

Marble "The Breeze"

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A backseat driver, is that all I'll ever be?
Or can I just stand around and wait until the wheel gets
shoved at me?
I keep thinking about what goes through her head
Does she hear how I go on and on and wonder what I
just said?
And if she does, does she really want to know?
'cause the barrier of communication keeps wanting to
grow
That gap between us just keeps wanting to grow
I'd better say it now, or she'll never know

I'll just shut my big mouth,
because there are no right words
There are no right words
I can't try to untie my tongue,
because these words won't ever come

Those words
those right words
won't ever show up

Am I insane or just a bit far gone?
Or is the magnet pulling me to her just too fucking
strong?
I keep wishing and wishing more and more
I keep wishing
I kept wishing
I just wished myself right out the door

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