

Crash

Benches

Maybe it's true; you never learn
I'm past the point of no return
And you're so sad
(You're so sad)
Telling the truth's just no fun

I'm going down like Ritchie
I'm going out like her's
And I'm leaving town
I'm going down in the dirt

I wanna crash
Don't you?
We'll all be just like you
I wanna crash and burn
I know you want to

Maybe it's true; you'll never learn
You're past the point of no return
And you're so sad
(You're so sad)
And knowing the truth's like holding a gun

I'm going down like Ritchie
I'm going out like James Dean
And I'm leaving town
I'm going down in the dirt

I wanna crash
Don't you?
We'll all be just like you
I wanna crash and burn
I know you want to

And of course, we'll fade away
Living fast to die someday
Blame the culture, blame our taste
Old tears, and the flame you chased

And I'm sure we'll fade away
Living fast to die in vain
No name
(No name, no name)

And I'm sure we'll fade away
Living fast, you'll die in vain
Say you'll change
Say you'll change
Say you'll change
And I'm sure we'll fade away
Living fast, you'll die in vain
Say you'll change
Say you'll change
Say you'll change

I wanna crash
We'll all be just like you

(We'll all be just like you)
And crash
'Cause I know you want to

I'm going down like Ritchie
I'm going out like James Dean
I'm going down in the dirt
I wanna crash and burn