

## Sullivan

# "Cars At Break-Neck Speeds"

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Break the soil, it's now your home with the rest of us  
down here.

Tell the world what you told me so they know how it  
feels.

You're on and you're off,  
But you're up to something,  
It's a cry for help.

Was it worth it to be apart of something if you can't  
control yourself?  
And I told myself I wouldn't lie.

You'll lie in his sheets  
And you hear how he speak at the altar,  
Yet his toiletry bag is still lit with other girls' hair.  
Who takes the place of your beautiful face if he loves  
her?

You'll be glad its over. [x2]  
You'll be glad its...

Paper trails don't always lead you home.  
Lock the door because I'm leaving you tomorrow.  
Do you always do just what you're told?  
Get the shovel and we'll bury you, we'll bury me.  
And I told myself I wouldn't lie.

You'll lie in his sheets  
And you hear how he speak at the altar,  
Yet his toiletry bag is still lit with other girls hair.  
And who takes the place of your beautiful face if he  
loves her?

You'll be glad its over. [x2]  
You'll be glad its...

So don't waste my time and tell me that everything I  
want's unfair.  
Perhaps in another life we'll be together up there.  
Matters of heartbreak and time, (ohhh)  
Spirits in tandem with mine. (ohhh)  
Smear on your rouge and your rouge and your favorite  
blues for tonight.

And you'll lie in his sheets and you hear how he speak

at the altar,  
Yet his toiletry bag is still lit with other girls' hair.  
I'm cutting through streets like cars at breakneck  
speeds with no purpose.  
I'm so glad its over [x2]  
I'm so glad its (over)  
I'm so glad its over [x2]  
I'm so glad its (over)  
I'm so glad its over [x2]  
I'm so glad its (over)  
I'm so glad its over

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