

## Sirah "Motel Bible"

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The night runs fast from us  
Weâ€™ve got our whole lives  
Oh running never fixed us  
But god knows we tried  
A dusty motel bible  
And a pocket full of nights  
We are too young,  
We are too young to die

We ran our silhouettes etched upon these painted walls  
Catchin scribes upon your busses never feeling that  
we'd fall  
We broke upon the wrongs as we broke our mothers  
backs  
Stepping upon what we sold, whoops slangin those  
cracks  
Weâ€™ve got the time; time has gotten us holdin  
hands up in the dark  
Stealin kisses at our lunches, double dutching like its  
written in our stars  
Hearts painted edges of our notebooks as we'd drift  
We do it for them nights like this

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Hennessy is menacing, Natty Ice is Oh so cold  
A boy for every drink I took  
A line for all they stole  
A break upon the curves as we barreled out of sight  
Sliding fast around the edges  
Maybe my mom was right  
Boys like this only want one thing  
And girls like miss only want to bring  
A plump stuffed heart and something to ride  
So jump in the hatchback

Paint pictures while we drive  
I do it to feel alive oh these nights

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Oh whoa yea we are too young  
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