

The Wreckage

Vanessa Carlton

Speeding
Into the horizon
Dreaming of the siren
Wishing for her broken glass on the highway
It could be so easy

The rhythm
Rhythm of an engine
Always makes me empty
I see the headlights coming at me
I can't help but wonder

Flying
Flying in slow motion
Wind through my hair
And ripping through the scenery, oh, the wreckage
It is my secret need

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Wishing for her broken glass on the highway
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