

White label on the backseat
Glowing an artificial green
I crave a midnight something
I crave and something hunts me down
I'm scaring everybody
I'm wearing everybody down

White label on the backseat
And something bends me over, down
I crave an empty lifestyle
I crave the very loudest sound
I'm chasing everybody
I'm shaking everybody down
Do you hear the loudest sound?
And you and me in the echo?

White label on the backseat
And something warm across my lap
I never bitched at anyone
I never asked for my heart back
I'm loving everybody
And hating everyone I see
Do you still remember me?
Floating out on the echo