

Senator & The New Republic "Call My Mechanic"

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I'm not a picture on your personal screen.
I'm a practical person.
I might be surfing in the wake of a dream.
I'm not fast but I'm certain.
I'm leaving you without leaving first gear.
Call my mechanic.

It may be true I should've let you steer
when I knew you were sober.
I'm still applauding what we had last year
And it gives me the shivers.
Delivered pizza and a wet cigarette.
Thanks for the letter.
Things could be better.

I'm telling everybody what you did.
Where's my megaphone?
They're your covers but it's my bed.
The stains remain.

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