

## Call It A Night "The Drive Home"

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Well i've been, cautiously approaching every  
intersection in fear of complication. to the beating of  
my pulse is racing the dreams you're chasing, a white  
knuckled grip can't keep the basement door from  
closing now.

Woah oh it suddenly seems like all my luck has run out  
Woah oh so much for secrets cause they've all been  
found out  
It's ok this is the last day this right here this is the last  
page  
To the story of my life.

So leave the candle lit, let it burn out on it's own, much  
like i did on that long drive home a mild winter night  
the date, Go, Twelve eleven oh five, a scene of fear  
colliding with reality the next thing I know Im riding shot  
gun with a tree. Intentional or not I guess that's not the  
point, the point is Im still alive.  
Woah oh it suddenly seems like all my luck has run out  
Woah oh so much for secrets cause they've all been  
found out  
Its ok this is my last day This right here this is the last  
page  
To the story of my life

He will breathe again, this time no wasted breath  
cause, now hes got it right and he won't second guess  
it.

He will breath once again and,  
This time no wasted breath cause,  
This times hes got it right now  
and he won't second guess it

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