

## Porcelain And The Tramps

### "The Incident"

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At junction 8 the traffic starts to slow  
Artilleries of braking lights and bluish glow  
Ascending in a plumage of twisted steel  
Shattered glass and confetti dashed upon the wheel

When a car crash gets you off you've lost your grip  
When a fuck is not enough you know you've slipped  
When the church is full it means you've just been had  
When the world has gone to seed you're so detached

Got a feeling that I want you to be there

Driving by on my way to somewhere else  
I fill my lungs with a noxious burning smell  
There is weed and grey concrete like this for miles  
Dead souls in my rear view mirror hitch a ride for a  
while

I want to be loved

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