

The Dopamines

"The Dispatch"

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A dispatch, the car crash
Breathe deep in case it's your last
One more shot, one more fight
You're so wrong, I'm so right
One more drink, I can't think
I'm leaving you tonight

Arriving at the scene
These sirens are deafening
I can't see my car keys
Stop yelling "you love me"
I'm driving, I can't see
I black out indefinitely

And she sits on the edge of a ditch on a state road
Hands on her face and her eyes on her temples
Catatonic regretful

And the words on her lips keep them pressed to the
concrete
Bearing the name of a silent apology
"Baby I'm sorry"

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One more drink, I can't think
I'm leaving you tonight

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Oh baby I'm sorry

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