

Morning Of, the "Let's Make My First Accident My Last"

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Hang yourself like I've hung onto every word you've
ever said

Take those times in your car when we'd be dressed to
kill on the way to see the stars held in your palms, but
never let out for me to view,
and replace them with that night out on your porch,
this time I'm dressed to kill
and we're killing time wishing it was each other
If I had a dime for every time I felt less potent
than a piece of dust collecting on my picture that lies
face down,
on a desolate shelf, in your room,
I'd be rich and wishing that you won't be home soon

Move to the other coast 3,000 miles away and then I'll
sing,
so you know I'm making my way,
across these purple mountain majesties,
torch in hand, ready to burn your amber waves of
disdain

Still hung over from the present and the past,
intoxication never lasts,
all good things in life come to an end,
and those experiences worth reliving are now eyes
wide shut,
they're eyes wide shut
It silently screams to me, this unanswered question.
Was it fact or was it fiction? Was it fiction?

Move to the other coast 3,000 miles away and then I'll
sing,
so you know I'm making my way,
across these purple mountain majesties,
torch in hand, ready to burn your amber waves of
disdain

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