

Every Time I Die "I've Been Gone A Long Time"

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What we're doing is so wrong, and what you're wearing
is so right (it's so
tight). But I've never felt better so I'm going out to get
her and I don't
care what set of wheels I steal to get there. Balance is a
minor setback.
What she thinks is all right, and the way she looks is
just fine. She sure
as hell ain't you, but lord knows she'll have to do. She
don't know I'm
alive but neither do I so there's nothing left to lose. If I
could only make
it make you want to want me. One more drink, I think,
should do. I wish that
I could say I love to watch you walk away, but you
probably won't be back in
time to hear it. So it's just as well. No one out there gets
back in alive.
So I'll love the way you stand so close to a guy who we
both know can't get
near it. Strike when ready. Burn the highway down. Let
me hear her high

heels moan. I'm ready, set, go. There's cocaine in the
key that took us from
the bar to her car to the bedroom. Only the lonesome
love us. Only the
careless can handle us. What's wrong with us that
we're so unamused?

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