

## **Every Time I Die** **"She's My Rushmore"**

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Cut your break lines, break your headlights  
Waited for you at the stop sign  
Disconnected iron lungs  
Insurance fires, smothered young

Always the first one on the scene  
A pyromantic midsummer  
Nights dream

Thank you Lord for this oil slick  
For her car wreck  
For I'm lovesick

Heaven sent us a hero but Hell tried his resolve  
And when you thought you were done for  
I pulled through

While you rested your eyes  
In the driver's seat  
I sat and watched you

Always the first one on the scene  
A pyromantic midsummer nights dream  
Trust me, trust me

We'll wait for it, pray for it, step on the brakes  
Till we're over it, under it screaming like bombs for it  
Dear me, I've done it again

Thank you Lord, for the loaded gun  
For the bad aim  
For I'm lonesome

God's smiling down on us  
He shines His grace on everyone  
He shines His grace on everyone

The greatest lovers were murderers first  
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