

And I wish it was sweeter, the taste of your mouth  
Because right now it hurts too much to be  
Closer than this and with one hard look  
I can tell that you've had enough of these useless sunsets

This could be a movie, this could be our final act  
We don't need these happy endings  
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So tell your father that  
That you're mine and I'll swear we'll run away  
And I'll make a plan and save everyone from themselves  
And put them in the ground

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Sitting in the car with the radio  
Turned to static, feeling quite tragic  
And with one strategic blow  
And you find yourself back in the hole  
That you used to sit so comfortably in

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