

The Dark

Butch Walker

My favorite bike
Doesn't have a name
I'm just riding
I'm not running away
Heat from the engine
Diggin in my thighs
Into the dark
With my father at my side

My mirror is broken
I don't wanna look back
Just fell off
Didn't even crack
Pacific coast highway

Light on high
Into the dark
With my father at my side

Left hand on the clutch
Foot kicks it up
Give it all to my right hand
Gears grind and pop
Ain't running from nothing
Nothing on my mind
Into the black
With my father at my side