

## **Cave-In "Dark Driving"**

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I know you came in the room  
Because everything is out of tune  
Dressed in a red devil's suit,  
You're in some manic pursuit  
To try and capture me fast  
You want to think of me  
As some kind of killer at large,  
But I'm only a mirage

The reality check is in the mail  
I could have sworn that I paid you off  
I could have sworn that we made amends  
All squared away  
But all I see are knives  
Screaming out of your mouth

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