

## Motorist

Jawbox

Taking division down to where I shouldn't be  
Turn pockets run aground in the green  
New way to see what's laid plain in front of me  
Nothing better than a look at what I shouldn't see

When you examined the wreck, what did you see?  
Glass everywhere and wheels still spinning free  
When you examined the wreck, what did you see?  
Glass everywhere and wheels still spinning free

Accidental, maybe  
Restraints too frayed to withhold me  
Remember, you told me  
You will go where you're meant to be

This is my wreck, so let it be  
Cracked gauges carry messages for me  
Calls and responses, you can't see  
Calls and responses, you can't see

I know you'd never grasp the possibilities  
What would you risk to rescue me?  
So turn your back, just drive on past  
'Cause nothing is better than getting out fast

Taking division down to where I shouldn't be  
Five blocks down in the middle of the green  
No messages wash ashore with me  
Glass shards reflecting light so I can see

I know you'd never grasp the possibilities  
What would you risk to rescue me?