

Eight Five "Criminal"

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Your plastic flowers
Mark the spot
On the side of the road
Your spirit hits the air
Like jumping off into the quarries cold
Metal is twisted
Firebird is lifting off of the ground
Its tires are blistered
So deeply scared of dying that we die
Oh ambulance you take your time
To take me from the scene of the crime
Often I'm left to pay to play
For the ride of my life
Oh, lady of the highway
Say your prayers for me
Cause I'm so deeply...
When I'm walking off to work
What comes to mind
With my hands in my pockets I left you lying
And now somewhere deep inside my head is the guilt
Of my imagination you know I'm
Deeply scared of dying that we die...

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