

## That Stretch Of Highway

SayWeCanFly

Place yourself in my skin  
Desperate for the one who kept you whole  
As I tore myself to pieces  
And threw them out the window  
There was no chance of picking them back up

The moonlight seeping through  
Isn't half as bad as the sunlight illustrating you  
The numbers on the clock will merge together  
To create a loop of neverending hell

Months ago I died  
Now the rest is just a car ride  
Back into my grave

I'm coming home  
On that stretch of highway  
As ghosts line the road  
On either side of my window  
But what scares me the most  
It the one right next to me  
The empty back seat

Place yourself in my shoes  
Barely hanging on to what is real  
Because fiction seems much better at this point in time  
So why not act like I can choose what happens next?

All the road lines and road signs  
No longer mean a thing  
They've been covered up with cloudy visions  
Of the past

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