

Hayden

"Streetcar"

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Parked underground the night you left
It took me an hour and a half
To find my way back up above
There was nothing up there without your love
I was Speeding out, filled with doubt
And Heading home
Playing with the lights thinking of times
And freaking out
The street car stopped and I had not
It's hard to explain except to say
We're on our own in every way
Someone who says they'll stay, may just
Be waiting around for some luck
Who's speeding out, filled with doubt
And heading Home
Playing with the lights, thinking of times
And freaking out, the street car had stopped
And I fucked up

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