there'll be nothing left to fix
And when I run out of love, I hope to God I feel like this
Driving down 5th Street in a broken down Ford.
I hang a righteous and you hang a Lord.
Leather jacket on the front seat.
Singing songs I wish I wrote
Roll the window down, take a drag, and say your name.
I do my dying, a little more each day.
And here I was waiting on a chance just to say:
When I run out of money, there'll be nothing left to fix.
And when I run out of love, I hope to God I feel like this.
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke, and the PA Turnpike home.
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke, and the PA Turnpike home.
Driving down 5th Street, I'm pulling it in to town
I hang a righteous I don't know if I'm up or down
Finished letter on the front seat, murmur words that I wish I wrote
Roll the window down, take a drag and say your name.
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke and the PA Turnpike home.
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke and the PA Turnpike home.