

Manchester Orchestra

"Anne Louise"

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This leathers called a seat belt Anne Louise
Your head out of the window in the coolest summer
breeze
And in the air were all the things you claimed we need
They seemed to be worth less than once I did believe
And I swear to god that I'll avenge your dead
With the best lawyers of auto-politics
And I'll spend whatever money's to be spend
To try and revive your broken body again
And the penny-pitching funeral was shit
Your body in a plastic frame that I threw flowers in
And I hope to god that you'll remember me in heaven
God I hope you don't remember that in heaven
God I hope that they'll allow me into heaven
Look what I've become
Look what I've become

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