

Ssick Girl Online

Jean Dawson

I drive straight through
Red lights, my eyes closed
And I find you
Am I dead?

You're trying to kill me, I know
You're trying to end me, I'm sure
You're trying to make me your corpse
You're trying to make me your ghost

But I'm dead either way
I'm dead either way
But I'm dead either way
I'm dead either way

I am a bag of bones, dancing with my skeleton
Holographic armored truck crashed into my mega-bus
On the way to San Francisco
To see a girl, it nearly killed him
To my heart, and ride away
Stopped the bridge, and washed away

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You're trying to end me, I'm sure
You're trying to make me your corpse
You're trying to make me your ghost

But I'm dead either way
I'm dead either way
But I'm dead either way
(I'm)