

Odd Project "Statistics Like Cigarettes"

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We lost ourselves in these bright lights and cigarettes.
We became our charade.
A classic primetime tragedy, so skin graphed, a
romantically hopeless war path.
Statistically the cameras said.
That lovers like us die, in car wrecks.

Mathematically incorrect, you fuckers ain't seen nothin
yet.
And baby tonight we'll be the robots in the spotlight.
We lost ourselves in these bright lights and cigarettes.
We became our charade.
A classic primetime tragedy, so skin graphed, a
romantically hopeless warpath.
Statistically the cameras set.
And lovers like us die in car wrecks.

A lack of evidence kept our names off the credits.
Panegyricized masterminds, we directed this warped
pantomime.
And everything was just right, from your makeup to the
lights.
Park the car baby quiet on the set.

Trigger fingers entwined...I knew this was our time.
This was our time, the poison burns my insides but ask
me if i mind.
And baby tonight, we'll be the robots in the spotlight
and we'll break free of the programming.
And the whole world will know of our love.

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