

Driving East "First To Fly"

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Sitting at an empty bar
Alone to think about exactly who you are
From beds to little rooms to buildings in the city
The bottles empty and tonight I wish that I could be the
first to fly,
From seven stories into traffic where I'd die
Be the first to fly

Waking up was not that hard.
It's the sleep that kills you
It's the silence, it's the dark
From beds to little rooms to buildings in the city.

The bottles empty and tonight I wish that I could be the
first to fly,
From seven stories into traffic where I'd die
I can't imagine there would be an after life
A place where even fools like me who take their lives to
feel

The boy who needs some motivation
The boy who needs to clear his mind
The boy is full of aggravation
The boy who couldn't fly
So say goodbye

Tonight I wish that I could be the first to fly,
From seven stories into traffic where I'd die
I can't imagine there would be an after life
A place where even fools like me who take their lives to
feel alive

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