

Top Of The Fair

"The San Andreas Fault"

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To a girl who never fit in, consider this a letter you'll
never get or never know I sent
I know he's hurting you but it's alright. It'll work out,
because it always does, it always does

It kills me to know that, that's what you call love
There were roses that he gave that he gave and they'll
wither soon
And now you know

The only time you gave a chance, we were kids back
then
Since then you've been a pretty face I keep under the
bed
Driving home thinking of time better spent with you in
the passenger seat

It kills me to know that
There were roses that he gave that he gave and they'll
wither soon
And now you know

The San Andreas Fault, it's breaking me it's breaking
me away from you oh
The San Andreas Fault is breaking me, breaking me
into pieces

Someday I'll be a sad story and you'll be a wife and a
girl who consistently ruined my life
I'll be a nervous wreck and this whole town can see the
mess you've made of me

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