

## In Command Of Cars

Snow Patrol

It was the bridge she flung herself off  
I used to see her standing on one side  
As if too frightened to walk across  
And sometimes stand still and drive some invisible car  
Toes on the edge of the pavement

To steer her clear of the car  
That hit her on the way down  
Rubbing asphalt in her wounds  
A love that won't die only tortures  
Nothing else no comfort no future  
Brakes a fair-few up  
If there is a god someone wake him up  
And tell him to sort it out  
Tell him to sort it out

Command of cars you drive

He sits and stares at the road  
White lines blur into black  
Until he sees nothing else  
He tried to cope with her loss  
By forgetting who he was  
But he'd never forget her face  
I saw him make the first move  
To follow her all the way down  
the wire for the last time  
He dreamt he'd taken a dive  
And caught her on the way down  
And now he can sleep at night  
He still has a lock of her hair  
He gave her a lock of his own  
He clenches it tight in his hand

Command of cars you drive