Wait Out the Wreck

Kevin Devine

I don't do that shit to myself anymore
I keep it away from me
I don't want to live like I'm dead anymore, so
Keep that away from me
We broke all the bread
Argued through every side, now
What's there to do but leave?
You can tailor the truth
Make it look how you like, but
That didn't work for me
You talk with your hands
And break bricks with your head
You're black and you're blue
And a matter of "when"
And I can't wait around
For bad news anymore
I keep it away from me
You talk with your hands
And break bricks with your head
You're black and you're blue
And a matter of "when"
You pray with a wink
Fingers crossed in your bed
That you'll wait out the wreck
Well, I can't hang around
To find out anymore
I'll keep it away from me

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