

Windsor Drive

"Slow Down"

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Running down 3rd Street, 4AM,
Barenaked trees I can hardly feel my hands
And I start to ponder, "What am I running from?",
Is it the cold that numbs my body,
Or the fear of feeling nothing at all?"

Hold on we've got to slow down because,
We're making a mess of love,
Hold on, yeah we're movin' to fast
You know we're making a mess of love,

The first snow spent alone in your apartment,
And the mere thought of commitment sits in the back of
my mind,
Recently the two of us jumped off that train,
And killed the pain that sustained us from what we
wished to be but,

Hold on we've got to slow down because,
We're making a mess of love,
Hold on, yeah we're movin' to fast
You know we're making a mess of love,

It's so strange,
The places we go just to escape,
To feel alive,
To drive all night,
We just want to know who we are,
Who to love and how to stay satisfied

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