

Umbrellas, The

"Comfort in Suffering"

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So often I stand on my front porch
And I watch the car wrecks all night long.

Well it's Christmas Eve,
And I've had too much to drink.
The house is quiet and neat,
And I can't help but to think of

The tires are spinning,
You're soaring through the air.
I see your face, out of control.
So calm, but you're not scared.
The song on the radio's perfect,
You're floating through the air,
But you're not scared.

Some cars they drive by way too fast,
While others they play it safe.
And I'm playing it safe now.

The tires are spinning,
You're soaring through the air.
I see your face, out of control.
So calm, but you're not scared.
The song on the radio's perfect,
You're floating through the air,
But you're not scared.

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