

Jawbox "Motorist"

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Taking division down to where I shouldn't be
Turn pockets run aground in the green
New way to see what's laid plain in front of me
Nothing better than a look at what I shouldn't see

When you examined the wreck, what did you see?
Glass everywhere and wheels still spinning free
When you examined the wreck, what did you see?
Glass everywhere and wheels still spinning free

Accidental, maybe
Restraints too frayed to withhold me
Remember, you told me
You will go where you're meant to be

This is my wreck, so let it be
Cracked gauges carry messages for me
Calls and responses, you can't see
Calls and responses, you can't see

I know you'd never grasp the possibilities
What would you risk to rescue me?
So turn your back, just drive on past
'Cause nothing is better than getting out fast

Taking division down to where I shouldn't be
Five blocks down in the middle of the green
No messages wash ashore with me
Glass shards reflecting light so I can see

I know you'd never grasp the possibilities
What would you risk to rescue me?

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