

Park

"Racing A Train"

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Looking back through mirrors dying for correction but
it's too changed engraved and shaded gray for the
rest of me to care off to the right the cries from me
kept pouring in and scathed the skin where you had
been laying only hours before and all the covers still
were ruffled by the weight and the shape of your head
and I was still dreaming gripping onto the endless
image of you sitting next to my bed recessed in the
feeling of your shoulders was all that I had left to
remind looking back through mirrors dying for
correction but its too traced in waste and unembraced
for the rest of me to care and all through the night the
kids were screaming oh so loud I should have taken
their advice get up get out while you're still alive you
have half the chance to live your life and all my senses
stayed up staring for a glint of doubt in your eyes how
could I have slipped into you 6 months after wrecking
my life I knew the lines would come in the form of a
ribbon you'd wear when you cut me off and I should
have known which way to run to without using my ears
is it safe to say you can move your head out of the way
of the cars in the traffic racing to beat the trains

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