

## 168 Hours I'll Never Remember

### Backseat Goodbye

Seven days is all it takes  
168 hours I'll never remember  
I told you they wouldn't stop  
The winds of last November  
That is at least not until you quit  
Taking their air as your own  
For such a pretty girl  
You give it an awfully, an awfully dirty home  
No, I'm not sleeping with love anymore  
She's not really my type  
And she takes up too much space in bed at night  
I'm not one for second chances  
Since the first never show their face  
My body's already on the ground  
All you have to do is trace  
And we'll call it even  
Isn't this what you wanted?  
A life of worry  
And a soul that's haunted  
Isn't this what you wanted?  
A life that's lifeless  
And a soul that's haunted