

Backseat Goodbye

"168 Hours I'll Never Remember"

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Seven days is all it takes
168 hours I'll never remember
I told you they wouldn't stop
The winds of last November
That is at least not until you quit
Taking their air as your own
For such a pretty girl
You give it an awfully, an awfully dirty home
No, I'm not sleeping with love anymore
She's not really my type
And she takes up too much space in bed at night

I'm not one for second chances
Since the first never show their face
My body's already on the ground
All you have to do is trace
And we'll call it even
Isn't this what you wanted?
A life of worry
And a soul that's haunted
Isn't this what you wanted?
A life that's lifeless
And a soul that's haunted

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