

The Morning Of "Let's Make My First Accident My Last"

Visit "[Let's Make My First Accident My Last](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hang yourself like I've hung on to every word you've ever said.

Take those times in your car when you'd be dressed to kill on the way to see the stars held in your palm but never let out for me to view and replace them with that night out on your porch. This time I'm dressed to kill and we're killing time wishing it was each other. And if I had a dime for every time I felt less potent than a piece of dust collecting on my picture which lies face down (Set your ice on this road. Turn your headlights ablaze. Let's make my first accident my last.) on desolate shelf in your room, I'd be rich and wishing that you won't be home soon

Move to the other coast 3,000 miles away and then I'll sing so you know I'm making my way across these purple mountain majesties, torch in hand ready to burn these amber waves of distain.

Still hung over from the present and the past. Intoxication never lasts. All good things in life come to an end. And those experiences worth reliving are now eyes wide shut. They're eyes wide shut. It silently screams to me, this unanswered question

Visit [The Morning Of](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.