

## Griffin House "Parliament Lights"

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When I run out of money, there'll be nothing left to fix  
And when I run out of love, I hope to God I feel like this  
Driving down 5th Street in a broken down Ford.  
I hang a righteous and you hang a Lord.  
Leather jacket on the front seat.  
Singing songs I wish I wrote  
Roll the window down, take a drag, and say your name.  
I do my dying, a little more each day.  
And here I was waiting on a chance just to say:  
When I run out of money, there'll be nothing left to fix.  
And when I run out of love, I hope to God I feel like this.  
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke, and the PA  
Turnpike home.  
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke, and the PA  
Turnpike home.  
Driving down 5th Street, I'm pulling it in to town  
I hang a righteous I don't know if I'm up or down  
Finished letter on the front seat, murmur words that I  
wish I wrote  
Roll the window down, take a drag and say your name.  
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke and the PA Turnpike  
home.  
Parliament Lights, cigarette smoke and the PA Turnpikc  
home.

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