

Busy Signal **"State Line"**

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Seven hours till the moon sleeps
I lose my mind as I drive away
Your cigarettes are in the back seat
I can't bring myself to throw away

All of the film from the camera that took
All the pictures of the images in my mind

So I'll drive a straight line
When I cross the state line
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone
Then you wont have to feel torn

Pass the churches full of guilty faith
They send there hangovers from last night
It won't do me any good to pray, cause even god knows
That you were right

And I was wrong but yeah it kills me
That my kid will never know me, with another man by
his side

So I'll drive a straight line
When I cross the state line
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone
Then you wont have to feel torn

Ohh

So I'll drive a straight line
When I cross the state line
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone

So I'll drive a straight line
When I cross the state line
Out on to the ocean, in a moment I'll be gone

You wont have to feel torn
Have to feel torn

Thinking of you with my last breath

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