

Alive

SR-71

All she's asking is for a little more time,
To walk away from his anger and leave the bruises far behind
She won't talk about it...she's made up her mind
But as the front door shuts behind her she whispers "give me a
sign."

Feels the power of the engine as she climbs to 65
Every piston sounds like freedom, every white line says goodbye
She'll find strength in her anger and the truth in his lies
When the last scar finally fades she'll have a new life

Say goodbye to Mr. Right
Lock the door, turn out the light
Pack your bags, leave this trap
Run away, don't look back
See another day with each new sun
Your life has just begun

She can still feel the touch of his hand
Not just the violence but the warmth of her man

The night she never felt so alive
even though it feels so cold outside
It's the first time I've ever seen her smile.