

Dollyrots, The "Wreckage"

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Every time I see you
Maybe I don't wanna be
Caught up in the wreckage
Caught up in the wreckage

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Maybe I don't wanna be
Caught up in the wreckage
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When I'm swerving out the road
And I'm blinking at not thinking
Stop short, gas pedal low
And she's thinking about winking
Will she start to stop?
Will she skip my block for me, just me?

Telephone yapping
Foot gas tapping
Singing to the radio
Song, it's blasting
Chorus lasting, and she doesn't even know

Every time I see you
Maybe I don't wanna be
Caught up in the wreckage
caught up in the wreckage

Every time I see you
Maybe I don't wanna be
Caught up in the wreckage
Caught up in the wreckage too

Da da da da da

Chrome and green, not built for two
Not drinking, but not thinking
Scraped knee, bent wheel again
And I'm thinking about screaming
Will she start to stop?
Will she skip my block for me, just me?

Telephone yapping
Foot gas tapping
Singing to the radio
Song, it's blasting
Chorus lasting, and she doesn't even know

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Da da da da da
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