

Art school graduate
I was counterfeit
Halfway down the line
Ran into you blind

I repaired that car
Filled up broken jars
With brandy on our breaths
While we just laid in bed

But don't say I never warned you about me
Don't say I never did
I never drove that fast again, no
Won't you tell me what I missed?

Crashed it one last time
You were almost mine
But I just got back in
And rode over that cliff