

Trauma

Laura Jansen

Trauma at the side of the highway
I rode right by it, I rode right by it
There's glass in the candy, baby
but I still like it, yeah I still like it

And I don't wanna be afraid
and I don't wanna shy away
Shy away from a little scratch or shy away from the pain

Sirens keeps sounding out my name
But I don't mind it, I don't mind it
And the fire keeps blowing smoke my way
But I rode by it, I rode right by it

And I don't wanna be afraid
and I don't wanna shy away
Shy away from a little scratch or shy away from the pain
Ohhh

The pain
It's aching again, my love
It's bruising again, my love
But that's why we're all out
Cruising for, looking for the pain
It's aching again, my love
It's bruising again, my love
But that's what we're all about
Cruising for...

Poision keeps flowing through my veins
But I don't fight it, no I don't fight it
And the stain on my heart keeps bleeding
But I don't dry it, no no

And I don't wanna be afraid
and I don't wanna shy away
Shy away from a little scratch or shy away from the pain
Shy away from a little scratch or shy away from the pain
I rode right by it (7x)