

It's In Your Blood

Lydia

I can't stay over you.
It seems we drive forever but can never get away from here,
Just one more try.
I'm guessing you are over me, I guess it's bravery.
Because it's black out the window while you sleep in the passen
ger seat.

So when it's always on your mind but you never speak of the nam
e.
It's in your blood and face and I'm certain it's fame.
So I stayed out in the car because the weather had gotten to me
. .
But it's really these road signs and freeways that I can't take
.

This can't be how you live.
It's like a ball and chain around your waist or this simple sta
te.
Your mind's sick again.
I'm tasting nothing but 4 words, please don't leave me.
And it's Dark in the winter so your ideas start to sleep.

Well your head is spinning like that carousel,
And I know you're a mess after 3 or 4.
But if you make it different then we'll make our way to the sur
face,
And your favorite place.
Where we sit, and we breath.
Because I know all the word and I sing you everything.
Well they're just thoughts so go ahead and speak.
Pick out what you like and call me when you're on the way.
You can spend the night and hope to sleep all day.
For me it's just another week, twenty eight was once how I drea
med.
And with your scent on my face I can leave and have you for day
s.

I still can't see you. The summer came and we got lost, all of
us.
You are nothing with out her.
I still wont remember your face,
The features mix too well with this alcohol.
So we cover ourselves in your fear,
And stay to watch that moon disappear under these lights.
This city's screaming at me.
And as you breathe the words I better go.
The sun is up and taking back all the shadows that covered this
ground,

And our feet, like a blanket of coal.