Off White Paint

Dead!

You take the back door I'll watch the front
You grab the keys, I'll grab the bonds
They're coming down the stairs another 'round the front
Burgundy on this off white paint
Is what they said they want
I'll never do it again, I'll never do it again
I won't drop my guard but the look in his eye
Says he ain't got the guts to take this shot
I'll follow you out the back into your car
Well I must admit my plans end here
I didn't think we'd come this far
I didn't think we'd make it here

Well the lines on your face match up with the days
From the time that you wasted, time that you wasted, oh

Cruising at 50 but it feels like a ton
That just keeps dragging me down
And it won't stop till it's won
I've had these plans since I was young
Next time I'm out of your sight
You'll know that I'll be gone
This morning is softened by a few shots to the neck
Left bleeding and skin cracks from my lips
Left bleeding and skin cracks from my lips

Well the lines on your face match up with the days
From the time that you wasted, time that you wasted, oh

Well the lines on your face match up with the days
From the time that you wasted, time that you wasted, oh
It's not love, it's not faith, it's not anything
It's not love, it's not faith, it's not anything

Time that you wasted, oh
Time that you wasted, oh

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